SENECA's MORALS

BY WAY OF

ABSTRACT.

To which is added,

A DISCOURSE under the Title of

AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

By Sir *ROGER L'ESTRANGE*, Knt.

The FIFTEENTH EDITION.

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TO THE
READER.

IT has been a long time in my Thought to turn *Seneca* into *Engliſh:* But whether as a *Tranſlation*, or an *Abſtract* was the *Queſtion.* A *Tranſlation* I perceive it muſt not be, at laſt, for ſeveral Reaſons. Firſt, it is a thing already done to my Hand, and above Sixty Years ſtanding; though with as little *Credit* perhaps to the *Author*, as *Satisfaction* to the *Reader.* Secondly, There's a great deal in him, that is wholly Foreign to my Buſineſs: As his Philoſophical Treatiſes of *Meteors, Earthquakes*, the Original of *Rivers*, ſeveral frivolous Diſputes betwixt the *Epicureans*, and the *Stoicks*, &c. to ſay nothing of the frequent Repetitions of the ſame thing again in other Words (wherein he very handſomly excuſes himſelf, by ſaying, *That he does but inculcate over and over the ſame Counſels, to thoſe that over and over Commit the ſame Faults.)* Thirdly, his Excellency conſiſts rather in a *Rhapſody* of Divine, and Extraordinary *Hints*, and *Notions*, than in any Regulated *Method* of Diſcourſe; ſo that to take him as he lies, and ſo to go through with him, were utterly inconſiſtent with the *Order*, and *Brevity* which I propound; my principal Deſign being only to Digeſt, and Common-place his *Morals*, in ſuch ſort, that any Man, upon Occaſion, may know where to find them. And, I have kept myſelf ſo cloſe to this Propoſition, that I have reduced all his *ſcatter'd Ethiques* to their *proper Heads*, without any Additions of my own, more than of Abſolute Neceſſity for the Tacking of them together. Some other Man in my Place, would perchance make you twenty Apologies, for his want of Skill and Addreſs, in Governing this Affair; but theſe are *Formal*, and *Pedantique Fooleries*; As if any Man

that firſt takes himſelf for a Coxcomb in his own Heart, would afterwards make himſelf one in Print too. This *Abſtract*, ſuch as it is, you are extremely welcome to; and I am ſorry it is no better, both for your ſakes, and my own: For if it were written up to the Spirit of the *Original*, it would be one of the moſt valuable Preſents that ever any Private Man beſtow'd upon the Publick: And this too, even in the Judgment of both Parties, as well Chriſtian as Heathen: Of which in its due Place.

Next to my Choice of the *Author*, and of the *Subject*, together with the Manner of handling it, I have likewiſe had ſome regard in this Publication, to the *Timing* of it, and to the Preference of this Topick of *Benefits* above all others, for the Groundwork of my *firſt Eſſay*. We are fallen into an Age of *vain Philoſophy*; (as the Holy Apoſtle calls it) and ſo deſperately over-run with *Drolls* and *Scepticks*, that there is hardly any thing ſo Certain, or ſo Sacred, that is not expoſed to *Queſtion*, or *Contempt*. Inſomuch, that betwixt the *Hypocrite* and the *Atheiſt*, the very Foundations of *Religion* and *Good Manners* are ſhaken, and the two Tables of the *Decalogue* daſh'd to pieces, the one againſt the other: The Laws of Government are Subjected to the Fancies of the Vulgar; Publick Authority to the Private Paſſions and Opinion of the People; and the Supernatural Motions of Grace confounded with the Common Dictates of Nature. In this ſtate of Corruption, who ſo fit as a good honeſt *Chriſtian Pagan*, for a Moderator among *Pagan-Chriſtians?*

To paſs now from the General Scope of the whole Work, to the particular Argument of the Firſt Part of it; I pitch'd upon the Theme of *Benefits*, *Gratitude*, and *Ingratitude*, to begin withal, as an Earneſt of the reſt, and a Lecture expreſly Calculated for the Unthankfulneſs of theſe Times: The fouleſt undoubtedly, and the moſt execrable of all others, ſince the very Apoſtacy of the Angels: Nay, if I durſt but ſuppoſe a Poſſibility of Mercy for thoſe Damn'd

Damn'd Spirits, and that they might ever be taken into Favour again; my Charity would hope even better for them, than we have found from ſome of our Revolters; and that they would ſo behave themſelves, as not to incur a *Second Forfeiture*. And to carry the Reſemblance yet one Point farther, they do both of them agree in an Implacable Malice againſt thoſe of their Fellows that keep their Stations. But alas! What could *Ingratitude* do, without *Hypocriſy*, the Inſeparable Companion of it; and in Effect, the Bolder, and the Blacker Devil of the Two? For *Lucifer* himſelf never had the Face to lift up his Eyes to Heaven, and talk to the Almighty at the Familiar Rate of our pretended Patriots, and Zealots; and at the ſame time to make him party to a Cheat. 'Tis not for nothing that the *Holy Ghoſt* has denounc'd ſo many *Woes*, and redoubled ſo many *Cautions* againſt *Hypocrites*: plainly intimating, at once, how dangerous a Snare they are to Mankind, and no leſs odious to God himſelf: Which is ſufficiently denoted in the Force of that dreadful Expreſſion, [*And your Portion ſhall be with Hypocrites.*] You will find in the Holy Scriptures, (as I have formerly obſerv'd) that God has given the Grace of *Repentance* to *Perſecutors*, *Idolaters*, *Murderers*, *Adulterers*, &c. But I am miſtaken, if the whole *Bible* affords you any one Inſtance of a *Converted Hypocrite*.

To deſcend now from Truth itſelf, to our own Experience: Have we not ſeen, even in our days, a moſt Pious, (and almoſt Faultleſs) Prince, brought to the Scaffold by his own Subjects? The moſt Glorious Conſtitution upon the Face of the Earth, both *Eccleſiaſtical* and *Civil*, torn to pieces, and diſſolv'd? The happieſt People under the Sun enſlav'd? Our Temples Sacrilegiouſly profan'd; and a Licence given to all ſorts of Hereſy and Outrage? And by whom, but by a Race of *Hypocrites*, who had nothing in their Mouths all this while, but, *The Purity of the Goſpel*; *the Honour of the King*; and, *the Liberty of the People*: Aſſiſted underhand with *Defamatory*

Papers, which were levell'd at the *King* Himſelf, through the ſides of His moſt faithful *Miniſters*? This PROJECT ſucceeded ſo well againſt One Government, that it's now again ſet afoot againſt Another; and by ſome of the very Actors too in that *TRAGEDY*, and after a moſt Gracious Pardon alſo; when Providence had laid their Necks and their Fortunes at his Majeſty's Feet. It is a wonderful thing, That *Libels*, and *Libellers*, the moſt *Infamous* of *Practices*, and of *Men*; the moſt *Unmanly Sneaking Methods*, and *Inſtruments* of *Miſchief*; the very *Bane* of *Human Society*, and the *Plague* of all *Governments*: It is a wonderful thing (I ſay) that theſe Engines and Engineers ſhould ever find Credit enough in the World, to engage a Party: But, it would be ſtill more wonderful, if the *ſame Trick* ſhould paſs twice upon the *ſame People*, in the *ſame Age*, and from the very *ſame IMPOSTORS*. This Contemplation has carry'd me a little out of my Way, but it has at length brought me to my Text again; for there is in the bottom of it, the higheſt Oppoſition imaginable, of *Ingratitude*, and *Obligation*.

The Reader will in ſome Meaſure be able to judge by this Taſte, what he is farther to expect: That is to ſay, as to the Caſt of my Deſign, and the Simplicity of the Style and Dreſs; for that will ſtill be the ſame; only accompanied with Variety of Matter. Whether it pleaſes the World or no, the Care is taken: And yet I could wiſh that it might be as delightful to others upon the Peruſal, as it has been to me in the Speculation. Next to the Goſpel itſelf, I do look upon it as the moſt Sovereign Remedy againſt the Miſeries of Human Nature; and I have ever found it ſo in all the Injuries and Diſtreſſes of an unfortunate Life. You may read more of him if you pleaſe, in the *Appendix*, which I have here ſubjoin'd to this Preface concerning the Authority of his *Writings*, and the Circumſtances of his *Life*; as I have extracted them out of *Lipſius*.

OF

OF *SENECA*'s WRITINGS.

IT appears that our Author had, among the Ancients, three profeſs'd Enemies. In the firſt Place *Caligula*, who call'd his Writings, *Sand without Lime*; alluding to the Starts of his Fancy, and the Incoherence of his Sentences. But *Seneca* was never the Worſe for the Cenſure of a Perſon that propounded even the ſuppreſſing of *Homer* himſelf; and of caſting *Virgil* and *Livy* out of all *Publick Libraries*. The next, was *Fabius*; who tasks him for being too bold with the Eloquence of former times, and failing in that point himſelf; and likewiſe for being too Queint and Finical in his Expreſſions: Which *Tacitus* imputes, in part, to the Freedom of his own particular Inclination, and partly to the Humour of the Times. He is alſo charg'd by *Fabius* as no profound *Philoſopher*; but with all this, he allows him to be a Man very Studious and Learned; of great Wit and Invention; and well read in all ſorts of Literature; a ſevere Reprover of Vice; moſt Divinely Sententious; and well worth the Reading, if it were only for his *Morals*; adding, That if his Judgment had been anſwerable to his Wit, it had been much the more for his Reputation; but he Wrote whatever came next: So that I would adviſe the *Reader* (ſays he) to diſtinguiſh, where He *Himſelf* did not: For there are many things in him, not only to be approv'd, but admir'd; and it was great Pity, That he that could do what he would, ſhould not always make the beſt Choice. His Third Adverſary is *Agellius*, who falls upon him for his Style, and a kind of Tinkling in his Sentence, but yet commends him for his Piety and good Counſels. On the other ſide *Columella* calls him *a Man of Excellent Wit and*

Learning; *Pliny*, *The Prince of Erudition*; *Tacitus* gives him the Character of a *wiſe Man*, *and a fit Tutor for a Prince*: *Dio* reports him to have been *the greateſt Man of his Age*.

Of thoſe Pieces of his that are Extant, we ſhall not need to give any Particular Account: And of thoſe that are loſt, we cannot, any farther than by Lights to them from other Authors; as we find them cited much to his Honour; and we may reaſonably compute them to be the greater part of his Works. That he wrote ſeveral *Poems* in his Baniſhment, may be gather'd partly from himſelf; but more expreſly out of *Tacitus*, who ſays, *that he was reproach'd with his applying himſelf to Poetry, after he ſaw that* Nero *took Pleaſure in it, out of a Deſign to curry Favour*. St. *Jerom* refers to a Diſcourſe of his concerning *Matrimony*. *Lactantius* takes notice of his *Hiſtory*, and his Books of *Moralities*: St. *Auguſtin* quotes ſome Paſſages of his out of a Book of *Superſtition*: Some References we meet with, to his Books of *Exhortations*. *Fabius* makes mention of his *Dialogues*: And he himſelf ſpeaks of a *Treatiſe* of his own, concerning *Earthquakes*, which he wrote in his Youth. But the Opinion of an *Epiſtolary Correſpondence* that he had with St. *Paul*, does not ſeem to have much Colour for't.

Some few Fragments however of thoſe Books of his that are wanting, are yet preſerv'd in the Writings of other Eminent Authors; ſufficient to ſhew the World how great a Treaſure they have loſt, by the Excellency of that little that's left.

Divin. Inſtit. Lib. 1. *Cap.* 1.

Seneca, ſays *Lactantius*, *that was the ſharpeſt of all the Stoicks, How great a Veneration has he for the Almighty*: *As for Inſtance*; *Diſcourſing of a violent Death*: Do you not underſtand, *ſays he*, the Majeſty, and the Authority of your Judge: He is the Supreme Governor of Heaven and Earth, and the God of all your Gods; and it is upon Him that all thoſe Powers depend which we worſhip for Dei-

Deities. *Moreover, in his Exhortations:* This God, *ſays he,* when he laid the Foundations of the Univerſe, and enter'd upon the greateſt and the beſt Work in *Nature,* in the ordering of the Government of the World; tho' He was Himſelf *all in all*; yet he ſubſtituted other Subordinate Miniſters, as the Servants of His Commands. *And how many other things does this Heathen ſpeak of God, like one of us?*

Which the Acute Seneca (ſays *Lactantius* again) *ſaw in his Exhortations.* We, *ſays he,* have our Dependence elſewhere, and ſhould look up to that Power, to which we are indebted for all we can pretend to that is good. *Cap.* 2.

And again, Seneca *ſays very well in his Morals*; They worſhip the Images of the Gods, *ſays he,* kneel to them, and adore them; they are hardly ever from them, either plying them with Offerings, or Sacrifices: And yet after all this Reverence to the Image, they have no Regard at all to the Workman that made it. *Lib.* 21. *Cap.* 2.

Lactantius again. An Invective (*ſays* Seneca *in his* Exhortations,) is the Maſter-piece of moſt of our Philoſophers; and if they fall upon the Subject of *Avarice, Luſt, Ambition,* they laſh out into ſuch Exceſs of Bitterneſs, as if Railing were a Mark of their Profeſſion. They make me think of Gally-pots in an Apothecary's Shop, and have Remedies without, and Poiſon within. *Lib.* 3. *Cap.* 15.

Lactantius ſtill. *He that would know all things, let him read* Seneca; *the moſt lively Deſcriber of Publick Vices, and Manners,* and the ſmarteſt *Reprehender of them.* *Lib.* 3. *Cap.* 9.

And again: *As* Seneca *has it in the Books of* Moral Philoſophy; He is the Brave Man, whoſe Splendor and Authority, is the leaſt part of his Greatneſs; that can look Death in the Face, without Trouble, or Surprize; who if his Body were to be broken upon the Wheel, or melted Lead to be pour'd down his Throat, would be leſs concern'd for the Pain itſelf, than for the Dignity of bearing it. *Lib.* 6. *Cap.* 17.

Lib. 6. *Cap.* 14. *Let no Man,* ſays *Lactantius, think himſelf the ſafer in his Wickedneſs for want of a Witneſs; for* GOD *is Omniſcient; and to him nothing can be a Secret. It is an admirable Sentence that* Seneca *concludes his Exhortation withal.* GOD, *ſays he,* is a Great, (*I know not what*) an Incomprehenſible Power: It is to him that we Live; and to him, that we muſt approve ourſelves. What does it avail us, That our Conſciences are hidden from Men, when our Souls lie open to GOD? *What could a Chriſtian have ſpoken more to the purpoſe in this Caſe, than this Divine Pagan? And in the Beginning of the ſame* WORK, *ſays* Seneca, What is it that we do? To what end is it to ſtand contriving, and to hide ourſelves? We are under a Guard, and there's no eſcaping from our Keeper. One Man may be parted from another by Travel, Death, Sickneſs: But there's no dividing us from ourſelves. 'Tis to no purpoſe to creep into a Corner where no body ſhall ſee us. Ridiculous Madneſs! Make it the Caſe that no Mortal Eye could find us out. He that has a Conſcience, gives Evidence againſt himſelf.

Lib. 6. *Cap.* 25. *It is truly and excellently ſpoken of* Seneca, ſays *Lactantius* once again; Conſider, *ſays he,* the Majeſty, the Goodneſs and the Venerable Mercies of the Almighty; a Friend that is always at hand. What Delight can it be to him, the Slaughter of innocent Creatures, or the Worſhip of Bloody Sacrifices? Let us purge our Minds, and lead Virtuous and Honeſt Lives. His Pleaſure lies not in the Magnificence of Temples, made with Stone, but in the Piety and Devotion of Conſecrated Hearts.

De Civ. Dei Lib. 6. *Cap.* 10. *In the Book that* Seneca *wrote againſt Superſtitions, treating of Images,* ſays St. *Auſtin, he writes thus,* They repreſent the Holy, the Immortal, and the Inviolable Gods, in the baſeſt Matter, and without Life or Motion: In the Forms of Men, Beaſts,

Beaſts, Fiſhes; ſome of mix'd Bodies; and thoſe Figures they call *Deities*; which, if they were but animated, would affright a Man, and paſs for *Monſters*. *And then a little farther, treating of* Natural Theology; *after citing the Opinions of* Philoſophers, *he ſuppoſes an Objection againſt himſelf:* Some body will perhaps ask me; Would you have me then to believe the Heavens, and the Earth to be Gods; and ſome of them above the Moon, and ſome below it? Shall I ever be brought to the Opinion of *Plato*, or of *Strato* the *Peripatetick:* The one of which would have God to be without a Body, and the other without a Mind? *To which he replies*; And, Do you give more Credit then to the Dreams of *T. Tatius*, *Romulus* and *Hoſtilius*, who caus'd, among other Deities, even *Fear* and *Paleneſs* to be worſhipp'd? The vileſt of Human Affections; The one being the Motion of an affrighted Mind; and the other, not ſo much the Diſeaſe, as the Colour of a Diſorder'd Body. Are theſe the Deities that you will rather put your Faith in, and place in the Heavens? *And ſpeaking afterward of their Abominable Cuſtoms, with what Liberty does he Write?* One, *ſays he*, out of Zeal, makes himſelf an Eunuch; another Lances his Arms: If this be the way to pleaſe their Gods, what ſhould a Man do if he had a mind to *Anger* them? Or if this be the way to pleaſe them, they do certainly deſerve not to be Worſhipp'd at all. What a Phrenzy is this, to imagine, that the Gods can be delighted with ſuch Cruelties, as even the worſt of Men would make a Conſcience to inflict! The moſt Barbarous and Notorious of Tyrants, ſome of them have perhaps done it Themſelves, or Order'd the tearing of Men to pieces by Others; but they never went ſo far, as to command any Man to torment himſelf. We have heard of thoſe that have ſuffer'd Caſtration, to gratify the Luſt of their Imperious Maſters; but never any Man that was forced to act it upon himſelf. They Murder themſelves in their very Temples, and their Prayers are offer'd up in

Blood.

Blood. Whoſoever ſhall but obſerve what they do, and what they ſuffer, will find it ſo misbecoming an honeſt Man, ſo unworthy of a Freeman, and ſo inconſiſtent with the Action of a Man, in his Wits, that he muſt conclude them all to be mad, if it were not that there are ſo many of them; for only their Number is their Juſtification, and their Protection.

When he comes to reflect, ſays St. *Auguſtine*, *upon thoſe Paſſages which he himſelf had ſeen in the Capitol, he Cenſures them with Liberty and Reſolution: And no Man will believe that ſuch Things would be done, unleſs in Mockery, or Phrenzy. What Lamentation is there in the* Egyptian *Sacrifices for the Loſs of* Oſiris? *And then what Joy for the finding of him again? Which he makes himſelf Sport with; for, in truth, it is all a Fiction: and yet thoſe People, that neither loſt any thing, nor found any thing, muſt expreſs their Sorrows and their Rejoicings, to the higheſt Degree:* But there is only a certain Time, *ſays he*, for this Freak, and once in a Year People may be allowed to be Mad. I came into the Capitol, *ſays* Seneca, where the ſeveral Deities had their ſeveral Servants and Attendants, their Lictors, their Dreſſers, and all in Poſture and Action, as if they were executing their Offices; ſome to hold the Glaſs, Others to Comb out *Juno*'s and *Minerva*'s Hair; One to tell *Jupiter* what o'Clock it is; Some *Laſſes* there are that ſit gazing upon the Image, and fancy *Jupiter* has a Kindneſs for them. All theſe things, *ſays* Seneca *a while after*, a Wiſe Man will obſerve for the Laws ſake, more than for the Gods; and all this Rabble of Deities, which the Superſtition of many Ages has gather'd together, we are in ſuch manner to adore, as to conſider the Worſhip to be rather Matter of Cuſtom, than of Conſcience. Whereupon St. *Auguſtine* obſerves, *That this Illuſtrious Senator Worſhipp'd what he Reprov'd, Acted what he Diſlik'd, and Ador'd what he Condemn'd.*

SENECA's

SENECA's LIFE and DEATH.

IT has been an ancient Cuſtom, to record the Actions, and the Writings of Eminent Men, with all their Circumſtances; and it is but a Right that we owe to the Memory of our Famous Author. *Seneca* was, by Birth, a *Spaniard* of *Cordova* (a *Roman* Colony of great Fame and Antiquity.) He was of the Family of *Annæus*, of the Order of Knights; and the Father, *Lacius Annæus Seneca*, was diſtinguiſh'd from the Son, by the Name of the *Orator*. His Mother's Name was *Helvia*, a Woman of Excellent Qualities. His Father came to *Rome* in the Time of *Auguſtus*; and his Wife and Children ſoon follow'd him, our *Seneca* yet being in his Infancy. There were three Brothers of them, and never a Siſter. *Marcus Annæus Novatus*, *Lucius Annæus Seneca*, and *Lucius Annæus Mela*. The firſt of theſe chang'd his Name for *Junius Gallio*, who adopted him; to him it was that he Dedicated his Treatiſe of *ANGER*, whom he calls *Novatus* too; and he alſo Dedicated his Diſcourſe of a *Happy Life* to his Brother *Gallio*. The youngeſt Brother (*Annæus Mela*) was *Lucan*'s Father. *Seneca* was about Twenty Years of Age in the *Fifth Year* of *Tiberius*, when the *Jews* were expell'd *Rome*. His Father train'd him up to *Rhetorick*, but his Genius led him rather to *Philoſophy*; and he apply'd his Wit to *Morality* and *Virtue*. He was a great Hearer of the Celebrated Men of thoſe Times; as *Attalus*, *Sotion*, *Papirius*, *Fabianus*, (of whom he makes often mention) and he was much an Admirer alſo of *Demetrius* the *Cynique*, whoſe Converſation he had afterwards

wards in the Court, and both at Home alſo, and Abroad, for they often Travell'd together. His Father was not at all pleaſed with his Humour of *Philoſophy*, but forced him upon the *Law*, and for a while he practiſed *Pleading*. After which he would need put him upon *Publick Employment:* And he came firſt to be *Quæſtor*, then *Prætor*, and ſome will have it that he was choſen *Conſul*; but this is doubtful.

Seneca finding that he had ill Offices done him at Court, and that *Nero*'s Favour began to cool; he went directly and reſolutely to *Nero*, with an Offer to refund all that he had gotten. Which *Nero* would not receive; but, however, from that time, he chang'd his Courſe of Life, receiv'd few Viſits, ſhunn'd Company, went little Abroad; ſtill pretending to be kept at Home, either by Indiſpoſition, or by his Study. Being *Nero*'s Tutor, and Governor, all things went well, ſo long as *Nero* follow'd his Counſel. His two chief Favourites, were *Burrhus*, and *Seneca*, who were both of them Excellent in their Ways: *Burrhus*, in his Care of *Military* Affairs, and Severity of *Diſcipline*; *Seneca* for his *Precepts*, and *Good Advice* in the matter of *Eloquence*, and the Gentleneſs of an *Honeſt Mind:* Aſſiſting one another in that ſlippery Age of the Prince, (ſays *Tacitus*) to invite him, by the Allowance of Lawful Pleaſures, to the Love of Virtue. *Seneca* had two Wives; the Name of the firſt is not mention'd; his ſecond was *Paulina*, whom he often ſpeaks of with great Paſſion. By the former he had his Son *Marcus*.

In the firſt Year of *Claudius* he was Baniſh'd into *Corſica*, when *Julia* the Daughter of *Germanicus* was accus'd by *Meſſalina* of Adultery, and baniſh'd too; *Seneca* being charg'd as one of the Adulterers. After a matter of Eight Years, or upwards in Exile, he was call'd back, and as much in Favour again as ever. His Eſtate was partly Patrimonial, but the greateſt Part of it was the Bounty of his Prince. His Gardens, Villas, Lands, Poſſeſſions, and Incredible Sums of Mony, are agreed upon at all Hands; which drew

drew an Envy upon him. *Dio* reports him to have had 250000 *l.* Sterling at Intereſt in *Britany* alone, which he call'd in all at a Sum. The Court itſelf could not bring him to Flattery; and, for his Piety, Submiſſion, and Virtue, the Practice of his whole Life witneſſes for him. *So ſoon*, ſays he, *as the Candle is taken away, my Wife, that knows my Cuſtom, lies ſtill, without a Word ſpeaking: And then do I recollect all that I have ſaid, or done that Day, and take myſelf to Shrift. And why ſhould I conceal, or reſerve any thing, or make any Scruple of Enquiring into my Errors, when I can ſay to Myſelf, Do ſo no more, and for this once I'll forgive thee?* And again, What can be more Pious, and Self-denying than this Paſſage, in one of his Epiſtles? *Believe me now, when I tell you the very Bottom of my Soul: In all the Difficulties and Croſſes of my Life, this is my Conſideration; Since it is God's Will, I do not only obey, but aſſent to it; nor do I comply, out of Neceſſity, but Inclination.* *De Ira, Lib.* 3. *Epiſt.* 96.

Here follows now, ſays Tacitus, *the Death of* Seneca, *to* Nero's *great Satisfaction: Not ſo much for any pregnant Proof againſt him, that he was of* Piſo's *Conſpiracy; but* Nero *was reſolv'd to do that by the Sword, which he could not effect by Poiſon. For, it is reported that* Nero *had corrupted* Cleonicus, *(a Freeman of* Seneca's,*) to give his Maſter Poiſon, which did not ſucceed: Whether that the Servant had diſcovered it to his Maſter, or that* Seneca *by his own Caution and Jealouſy had avoided it; for he liv'd only upon a ſimple Diet, as the Fruits of the Earth; and his Drink was moſt commonly River Water.*

Natalis, *it ſeems, was ſent upon a Viſit to him, (being indiſpoſed) with a Complaint, That he would not let* Piſo *come at him; and adviſing him to the Continuance of their Friendſhip and Acquaintance, as formerly. To whom* Seneca *made Anſwer, that frequent Meetings and Conferences betwixt them, could do neither of them any Good; but that he had a great Intereſt in*

Piſo's

Piſo's *Welfare. Hereupon* Granius Sylvanus *(a Captain of the Guard,) was ſent to examine* Seneca *upon the Diſcourſe that paſs'd betwixt Him and* Natalis, *and to return his Anſwer.* Seneca, *either by Chance, or on Purpoſe, came that Day from* Campania, *to a* Villa *of his own, within four Miles of the City; and thither the Officer went the next Evening, and beſet the Place. He found* Seneca *at Supper with his Wife* Paulina, *and two of his Friends; and gave him immediately an Account of his Commiſſion.* Seneca *told him, that it was true, that* Natalis *had been with him in* Piſo's *Name, with a Complaint,* That *Piſo* could not be admitted to ſee Him: *and that He excus'd Himſelf by Reaſon of his Want of Health, and his Deſire to be Quiet, and Private; and that he had no Reaſon to prefer another Man's Welfare before his Own.* Cæſar *Himſelf,* he ſaid, *knew very well, That he was not a Man of Compliment; having received more Proofs of his Freedom, than of his Flattery. This Anſwer of* Seneca's *was delivered to* Cæſar *in the Preſence of* Poppæa *and* Tigellinus, *the intimate Confidents of this Barbarous Prince: and* Nero *ask'd him Whether he could gather any thing from* Seneca, *as if he intended to make himſelf away? The Tribune's Anſwer was, That he did not find him one jot mov'd with the Meſſage: But that he went on roundly with his Tale, and never ſo much as chang'd Countenance for the Matter. Go back to him then,* ſays *Nero, and tell him,* That he is Condemn'd to Die. Fabius Ruſticus *delivers it, That the Tribune did not return the ſame Way he came, but went aſide to* Fenius *(a Captain of that Name) and told him* Cæſar's *Orders, asking his Advice, whether he ſhould Obey them, or not; who bad him by all Means to do as he was Order'd. Which want of Reſolution was fatal to them all; for* Silvanus *alſo, that was one of the Conſpirators, aſſiſted now to ſerve, and to increaſe thoſe Crimes, which he had before complotted to Revenge. And yet he did not think fit to appear himſelf in the Buſineſs, but ſent a Centurion to* Seneca, *to tell him his Doom.* Seneca, *without any Surprize,*

or

or Diſorder, calls for his Will; which being refus'd him by the Officer, he turn'd to his Friends, and told them, That ſince he was not permitted to requite them as they deſerv'd, he was yet at Liberty to bequeath them the Thing of all others that he eſteemed the moſt, that is the Image of his Life: Which ſhould give them the Reputation both of Conſtancy, *and* Friendſhip, *if they would but imitate it; exhorting them to a firmneſs of Mind, ſometimes by Good Counſel, otherwhile by Reprehenſion, as the Occaſion requir'd. Where,* ſays he, *is all your Philoſophy now? all your* Premeditated Reſolutions *againſt the Violences of Fortune? Is there any Man ſo ignorant of* Nero's *Cruelty, as to expect, after the Murder of his Mother, and his Brother that he ſhould ever ſpare the Life of his Governor and Tutor? After ſome General Expreſſions to this purpoſe he took his Wife in his Arms, and having ſomewhat fortified her againſt the preſent Calamity, he beſought and conjur'd her to moderate her Sorrows, and betake Herſelf to the Contemplations and Comforts of a Virtuous Life; which would be a fair and an ample Conſolation to her for the Loſs of her Husband.* Paulina, *on the other ſide, tells him her Determination to bear him Company, and Wills the Executioner to do his Office. Well,* ſays *Seneca, if after the Sweetneſs of Life, as I have repreſented it to thee, thou hadſt rather entertain an honourable Death, I ſhall not envy thy Example; conſulting at the ſame time, the Fame of the Perſon he lov'd, and his own Tenderneſs, for fear of the Injuries that might attend her when he was gone. Our Reſolution,* ſays he, *in this Generous Act may be equal, but thine will be the greater Reputation. After this, the Veins of both their Arms were open'd at the ſame time.* Seneca *did not bleed ſo freely, his Spirits being waſted with Age, and a thin Diet; ſo that he was forced to cut the Veins of his Thighs and elſewhere, to haſten his Diſpatch. When he was far ſpent, and almoſt ſinking under his Torments, he deſir'd his Wife to remove into another Chamber, leſt the Agonies of the one might work upon the Courage of the other. His Eloquence continu'd to the laſt, as appears by the Excellent Things he deliver'd*

at

at his Death; which being taken in Writing, from his own Mouth, and publiſh'd in his own Words, I ſhall not preſume to deliver them in any other. Nero, *in the mean time, who had no particular Spite to* Paulina, *gave Orders to prevent her Death, for fear his Cruelty ſhould grow more and more inſupportable, and odious. Whereupon the Soldiers gave all Freedom, and Encouragement to her Servants, to bind up her Wounds, and ſtop the Blood, which they did accordingly; but whether ſhe was ſenſible of it or not, is a Queſtion. For among the Common People, who are apt to judge the worſt, there were ſome of Opinion, that as long as ſhe deſpaired of* Nero's *Mercy ſhe ſeem'd to Court the Glory of dying with her Husband for Company; but that upon the likelihood of better Quarter, ſhe was prevail'd upon to out-live him; And ſo, for ſome Years ſhe did ſurvive him, and with all Piety and Reſpect to his Memory; but ſo miſerably pale and wan, that every body might read the Loſs of her Blood and Spirits in her very Countenance.*

Seneca, *finding his Death ſlow and lingring, deſires* Statius Annæus (*his old Friend and Phyſician*) *to give him a Doſe of Poiſon, which he had provided beforehand, being the ſame Preparation which was appointed for Capital Offenders in* Athens. *This was brought him, and he drank it up, but to little Purpoſe; for his Body was already chill'd, and bound up againſt the Force of it. He went at laſt into a hot Bath, and ſprinkling ſome of his Servants that were next him, This,* ſays he, *is an Oblation to* Jupiter the Deliverer. *The Fume of the Bath ſoon diſpatcht him, and his Body was burnt, without any Funeral Solemnity, as he had directed in his Teſtament: though this Will of his was made in the height of his Proſperity, and Power. There was a Rumour that* Subrius Flavius, *in a private Conſultation with the* Centurions, *had taken up this following Reſolution,* (*and that* Seneca *himſelf was no Stranger to it*) *that is to ſay, that after* Nero *ſhould have been ſlain by the help of* Piſo, Piſo *himſelf ſhould have been kill'd too; and the Empire deliver'd up to* Seneca, *as one that well deſerv'd it, for his Integrity and Virtue.*

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SENECA

OF

BENEFITS.

CHAP. I.

Of BENEFITS in general.

IT is, perhaps, one of the moſt pernicious Errors of a Raſh, and Inconſiderate Life; the Common Ignorance of the World in the Matter of exchanging *Benefits*. And this ariſes from a Miſtake, partly in the Perſon that we would oblige, and partly in the Thing itſelf. To begin with the Latter; *A Benefit is a good Office, done with Intention and Judgment*; that is to ſay, with a due Regard to all the Circumſtances of *What*, *How*, *Why*, *When*, *Where*, *to whom*, *How much*, and the like. Or otherwiſe; *It is a Voluntary, and Benevolent Action that delights the Giver, in the Comfort it brings to the Receiver*. It will be hard to draw this Subject, either into Method or Compaſs; the one, becauſe of the infinite Variety and Complication of Caſes; the other, by reaſon of the large Extent of it: For the whole Buſineſs

(almoſt) of mankind in Society, falls under this Head: The Duties of Kings, and Subjects; Husbands, and Wives; Parents, and Children; Maſters, and Servants; Natives, and Strangers; High, and Low; Rich, and Poor; Strong, and Weak; Friends, and Enemies. The very Meditation of it breeds good Blood, and generous Thoughts; and inſtructs us in all the Parts of Honour, Humanity, Friendſhip, Piety, Gratitude, Prudence, and Juſtice. In ſhort, the Art and Skill of conferring Benefits, is, of all Human Duties, the moſt abſolutely neceſſary to the Well-Being both of Reaſonable Nature, and of every Individual; as the very Cement of all Communities, and the Bleſſing of Particulars. He that does good to another Man, does good alſo to himſelf; not only in the Conſequence, but in the very Act of doing it: For the Conſcience of Well-doing is an ample Reward.

* *Benefits Neceſſary, Profitable, and Delightful.*

OF Benefits in general, there are ſeveral ſorts; as * *Neceſſary*, *Profitable* and *Delightful.* Some Things there are, without which we *Cannot* Live; others, without which we *Ought not* to Live; and ſome again without which we *Will not* Live. In the firſt Rank are thoſe, which deliver us from Capital Dangers, or Apprehenſions of Death: And the Favour is rated acording to the Hazard; for the greater the Extremity, the greater ſeems the Obligation. The next is a Caſe wherein we may indeed Live, but we had better Die: As in the Queſtion of Liberty, Modeſty, and a good Conſcience. In the third Place follow thoſe things which Cuſtom, Uſe, Affinity, and Acquaintance, have made dear to us; as Husbands, Wives, Children, Friends, *&c.* which an honeſt Man will preſerve at his utmoſt Peril: Of things Profitable there's a large Field; as Mony, Honour, *&c.* to which might be added Matters of Superfluity and Pleaſure. But, we ſhall open a way to the Circumſtances of a Benefit, by ſome previous, and more general Deliberations upon the Thing itſelf.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Several Sorts of BENEFITS.

WE ſhall divide *Benefits*, into *Abſolute* and * *Vulgar*; the one, appertaining to Good Life; the other, is only matter of Commerce. The former are the more Excellent, becauſe they can never be made void; whereas all Material Benefits are toſs'd back, and forward, and change their Maſter. There are ſome Offices that look like Benefits, but are only deſirable Conveniences, as Wealth, *&c.* and theſe a Wicked Man may receive from a Good, or a Good Man from an Evil. Others again that bear the Face of Injuries, which are only Benefits ill-taken; as Cutting, Lancing, Burning, under the hand of a Surgeon. The greateſt Benefits of all, are thoſe of good Education, which we receive from our Parents, either in the State of Ignorance, or Perverſeneſs, as their Care and Tenderneſs in our Infancy; their Diſcipline in our Childhood, to keep us to our Duties by Fear; and, if fair means will not do, their proceeding afterwards to Severity, and Puniſhment, without which we ſhould never have come to good. There are matters of great Value many times, that are but of ſmall Price; as Inſtructions from a Tutor, Medicines from a Phyſician, *&c.* And there are ſmall Matters again, which are of great Conſideration to us: The Gift may be ſmall, and the Conſequence great; as a Cup of cold Water in a time of Need may ſave a Man's Life; ſome things are of great Moment to the Giver; others to the Receiver: One Man gives me a Houſe; another ſnatches me out, when 'tis falling upon my Head: One gives me an Eſtate; another takes me out of the Fire, or caſts me out a Rope when I am ſinking: Some good Offices we do to Friends; others to Strangers; but, thoſe are the nobleſt that we do with-

* *Benefits Abſolute, and Vulgar.*

out Pre-deſert. There is an Obligation of Bounty; and an Obligation of Charity: This, in caſe of Neceſſity; and That, in point of Convenience. Some Benefits are Common; others are Perſonal; As if a Prince (out of pure Grace) grant a Privilege to a City; the Obligation lies upon the Community; and only upon every Individual, as a Part of the whole; but if it be done particularly for my ſake, then am I ſingly the Debtor for't. The cheriſhing of Strangers is one of the Duties of Hoſpitality; and exerciſes itſelf in the Relief, and Protection of the Diſtreſſed. There are Benefits of good Counſel, Reputation, Life, Fortune, Liberty, Health; nay, and of Superfluity, and Pleaſure. One Man obliges me out of his Pocket: Another gives me Matter of Ornament and Curioſity: A third, Conſolation. To ſay nothing of Negative Benefits; for there are, that reckon it an Obligation if they do a Body no Hurt; and place it to Accompt, as if they ſav'd a Man, when they do not undo him. To ſhut up all in one Word; as Benevolence is the moſt ſociable of all Virtues, ſo it is of the largeſt Extent; for there is not any Man either ſo great, or ſo little, but he is yet capable of giving and of receiving Benefits.

CHAP. III.

A Son may oblige his Father, and a Servant his Maſter.

THE Queſtion is (in the firſt Place) Whether it may not be poſſible for a Father to owe more to a Son in other Reſpects, than the Son owes to his Father for his Being? That many Sons are both Greater and Better than their Fathers, there is no Queſtion; as there are many other things that derive their Beings from others, which yet are far greater than their Original. Is not the Tree larger than the Seed? The River than the Fountain? The Foundation of all things lies hid, and the Superſtructure obſcures it. If I owe all

all to my Father, becauſe he gives me Life, I may owe as much to a Phyſician that ſav'd his Life; for if my Father had not been Cur'd, I had never been begotten: Or, if I ſtand indebted for all that I am, to my Beginning; my Acknowledgement muſt run back to the very Original of all Human Beings. My Father gave me the Benefit of Life, which he had never done, if his Father had not firſt given it to him. He gave me Life, not knowing to whom, and when I was in a Condition, neither to feel Death, nor to fear it. That's the great Benefit, to give Life to one that knows how to uſe it; and that is capable of the Apprehenſion of Death. 'Tis true, that without a Father I could never have had a Being; and ſo without a Nurſe that Being had never been improv'd; but I do not therefore owe my Virtue either to my Nativity, or to her that gave me ſuck. The Generation of me was the leaſt Part of the Benefit: For, to live is common with Brutes; but, to live well, is the main Buſineſs; and that Virtue is all my own, ſaving what I drew from my Education. It does not follow that the *firſt* Benefit muſt be the *greateſt*, becauſe without the firſt, the greateſt could never have been. The Father gives Life to the Son but once; but if the Son ſave the Father's Life often, tho' he do but his Duty, it is yet a greater Benefit. And again, the Benefit that a Man receives is the greater, the more he needs it; but the Living has more need of Life, than he that is not yet born; ſo that the Father receives a greater Benefit in the Continuance of his Life, than the Son in the Beginning of it. What if a Son deliver his Father from the Rack; or, which is more, lay himſelf down in his Place? The giving of him a Being, was but the Office of a Father; a ſimple Act; a Benefit given at a venture; beſide that he had a Participant in it, and a Regard to his Family. He gave only a ſingle Life, and he receiv'd a happy one. My Mother brought me into the World naked, expos'd, and void of Reaſon; but my Reputation and my Fortune, are advanced by my Virtue. *Scipio* (as yet in his Minority) reſcu'd his Father in a Battle with *Hannibal*; and afterward from the Practices, and Proſecution of a powerful Faction;

covering him with Conſulary Honours, and the Spoils of Publick Enemies. He made himſelf as Eminent for his Moderation, as for his Piety, and Military Knowledge: He was the Defender, and the Eſtabliſher of his Country: He left the Empire without a Competitor; and made himſelf as well the Ornament of *Rome*, as the Security of it: And did not *Scipio*, in all this, more than requite his Father barely for begetting of him? Whether did *Anchiſes* more for *Æneas*, in dandling the Child in his Arms; or *Æneas* for his Father, when he carry'd him upon his Back through the Flames of *Troy*, and made his Name famous to future Ages, among the Founders of the *Roman Empire? T. Manlius* was the Son of a Sour and Imperious Father, who baniſh'd him his Houſe as a Blockhead, and a Scandal to the Family: This *Manlius*, hearing that his Father's Life was in Queſtion, and a Day ſet for his Trial, went to the Tribune that was concern'd in his Cauſe, and diſcours'd him about it: The Tribune told him the appointed Time, and withal (as an Obligation upon the young Man) that his Cruelty to his Son would be part of his Accuſation: *Manlius* upon this, takes the Tribune aſide, and preſenting a Poniard to his Breaſt, *Swear*, ſays he, *That you will let this Cauſe fall, or you ſhall have this Dagger in the Heart of you; and now 'tis at your Choice, which way you will deliver my Father.* The Tribune ſwore, and kept his Word, and made a fair Report of the whole Matter to the Council. He that makes himſelf Famous by his Eloquence, Juſtice, or Arms, illuſtrates his Extraction, let it be never ſo mean; and gives ineſtimable Reputation to his Parents. We ſhould never have heard of *Sophroniſcus*, but for his Son *Socrates*; nor of *Arioſto* and *Gryllus*, if it had not been for *Xenophon* and *Plato*.

THIS is not to diſcountenance the Veneration we owe to Parents; nor to make Children the worſe, but the better; and to ſtir up generous Emulations: For, in Conteſts of good Offices, both Parts are happy; as well the Vanquiſh'd, as thoſe that Overcome. It is the only honourable Diſpute that can arrive betwixt a Father and a Son, which of the two ſhall have the better of the other in the Point of Benefits.

IN

IN the Queſtion betwixt a Maſter and a Servant; we muſt diſtinguiſh betwixt * Benefits, Duties, and Actions Miniſterial. By *Benefits* we underſtand thoſe good Offices that we receive from Strangers, which are voluntary, and may be forborn without Blame. *Duties* are the Parts of a Son, and Wife: and incumbent upon Kindred and Relations. *Offices Miniſterial* belong to the Part of a Servant. Now, ſince it is the *Mind*, and not the *Condition*, of the Perſon, that prints the Value upon the Benefit, a Servant may oblige his Maſter, and ſo may a Subject his Sovereign, or a common Soldier his General, by doing more than he is expreſly bound to do. Some Things there are, which the Law neither Commands, nor Forbids; and here the Servant is free. It would be very hard for a Servant to be chaſtiz'd for doing leſs than his Duty, and not thank'd for it when he does more. His Body, 'tis true, is his Maſter's, but his Mind is his own: And there are many Commands which a Servant ought no more to obey, than a Maſter to impoſe. There is no Man ſo great, but he may both need the Help and Service, and ſtand in fear of the Power and Unkindneſs, even of the meaneſt of Mortals. One Servant kills his Maſter; another ſaves him, nay, preſerves his Maſter's Life, perhaps with the Loſs of his own: He expoſes himſelf to Torment and Death; he ſtands firm againſt all Threats and Batteries: Which is not only a Benefit in a Servant, but much the greater for his being ſo.

* *A Servant may oblige his Maſter.*

WHEN *Domitius* was beſieg'd in *Corfinium*, and the Place brought to great Extremity; he preſs'd his Servant ſo earneſtly to poiſon him, that at laſt he was prevail'd upon to give him a Potion; which, it ſeems, was an innocent Opiate, and *Domitius* outliv'd it: *Cæſar* took the Town, and gave *Domitius* his Life, but it was his Servant that gave it him firſt.

THERE was another Town beſieg'd, and when it was upon the laſt pinch, two Servants made their Eſcape, and went over to the Enemy: Upon the *Romans* entering the Town, and in the heat of the Soldiers Fury, theſe two Fellows ran directly home,

took their Miſtreſs out of her Houſe, and drave her before them, telling every body how barbarouſly ſhe had us'd them formerly, and that they would now have their Revenge: When they had her without the Gates, they kept her cloſe till the Danger was over; by which means they gave their Miſtreſs her Life, and ſhe gave them their Freedom. This was not the Action of a ſervile Mind, to do ſo glorious a Thing, under an Appearance of ſo great a Villany; for if they had not paſs'd for Deſerters, and Parricides, they could not have gain'd their End.

WITH one Inſtance more (and that a very brave one) I ſhall conclude this Chapter.

IN the Civil Wars of *Rome*, a Party coming to ſearch for a Perſon of Quality that was proſcrib'd, a Servant put on his Maſter's Cloaths, and deliver'd himſelf up to the Soldiers, as the Maſter of the Houſe, he was taken into Cuſtody, and put to Death without diſcovering the Miſtake. What could be more glorious than for a Servant to die for his Maſter, in that Age, when there were not many Servants that would not betray their Maſters? So generous a Tenderneſs in a publick Cruelty; ſo invincible a Faith in a general Corruption! What could be more glorious, I ſay, than ſo exalted a Virtue as, rather to chuſe Death for the Reward of his Fidelity, than the greateſt Advantages he might otherwiſe have had for the Violation of it?

CHAP. IV.

It is the Intention, not the Matter, that makes the Benefit.

THE *Good Will* of the Benefactor is the Fountain of all Benefits; nay, it is the Benefit itſelf; or, at leaſt, the Stamp that makes it valuable and current. Some there are, I know, that take the *Matter* for the *Benefit*, and tax the Obligation by Weight and Meaſure. When any thing is given them, they preſently caſt it up, *What may ſuch a Houſe be worth? Such an Office? Such*

an

an Eſtate? As if that were the Benefit, which is only the Sign, and Mark of it: For the Obligation reſts in the *Mind*, not in the *Matter*; And all thoſe Advantages which we ſee, handle, or hold in actual Poſſeſſion by the Courteſy of another, are but ſeveral Modes, or Ways of Explaining, and putting the good Will in Execution. There needs no great Subtilty, to prove, That both Benefits and Injuries receive their Value from the Intention, when even Brutes themſelves are able to decide this Queſtion. Tread upon a Dog by chance, or put him to pain upon the dreſſing of a Wound; the one he paſſes by as an Accident; and the other, in his Faſhion, he acknowledges as a Kindneſs; but, offer to ſtrike at him, though you do him no Hurt at all, he flies yet in the Face of you, even for the Miſchief that you barely meant him.

IT is further to be obſerv'd, That all * Benefits are good; and (like the Diſtributions of Providence) made up of Wiſdom and Bounty; whereas the Gift itſelf is neither good nor bad, but may indifferently be apply'd either to the one or to the other. The Benefit is immortal, the Gift periſhable: For, the Benefit itſelf continues, when we have no longer either the Uſe or the Matter of it. He that is dead, was alive; He that has loſt his Eyes, did ſee; and, whatſoever is done, cannot be render'd undone. My Friend (for inſtance) is taken by Pirates; I redeem him; and, after that, he falls into other Pirates Hands; his Obligation to me is the ſame ſtill, as if he had preſerv'd his Freedom. And ſo, if I ſave a Man from any one Misfortune, and he falls into another; If I give him a Sum of Mony, which is afterward taken away by Thieves; it comes to the ſame Caſe. Fortune may deprive us of the Matter of a Benefit, but the Benefit itſelf remains inviolable. If the Benefit reſided in the Matter, that which is good for one Man, would be ſo for another; whereas many times the very ſame thing given to ſeveral Perſons, works contrary Effects; even to the difference of Life, or Death; and that which is one body's Cure, proves another body's Poiſon. Beſide that the Timeing of it alters the Value; and, a Cruſt of Bread, upon a

* *All Benefits are good.*

pinch, is a greater Preſent than an Imperial Crown. What is more familiar, than, in a Battle, to ſhoot at an Enemy and kill a Friend? Or, inſtead of a Friend, to ſave an Enemy? But yet this Diſappointment in the Event, does not at all operate upon the Intention. What if a Man cures me of a Wen, with a Stroke that was deſign'd to cut off my Head? Or, with a malicious Blow upon my Stomach, breaks an Impoſthume? Or, what if he ſave my Life, with a Draught that was prepar'd to poiſon me? The Providence of the Iſſue does not at all diſcharge the Obliquity of the Intent. And the ſame Reaſon holds good even in Religion itſelf: It is not the Incenſe, or the Offering that is acceptable to God, but the Purity and Devotion of the Worſhipper. Neither is the bare Will, without Action, ſufficient; that is, where we have the Means of Acting; for, in that Caſe, it ſignifies as little to *wiſh* well, without well-*doing*, as to *do* good without *willing* it. There muſt be Effect, as well as Intention, to make me owe a Benefit; but, to will againſt it, does wholly diſcharge it. In fine, the Conſcience alone is the Judge, both of Benefits and Injuries.

* *The Good Will muſt be accompany'd with Judgment.*

IT does not follow now; becauſe the Benefit reſts in the * Good Will, that therefore the Good Will ſhould be always a Benefit; for if it be not accompany'd with Government and Diſcretion, thoſe Offices which we call Benefits, are but the Works of Paſſion, or of Chance; and, many times, the greateſt of all Injuries. One Man does me good by miſtake; another ignorantly; a third upon force; but none of theſe Caſes do I take to be an Obligation; for they were neither directed to me, nor was there any Kindneſs of Intention: We do not thank the Seas for the Advantages we receive by Navigation; or the Rivers, for ſupplying us with Fiſh, and flowing of our Grounds; we do not thank the Trees, either for their Fruits, or Shades; or the Winds for a fair Gale: And what's the Difference betwixt a reaſonable Creature, that does not know, and an inanimate, that cannot? A good *Horſe* ſaves one Man's Life; a good Suit of *Arms* another's; and a *Man*, perhaps, that never intended it,

ſaves

ſaves a third. Where's the Difference now betwixt the Obligation of one, and of the other? A Man falls into a River, and the Fright cures him of an Ague; we may call this a kind of lucky Miſchance, but not a Remedy. And ſo it is with the good we receive, either without, or beſide, or contrary to Intention. It is the Mind, and not the Event, that diſtinguiſhes a Benefit from an Injury.

CHAP. V.

There muſt be Judgment in a Benefit, as well as Matter and Intention; and eſpecially in the Choice of the Perſon.

AS it is the *Will* that deſigns the Benefit, and the *Matter* that conveys it; ſo it is the *Judgment* that perfects it: which depends upon ſo many Critical Niceties, that the leaſt Error, either in the Perſon, the Matter, the Manner, the Quality, the Quantity, the Time or the Place, ſpoils all.

THE Conſideration of the *Perſon* is a * main Point; for, we are to give by Choice, and not by Hazard. My Inclination bids me oblige one Man; I am bound in Duty and Juſtice, to ſerve another; here 'tis Charity, there 'tis Pity; and elſewhere, perhaps, Encouragement. There are ſome that want, to whom I would not give; becauſe, if I did, they would want ſtill. To one Man I would barely offer a Benefit; but, I would preſs it upon another. To ſay the Truth, we do not employ any Mony to more Profit, than that which we beſtow; and 'tis not to our Friends, our Acquaintances, or Countrymen, nor to this, or that Condition of Men, that we are to reſtrain our Bounties; but, whereſoever there is a Man there is a Place, and occaſion for a Benefit. We give to ſome that are good already; to others, in hope to make them ſo; but we muſt do all with Diſcretion: For, we are as well

* *The Choice of the Perſon is a main Point.*

well anſwerable for what we give, as for what we receive. Nay, the miſplacing of a Benefit is worſe than the not receiving of it; for the one, is another Man's Fault; but the other is mine. The Error of the Giver does oft-times excuſe the Ingratitude of the Receiver; for a Favour ill placed, is rather a Profuſion than a Benefit. It is the moſt ſhameful of Loſſes, an inconſiderate Bounty. I will chuſe a Man of Integrity, Sincere, Conſiderate, Grateful, Temperate, well-natur'd, neither Covetous, nor Sordid: And when I have oblig'd ſuch a Man, though not worth a Groat in the World, I have gain'd my End. If we give, only to receive, we loſe the faireſt Objects for our Charity; the Abſent, the Sick, the Captive, and the Needy. When we oblige thoſe that can never pay us again in kind, as a Stranger upon his laſt Farewel, or a Neceſſitous Perſon upon his Death-bed, we make Providence our Debtor, and rejoice in the Conſcience even of a fruitleſs Benefit. So long as we are affected with Paſſions, and diſtracted with Hopes, and Fears, and (the moſt unmanly of Vices) with our Pleaſures, we are incompetent Judges, where to place our Bounties. But when Death preſents it ſelf, and that we come to our laſt Will and Teſtament, we leave our Fortunes to the moſt worthy. He that gives nothing, but in hopes of receiving, muſt die Inteſtate. It is the Honeſty of another Man's Mind that moves the Kindneſs of mine; and I would ſooner oblige a Grateful Man, than an Ungrateful: But this ſhall not hinder me from doing good alſo to a Perſon that is known to be Ungrateful: Only with this Difference, that I will ſerve the one in all Extremities with my Life and Fortune; and the other, no further than ſtands with my Convenience. But what ſhall I do, you'll ſay, to know whether a Man will be grateful, or no? I will follow Probability, and hope the beſt. He that Sows, is not ſure to Reap; nor the Seaman to reach his Port; nor the Soldier to win the Field: He that Weds, is not ſure his Wife ſhall be honeſt; or his Children dutiful: But, ſhall we therefore neither Sow, Sail, bear Arms, nor Marry? Nay, if I knew a Man to be incurably thankleſs, I would yet be ſo kind as to put him in his Way, or let him light a Candle at mine, or draw Water at my Well;

Well; which may ſtand him perhaps in great ſtead, and yet not be reckon'd as a Benefit from me; for I do it careleſly, and not for his ſake, but my own; as an Office of Humanity, without any Choice or Kindneſs.

CHAP. VI.

The Matter of Obligations, with its Circumſtances.

NEXT to the Choice of the *Perſon*, follows that of the *Matter*; wherein a Regard muſt be had to Time, Place, Proportion, Quality; and to the very nicks of Opportunity and Humour. One Man values his Peace above his Honour; another his Honour above his Safety; and not a few there are, that (provided they may ſave their Bodies) never care what becomes of their Souls. So that Good Offices depend much upon Conſtruction. Some take themſelves to be obliged, when they are not; others will not believe it, when they are; and ſome again take Obligations, and Injuries, the one for the other.

FOR our better Direction let it be noted, *That a * Benefit is a common Tye betwixt the Giver and the Receiver, with a Reſpect to both.* Wherefore, it muſt be accommodated to the Rules of Diſcretion; for all things have their Bounds, and Meaſures, and ſo muſt Liberality among the reſt, that it be neither too much for the one, nor too little for the other; the Exceſs being every jot as bad as the Defect. *Alexander* beſtow'd a City upon one of his Favourites; who modeſtly excuſing himſelf, *That it was too much for him to receive: Well, but,* ſays Alexander, *it is not too much for me to give:* A haughty, certainly, and an imprudent Speech; for that which was not fit for the one to Take, could not be fit for the other to Give. It paſſes in the World for Greatneſs of Mind, to be perpetually giving and loading of People with Bounties: But, 'tis one thing to know how to

* *A Benefit is a common Tye betwixt Giver and Receiver.*

to *Give*, and another thing not to know how to *Keep*. Give me a Heart that's eaſy and open, but I'll have no Holes in't; let it be bountiful with Judgment, but I'll have nothing run out of it I know not how. How much greater was he that refus'd the City, than the other that offer'd it? Some Men throw away their Mony as if they were Angry with it, which is the Error commonly of weak Minds, and large Fortunes. No Man eſteems of any thing that comes to him by Chance; but when 'tis govern'd by Reaſon, it brings Credit both to the Giver and Receiver; whereas thoſe Favours are, in ſome ſort, ſcandalous, that make a Man aſham'd of his Patron.

* *A Benefit muſt be ſuited to the Condition of the Receiver.*

IT is a Matter of great Prudence, for the Benefactor * to ſuit the Benefit to the Condition of the Receiver; who muſt be, either his Superior, his Inferior, or his Equal; and that which would be the higheſt Obligation imaginable to the one, would perhaps be as great a Mockery, and Affront to the other: As a Plate of broken Meat (for the Purpoſe) to a Rich Man, were an Indignity, which to a poor Man is a Charity. The Benefits of Princes, and of great Men, are Honours, Offices, Monies, Profitable Commiſſions, Countenance, and Protection: The poor Man has nothing to preſent, but Goodwill, good Advice, Faith, Induſtry, the Service and Hazard of his Perſon, an early Apple peradventure, or ſome other cheap Curioſity: Equals indeed may correſpond in kind; but whatſoever the Preſent be, or to whom ſoever we offer it, this general Rule muſt be obſerv'd, That we always deſign the Good and Satisfaction of the Receiver; and never grant any thing to his Detriment. 'Tis not for a Man to ſay, I was overcome by Importunity; for, when the Fever is off, we deteſt the Man that was prevail'd upon to our Deſtruction. I will no more undo a Man with his Will, than forbear ſaving him againſt it. It is a Benefit in ſome Caſes to Grant, and in others to Deny: So that we are rather to conſider the Advantage than the Deſire of the Petitioner. For, we may, in a Paſſion, earneſtly beg for (and take it ill to be deny'd too) that

that very thing, which, upon ſecond Thoughts, we may come to Curſe, as the Occaſion of a moſt pernicious Bounty. Never give any thing that ſhall turn to Miſchief, Infamy or Shame. I will conſider another Man's Want, or Safety; but ſo as not to forget my own: Unleſs in the Caſe of a very excellent Perſon, and then I ſhall not much heed what becomes of myſelf. There's no giving of Water to a Man in a Fever; or putting a Sword into a Mad-Man's Hand. He that lends a Man Mony to carry him to a Bawdy-houſe, or a Weapon for his Revenge, makes himſelf a Partaker of his Crime.

HE that would make an * acceptable Preſent, will pitch upon ſomething that is deſired, ſought for, and hard to be found; that which he ſees no where elſe, and which few have; or at leaſt not in that Place, or Seaſon; ſomething that may be always in his Eye, and mind him of his Benefactor. If it be laſting and durable, ſo much the better; as Plate rather than Mony; Statues, than Apparel; for it will ſerve as a Monitor, to mind the Receiver of the Obligation which the Preſenter cannot ſo handſomly do. However, let it not be improper, as Arms to a Woman; Books to a Clown; Toys to a Philoſopher: I will not *Give* to any Man that which he cannot receive; as if I threw a Ball to a Man without Hands; but I will make a *Return*, tho' he cannot receive it; for, my buſineſs is not to oblige him, but to free myſelf: Nor any thing that may reproach a Man of his Vice, or Infirmity: As falſe Dice to a Cheat; Spectacles to a Man that's blind. Let it not be unſeaſonable neither; as a furr'd Gown in Summer; an *Umbrella* in Winter. It enhances the Value of the Preſent, if it was never given to him by any body elſe, nor by me to any other; for, that which we give to every body, is welcome to no body. The Particularity does much, but yet the ſame thing may receive a different Eſtimate from ſeveral Perſons; for, there are ways of marking and recommending it in ſuch a manner, that if the ſame *Good Office* be done to twenty People, every one of them ſhall reckon himſelf peculiarly oblig'd: As a cunning Whore, if ſhe has a thouſand

* *An Acceptable Preſent.*

thouſand Sweethearts, will perſuade every one of them, that ſhe loves him beſt. But this is rather the Artifice of Converſation, than the Virtue of it.

THE Citizens of *Megara* ſent Ambaſſadors to * *Alexander* in the height of his Glory, to offer him, as a Compliment, the Freedom of their City. Upon *Alexander*'s ſmiling at the Propoſal, they told him, That it was a Preſent which they had never made, but to *Hercules*, and himſelf. Whereupon, *Alexander* treated them kindly, and accepted of it; not for the Preſenters ſake, but becauſe they had join'd him with *Hercules*, how unreaſonably ſoever: For *Hercules* Conquer'd nothing for himſelf, but made it his Buſineſs to vindicate, and to protect the miſerable, without any private Intereſt, or Deſign: But this intemperate young Man (whoſe Virtue was nothing elſe but a ſucceſsful Temerity) was train'd up from his Youth in the Trade of Violence: The common Enemy of Mankind, as well of his Friends, as of his Foes, and one that valu'd himſelf upon being terrible to all Mortals: Never conſidering that the dulleſt Creatures are as dangerous, and as dreadful, as the fierceſt; for the Poiſon of a Toad, or the Tooth of a Snake, will do a Man's Buſineſs, as ſure as the Paw of a Tiger.

* *Let the Preſent be ſingular.*

CHAP. VII.

The Manner of Obliging.

THERE is not any Benefit ſo glorious in itſelf, but it may yet be exceedingly ſweeten'd, and improv'd by the *Manner* of conferring it. The Virtue, I know, reſts in the *Intent*; the Profit, in the Judicious Application of the *Matter*; but, the Beauty and Ornament of an Obligation, lies in the *Manner* of it; and it is then perfect, when the Dignity of the Office is accompany'd with all the Charms and Delicacies of Humanity, Good-nature and Addreſs: And with diſpatch too;

too; for, he that puts a Man off from time to time, was never right at heart.

IN the firſt place, whatſoever we give, let us do it * *frankly:* A kind Benefactor makes a Man happy, as *ſoon* as he can, and as *much* as he can. There ſhou'd be no *Delay* in a Benefit, but the Modeſty of the Receiver. If we cannot foreſee the Requeſt, let us however immediately grant it, and by no means ſuffer the repeating of it. It is ſo grievous a thing, to ſay, *I BEG*; the very Word puts a Man out of Countenance; and 'tis a double Kindneſs, to do the thing, and ſave an honeſt Man the Confuſion of a Bluſh. It comes too late, that comes for the Asking; for nothing coſts us ſo dear, as that we purchaſe with our Prayers: It is all we give, even for Heav'n itſelf; and even there too, where our Petitions are at the faireſt, we chuſe rather to preſent them in Secret Ejaculations, than by Word of Mouth. That is the laſting, and the acceptable Benefit, that meets the Receiver half way. The Rule is, we are to *Give*, as we would *Receive*, *chearfully*, *quickly*, and without Heſitation; for, there's no Grace in a Benefit, that ſticks to the Fingers. Nay, if there ſhould be Occaſion for Delay, let us however not *ſeem* to deliberate; for *demurring* is next door to *denying*; and, ſo long as we ſuſpend, ſo long are we unwilling. It is a Court-humour, to keep People upon the Tenters; their Injuries are quick and ſudden, but their Benefits are ſlow. Great Miniſters love to rack Men with Attendance; and account it an Oſtentation of their Power to hold their Suitors in hand, and to have many Witneſſes of their Intereſt. A Benefit ſhould be made acceptable by all poſſible means, even to the end that the Receiver, who is never to forget it, may bear it in his Mind with Satisfaction. There muſt be no Mixture of Sourneſs, Severity, Contumely, or Reproof, with our Obligations; nay, in caſe there ſhould be any Occaſion for ſo much as an Admonition, let it be referr'd to another time. We are a great deal apter to remember Injuries, than Benefits; and 'tis enough to forgive an Obligation, that has the Nature of an Offence.

* *Give frankly.*

THERE

Give chearfully.

THERE are ſome that ſpoil a Good Office after it is done; and others in the very Inſtant of doing it. There muſt be ſo much Intreaty and Importunity: Nay, if we do but ſuſpect a Petitioner, we put on a four Face; look another way; pretend haſte, Company, Buſineſs; talk of other Matters, and keep him off with Artificial Delays, let his Neceſſities be never ſo preſſing; and when we're put to't at laſt, it comes ſo hard from us, that 'tis rather Extorted, than Obtain'd; and not ſo properly the giving of a Bounty, as the quitting of a Man's hold upon the Tug, when another is too ſtrong for him: So that this is but doing one Kindneſs for me, and another for himſelf; He gives for his own Quiet, after he has tormented me with Difficulties, and Delays. The *Manner* of *Saying*, or of *Doing* any thing, goes a great way in the Value of the thing itſelf. It was well ſaid of him that call'd a good Office that was done harſhly, and with an ill Will, *A ſtony piece of Bread*; 'tis neceſſary for him that is hungry, to receive it, but it almoſt chokes a Man in the going down. There muſt be no Pride, Arrogance of Looks, or Tumor of Words in the beſtowing of Benefits; no Inſolence of Behaviour, but a Modeſty of Mind, and a diligent Care to catch at Occaſions, and prevent Neceſſities. A Pauſe, an unkind Tone, Word, Look or Action, deſtroys the Grace of a Courteſy. It corrupts a Bounty when it is accompany'd with State, Haughtineſs and Elation of Mind in the giving of it. Some have the Trick of ſhifting off a Suitor with a Point of Wit, or a Cavil. As in the Caſe of the *Cynick* that begg'd a Talent of *Antigonus*; *That's too much*, ſays he, *for a Cynick to ask*; when he fell to a Penny, *That's too little*, ſays he, *for a Prince to give*. He might have found a way to have compounded this Controverſy, by giving him a *Penny*, as to a *Cynick*; and a *Talent*, as from a *Prince*. Whatſoever we beſtow, let it be done with a frank and a chearful Countenance: A Man muſt not give with his Hand, and deny with his Looks. He that gives quickly gives willingly.

WE are likewiſe to * accompany *Good Deeds* with *Good Words*, and ſay (for the Purpoſe) *Why ſhould you make ſuch a Matter of this? Why did not you come to me ſooner? Why would you make uſe of any body elſe? I take it ill that you ſhould bring me a Recommendation; Pray let there be no more of this; but when you have Occaſion hereafter, come to me upon your own Account.* That's the glorious Bounty, when the Receiver can ſay to himſelf, *What a bleſſed Day has this been to me! never was any thing done ſo generouſly, ſo tenderly, with ſo good a Grace. What is it I would not do to ſerve this Man! A thouſand times as much another way could not have given me this Satisfaction.* In ſuch a Caſe, let the Benefit be never ſo conſiderable, the Manner of conferring it is yet the nobleſt Part. Where there is Harſhneſs of Language, Countenance, or Behaviour, a Man had better be without it. A flat Denial is infinitely before a vexatious Delay; as a quick Death is a Mercy, compar'd with a lingering Torment. But to be put to Waitings and Interceſſions, after a Promiſe is paſt, is a Cruelty intolerable. 'Tis troubleſome to ſtay long for a Benefit, let it be never ſo great; and he that holds me needleſly in Pain, loſes two precious things, Time, and the Proof of Friendſhip. Nay, the very Hint of a Man's Wants comes many times too late. *If I had Mony*, ſaid *Socrates, I would buy me a Cloke.* They that knew he wanted one ſhould have prevented the very Intimation of that Want. It is not the Value of the Preſent, but the Benevolence of the Mind, that we are to conſider. *He gave me but a little, but, it was generouſly, and frankly done; it was a little out of a little: He gave it me without asking; he preſt it upon me; he watch'd the Opportunity of doing it, and took it as an Obligation upon himſelf.* On the other ſide, many Benefits are great in ſhew, but little or nothing perhaps in Effect; when they come hard, ſlow, or at unawares. That which is given with Pride and Oſtentation, is rather an Ambition than a Bounty.

* *Accompany good Deeds with good Words.*

* *Some Favours in Publick, others in Private.*

Some Favours are to be conferr'd in * *Publick:* others in *Private.* In *Publick*, the Rewards of great Actions; as Honours, Charges, or whatſoever elſe gives a Man Reputation in the World; but, the good Offices we do for a Man in Want, Diſtreſs, or under Reproach; theſe ſhould be known only to thoſe that have the Benefit of them. Nay, not to them neither, if we can handſomly conceal it from whence the Favour came: For the Secrecy, in many Caſes, is a main Part of the Benefit. There was a good Man that had a Friend, who was both Poor and Sick, and aſham'd to own his Condition: He privately convey'd a Bag of Mony under his Pillow, that he might ſeem rather to find than receive it. Provided I know that I give it, no matter for his knowing from whence it comes that receives it. Many a Man ſtands in need of Help, that has not the Face to confeſs it: If the Diſcovery may give Offence, let it lie conceal'd: He that gives to be ſeen, would never relieve a Man in the Dark. It would be too tedious to run through all the Niceties that may occur upon this Subject. But, in two Words, he muſt be a Wiſe, a Friendly, and a well-bred Man, that perfectly acquits himſelf in the Art, and Duty of Obliging; for all his Actions muſt be ſquared according to the Meaſures of *Civility*, *Good-nature* and *Diſcretion*.

CHAP. VIII.

The Difference and Value of Benefits.

We have already ſpoken of *Benefits* in *General*, the *Matter*, and the *Intention*, together with the *Manner* of conferring them. It follows now, in Courſe, to ſay ſomething of the *Value* of them; which is rated, either by the Good they do us, or by the Inconvenience they ſave us, and has no other Standard than that of a judicious Regard to Circumſtance, and Occaſion. Suppoſe I ſave a Man from Drowning, the Advantage of Life

is

is all one to him, from what Hand ſoever it comes, or by what Means: But, yet there may be a vaſt Difference in the Obligation. I may do it with Hazard, or with Security; with Trouble, or with Eaſe; Willingly, or by Compulſion; upon Interceſſion, or without it: I may have a Proſpect of Vain-Glory or Profit: I may do it in Kindneſs to Another, or an hundred *By-Ends* to myſelf; and every Point does exceedingly vary the Caſe. Two Perſons may part with the ſame Sum of Mony, and yet not the ſame Benefit: The One had it of his *own*, and it was but a *little* out of a *great deal*; the Other *borrow'd* it, and beſtow'd upon me that which he wanted for himſelf. Two Boys were ſent out to fetch a certain Perſon to their Maſter: The one of them hunts up and down, and comes home again weary, without finding him; the Other falls to play with his Companions at the Wheel of Fortune, ſees him by chance paſſing by, delivers him his Errand, and brings him. He that found him by chance deſerves to be puniſhed; and he that ſought for him, and miſs'd him, to be rewarded for his Good Will.

IN ſome Caſes we value * the *Thing*; in others the *Labour*, and *Attendance*. What can be more precious than good Manners, good Letters, Life and Health? and yet we pay our Phyſicians, and Tutors, only for their Service in their Profeſſions. If we buy things cheap, it matters not, ſo long as 'tis a Bargain: 'Tis no Obligation from the Seller, if no body elſe will give him more for't. What would not a Man give to be ſet aſhore in a Tempeſt? For a Houſe in a Wilderneſs? A ſhelter in a Storm? A Fire or a Bit of Meat, when a Man's pinch'd with Hunger or Cold? A Defence againſt Thieves, and a Thouſand other Matters of Moment, that coſt but little? And yet we know that the Skipper has but his Freight for our Paſſage; and the Carpenters and Bricklayers do their Work by the Day. Thoſe are many times the greateſt Obligations, in truth, which in vulgar Opinion are the ſmalleſt: As Comfort to the Sick, Poor, Captives; good Counſel, keeping

* *We value the Thing, the Labour or Attendance.*

ing of People from Wickedneſs, &c. Wherefore we ſhould reckon ourſelves to owe moſt for the Nobleſt Benefits. If the Phyſician adds Care, and Friendſhip, to the Duty of his Calling; and the Tutor, to the common Method of his Buſineſs; I am to eſteem of them as the neareſt of my Relations: for, to watch with me; to be troubled for me; and to put off all other Patients for my ſake, is a particular Kindneſs: and ſo it is in my Tutor, if he takes more Pains with me than with the reſt of my Fellows. It is not enough, in this Caſe, to pay the one his Fees, and the other his Salary; but I am indebted to them over and above for their Friendſhip. The meaneſt of Mechanicks, if he does his Work with Induſtry, and Care, 'tis an uſual thing to caſt in ſomething by way of Reward, more than the bare Agreement: And, ſhall we deal worſe with the Preſervers of our Lives, and the Reformers of our Manners? He that gives me himſelf (if he be worth taking) gives the greateſt Benefit: And, this is the Preſent which *Æſchines*, a poor Diſciple of *Socrates*, made to his Maſter, and as a Matter of great Conſideration; *Others may have given you much*, ſays he, *but I am the only Man that has left nothing to himſelf: This Gift*, ſays *Socrates*, *you ſhall never repent of, for I will take care to return it better than I found it:* So that a brave Mind can never want Matter for Liberality in the meaneſt Condition; for, Nature has been ſo kind to us, that where we have nothing of Fortune's we may beſtow ſomething of our own.

* *A Benefit followed by an Injury.*

IT falls out often, that a Benefit is follow'd with an * Injury; let which will be foremoſt, it is with the latter, as with one Writing upon another; it does in a great meaſure hide the former, and keep it from appearing, but it does not quite take it away. We may in ſome Caſes divide them, and both Requite the One, and Revenge the Other; or otherwiſe compare them, to know whether I am Creditor, or Debtor. You have oblig'd me in my Servant, but wounded me in my Brother; you have ſav'd my Son, but you have deſtroy'd my Father: In this Inſtance,

ſtance, I will allow as much as Piety, and Juſtice, and Good-nature will bear; but I am not willing to ſet an Injury againſt a Benefit. I would have ſome reſpect to the Time; the Obligation came firſt; and then, perhaps, the one was deſign'd; the other againſt his Will: under theſe Conſiderations I would amplify the Benefit, and leſſen the Injury; and extinguiſh the one with the other; nay, I would pardon the Injury even *without* the Benefit, but much more *after* it. Not that a Man can be bound by one Benefit to ſuffer all ſorts of Injuries; for, there are ſome Caſes wherein we lie under no Obligation for a Benefit; becauſe a greater Injury abſolves it: As for Example, a Man helps me out of a Law-Suit, and afterwards commits a Rape upon my Daughter; where the following Impiety cancels the antecedent Obligation. A Man lends me a little Mony, and then ſets my Houſe on Fire: the Debtor is here turned Creditor, when the Injury out-weighs the Benefit. Nay, if a Man does but ſo much as Repent the good Office done, and grow Sour and Inſolent upon it, and upbraid me with it: If he did it only for his own ſake, or for any other Reaſon, than for mine; I am in ſome Degree, more or leſs, acquitted of the Obligation. I am not at all beholden to him that makes me the Inſtrument of his own Advantage. He that does me good for his own Sake, I'll do him good for mine.

SUPPOSE a Man makes Suit for a * Place, and cannot obtain it, but upon the Ranſom of Ten Slaves out of the Gallies. If there be Ten, and *no more*, they owe him nothing for their Redemption; but they are indebted to him for the Choice, where he might have taken Ten others as well as theſe. Put the Caſe again, that by an Act of Grace ſo many Priſoners are to be releaſed; their Names to be drawn by Lot, and mine happens to come out among the reſt: One part of my Obligation is to him that put me in a Capacity of Freedom; and, the other is to Providence, for my being one of that Number. The greateſt Benefits of all have no Witneſſes, but lie conceal'd in the Conſcience.

* *The Caſe of a Conditional Redemption.*

THERE'S

THERE'S a great Difference betwixt a Common Obligation, and a Particular; * he that lends my Country Mony, obliges me, only as a part of the whole. *Plato* croſs'd the River, and the Ferry-Man would take no Mony of him: He reflected upon it as an Honour done to himſelf, and told him, *That* Plato *was in Debt*. But *Plato*, when he found it to be no more than he did for others, recall'd his Word, *For*, ſays he, Plato, *will owe nothing in particular, for a Benefit in Common; what I owe with others, I will pay with others.*

* *Obligations Common and Perſonal.*

SOME will have it, that the Neceſſity * of wiſhing a Man well is ſome Abatement to the Obligation in the doing of him a good Office. But, I ſay, on the contrary, that it is the greater, becauſe the Good-will cannot be chang'd. 'Tis one thing to ſay, That a Man could not but do me this or that Civility, becauſe he was forc'd to it; and another thing, That he could not quit the Good-will of doing it. In the former Caſe, I am a Debtor to him that impoſeth the Force; in the other to himſelf. The unchangeable Good-will is an indiſpenſable Obligation; and, to ſay, that Nature cannot go out of her Courſe, does not diſcharge us, *of what we owe to Providence*. Shall he be ſaid to Will, that may change his Mind the next Moment? And, ſhall we queſtion the Will of the Almighty, whoſe Nature admits no Change? Muſt the Stars quit their Stations, and fall foul upon one another? Muſt the Sun ſtand ſtill in the middle of his Courſe, and Heaven and Earth drop into Confuſion? Muſt a devouring Fire ſeize upon the Univerſe; the Harmony of the Creation be diſſolv'd; and the whole Frame of Nature ſwallow'd up in a dark Abyſs; And will nothing leſs than this ſerve to convince the World of their audacious and impertinent Follies? It is not to ſay, that, *Theſe Heavenly Bodies are not made for us*; for, in part they are ſo; and we are the better for their Virtues and Motions, whether we will or no: Though undoubtedly the Principal Cauſe, is the unalterable Law of God. Providence is not mov'd by any thing

* *Obligations upon Neceſſity.*

thing from without; but, the Divine Will is an Everlaſting Law; an Immutable Decree; and the Impoſſibility of Variation proceeds from God's Purpoſe of preſerving; for he never repents of his firſt Counſels. It is not with our Heavenly, as with our Earthly Father. God thought of us, and provided for us, before he made us: (for unto him all future Events are preſent:) Man was not the Work of Chance; his Mind carries him above the Flight of Fortune, and naturally aſpires to the Contemplation of Heaven, and Divine Myſteries. How deſperate a Phrenſy is it now, to undervalue; nay, to contemn, and to diſclaim theſe Divine Bleſſings, without which we are utterly incapable of enjoying any other!

CHAP. IX.

An honeſt Man cannot be Outdone in Courteſy.

IT paſſes in the World for a Generous, and a Magnificent Saying, that, *'Tis a Shame for a Man to be outdone in Courteſy:* And it's worth the while to examine, both the Truth of it, and the Miſtake. Firſt, there can be no Shame in a Virtuous Emulation; and ſecondly, there can be no Victory without croſſing the Cudgels, and yielding the Cauſe. One Man may have the Advantages of Strength, of Means, of Fortune; and this will undoubtedly operate upon the Events of good Purpoſes, but yet without any Diminution to the Virtue. The Good Will may be the ſame in both, and yet One may have the Heels of the Other: For it is not in a good Office, as in a Courſe; where he wins the Plate that comes firſt to the Poſt: And even there alſo, Chance has many times a great hand in the Succeſs. Where the Conteſt is about Benefits, and that the One has not only a *Good Will*, but *Matter* to work upon; and a *Power* to put the good Intention in Execution: And the Other has barely a *Good Will*, without either the *Means*, or the *Occaſion* of a Requital; if he does but affectionately

wiſh it, and endeavour it; the latter is no more Overcome, in Courteſy, than he is in Courage, that dies with his Sword in his Hand, and his Face to the Enemy, and, without ſhrinking, maintains his Station: For where *Fortune* is *Partial*, 'tis enough that the *Good Will* is *equal*. There are two Errors in this Propoſition: Firſt, to imply that a good Man may be Overcome; and then to imagine, that any thing Shameful can befal him. The *Spartans* prohibited all thoſe Exerciſes where the Victory was declar'd by the Confeſſion of the Contendent. The 300 *Fabii* were never ſaid to be *Conquer'd*, but *Slain*; nor *Regulus* to be *Overcome*, though he was taken *Priſoner* by the *Carthaginians*. The Mind may ſtand firm under the greateſt Malice, and Iniquity of Fortune; and yet the Giver and Receiver continue upon equal Terms: As we reckon it a drawn Battle, when two Combatants are parted, tho' the one has loſt more Blood than the Other. He that knows how to Owe a Courteſy, and heartily wiſhes that he could Requite it, is Invincible; ſo that every Man may be as Grateful as he pleaſes. 'Tis your Happineſs to Give, 'tis my Fortune that I can only Receive. What Advantage now has your Chance over my Virtue? But, there are ſome Men that have Philoſophiz'd themſelves almoſt out of the Senſe of Human Affections; as *Diogenes*, that walked Naked and Unconcerned, through the middle of *Alexander*'s Treaſures, and was, as well in other Mens Opinions, as in his Own, even above *Alexander* himſelf, who, at that time, had the whole World at his Feet: For there was more that the One ſcorn'd to Take, than that the Other had in his Power to Give; And it is a greater Generoſity for a Beggar to refuſe Money, than for a Prince to beſtow it. This is a remarkable Inſtance of an immoveable Mind; and there's hardly any contending with it; but a Man is never the leſs Valiant for being worſted by an invulnerable Enemy; nor the Fire one jot the weaker, for not conſuming an Incombuſtible Body; nor a Sword ever a whit the worſe, for not cleaving a Rock that is impenetrable; neither is a grateful Mind overcome for want of an anſwerable Fortune. No matter for the Inequality of the things Given, and Received, ſo long as, in point of good Affection, the two Parties ſtand upon

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the ſame Level. 'Tis no Shame not to overtake a Man, if we follow him as faſt as we can. That Tumour of a Man, the vain-glorious *Alexander*, was us'd to make his Boaſt, that never any Man went beyond him in Benefits; and yet he lived to ſee a poor Fellow in a Tub, to whom there was nothing that he could Give, and from whom there was nothing that he could take away.

A Wiſe Friend is the Nobleſt of Preſents.

Nor is it always neceſſary for a poor Man to fly to the Sanctuary of an Invincible Mind, to quit ſcores with the Bounties of a Plentiful Fortune; but it does often fall out, that the Returns which he cannot make in *kind*, are more than ſupply'd in *dignity* and *value*. *Archelaus*, a King of *Macedon*, invited *Socrates* to his Palace; but he excus'd himſelf, as unwilling to receive greater Benefits than he was able to requite. This perhaps was not *Pride* in *Socrates*, but *Craft*; for he was afraid of being forced to accept of ſomething which might poſſibly have been unworthy of him: Beſide that he was a Man of Liberty, and loth to make himſelf a voluntary Slave. The Truth of it is, that *Archelaus* had more need of *Socrates*, than *Socrates* of *Archelaus*; for he wanted a Man to teach him the Art of Life, and Death, and the Skill of Government; and to read the Book of Nature to him, and ſhew him the Light at Noon-day: He wanted a Man, that, when the Sun was in an Eclipſe, and he had lock'd himſelf up in all the Horror, and Deſpair imaginable; he wanted a Man, I ſay, to deliver him from his Apprehenſions, and to expound the Prodigy to him, by telling him, That there was no more in't, than only that the *Moon* was got betwixt the *Sun*, and the *Earth*, and all would be well again preſently. Let the World judge now, whether *Archelaus* his *Bounty*, or *Socrates* his *Philoſophy*, would have been the greater Preſent: He does not underſtand the Value of Wiſdom and Friendſhip, that does not know a wiſe Friend to be the nobleſt of Preſents. A Rarity ſcarce to be found, not only in a Family, but in an Age; and no where more wanted than where there ſeems to be the greateſt Store. The greater a Man is, the more need he has of him; and the more Difficulty there is both of finding, and of knowing him. Nor is it to be ſaid,

that, *I cannot requite ſuch a Benefactor, becauſe I am poor, and have it not*; I can give good Counſel; a Converſation, wherein he may take both Delight, and Profit; Freedom of Diſcourſe, without Flattery; kind Attention, where he deliberates; and Faith inviolable, where he truſts; I may bring him to a Love and Knowledge of Truth, deliver him from the Errors of his Credulity, and teach him to diſtinguiſh betwixt Friends and Paraſites.

CHAP. X.

The Queſtion diſcuſs'd, Whether or no a Man may Give, or Return a Benefit to himſelf.

THERE are many Caſes wherein a Man ſpeaks of himſelf as of another. As for Example, *I may thank myſelf for this*; *I am angry at myſelf*; *I hate myſelf for that.* And this way of ſpeaking has raiſed a Diſpute among the Stoicks, *Whether or no a Man may Give or Return a Benefit to himſelf.* For, ſay they, if I may hurt myſelf, I may oblige myſelf; and, that which were a Benefit to another Body, Why is it not ſo to myſelf? And why am not I as Criminal in being ungrateful to myſelf, as if I were ſo to another Body? And the Caſe is the ſame in Flattery, and ſeveral other Vices; as on the other ſide, it is a Point of great Reputation for a Man to command himſelf. *Plato* thank'd *Socrates* for what he had *learn'd* of him; and why might not *Socrates* as well thank *Plato* for that which he had *taught* him? *That which you want*, ſays *Plato*, *borrow it of yourſelf.* And why may not I as well Give to myſelf, as Lend? If I may be Angry with myſelf, I may thank myſelf; and, if I Chide myſelf, I may as well commend myſelf, and do myſelf Good, as well as Hurt: There's the ſame Reaſon of Contraries. 'Tis a common thing to ſay, *Such a Man hath done himſelf an Injury.* If an Injury, why not a Benefit? But, I ſay, that no Man can be a Debtor to himſelf; for the Benefit muſt naturally

precede

precede the Acknowledgment; and a Debtor can no more be without a Creditor, than a Husband without a Wife. Some body muſt Give, that ſome body may Receive; and 'tis neither Giving nor Receiving, the paſſing of a thing from one Hand to the other. What if a Man ſhould be ungrateful in the Caſe? There's nothing loſt; for he that gives it has it: And he that gives, and he that receives, are one and the ſame Perſon. Now, properly ſpeaking, no Man can be ſaid to beſtow any thing upon himſelf; for he obeys his Nature, that prompts every Man to do himſelf all the Good he can. Shall I call him Liberal that gives to himſelf; or Good-natur'd that pardons himſelf; or Pitiful that is affected with his own Misfortunes? That which were Bounty, Clemency, Compaſſion, to another, to myſelf is Nature. A Benefit is a Voluntary thing; but to do Good to myſelf is a thing neceſſary. Was ever any Man commended for getting out of a Ditch, or for helping himſelf againſt Thieves? Or, what if I ſhould allow, that a Man may confer a Benefit upon himſelf? yet he cannot owe it; for he returns it in the ſame Inſtant that he receives it. No Man Gives, Owes, or makes a Return, but to another. How can One Man do that, to which Two Parties are requiſite in ſo many Reſpects? Giving and Receiving muſt go backward and forward, betwixt two Perſons. If a Man Give to himſelf, he may Sell to himſelf: But to ſell is to alienate a thing, and to tranſlate the Right of it to Another; now, to make a Man both the Giver, and the Receiver, is to unite two Contraries. That's a Benefit, which, when it is Given, may poſſibly not be Requited; but he that gives to himſelf, muſt neceſſarily Receive what he Gives: Beſide, that all Benefits are Given for the Receiver's ſake, but that which a Man does for himſelf, is for the ſake of the Giver.

THIS is one of Thoſe Subtilties, which, tho' hardly worth a Man's while, yet it is not Labour abſolutely loſt neither. There is more of Trick and Artifice in it, than Solidity: And yet there's Matter of Diverſion too; enough perhaps to paſs away a Winter's Evening, and keep a Man waking that's heavy-headed.

CHAP. XI.

How far one Man may be obliged for a Benefit done to another.

THE Queſtion now before us requires *Diſtinction*, and *Caution*. For though it be both Natural, and Generous, to wiſh well to my Friend's Friend; yet, a *Second-hand Benefit* does not bind me any farther, than to a *Second-hand Gratitude*: So that I may receive great Satisfaction and Advantage from a good Office done to my Friend, and yet lie under no Obligation myſelf. Or, if any Man thinks otherwiſe, I muſt ask him, in the firſt Place, Where it begins? and How far it extends? that it may not be boundleſs. Suppoſe a Man obliges the Son; does that Obligation work upon the Father? And why not upon the Uncle too? The Brother? The Wife? The Siſter? The Mother? Nay, upon all that have any Kindneſs for him? and upon all the Lovers of his Friends? and upon all that love them too? And ſo *in Infinitum*. In this Caſe we muſt have Recourſe, as is ſaid heretofore, to the Intention of the Benefactor; and fix the Obligation upon him, unto whom the Kindneſs was directed. If a Man manures my Ground, keeps my Houſe from burning or falling, 'tis a Benefit to me, for I'm the better for't, and my Houſe and Land are inſenſible. But if he ſave the Life of my Son, the Benefit is to my Son: It is a Joy, and a Comfort to me, but no Obligation. I am as much concern'd as I ought to be, in the Health, the Felicity, and the Welfare of my Son; as happy in the Enjoyment of him; and I ſhould be as unhappy as is poſſible in his Loſs; but it does not follow, that I muſt of neceſſity lie under an Obligation, for being either happier, or leſs miſerable, by another body's Means. There are ſome Benefits, which, altho' conferr'd upon one Man, may yet work upon others; as a Sum of Money may be given to a poor Man for his own ſake, which, in the Conſequence, proves the Relief of his whole Family; but ſtill the immediate Receiver

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is the Debtor for it; for the Queſtion is not, To whom it comes afterwards to be transferr'd, but who is the Principal? And, upon whom it was firſt beſtow'd? My Son's Life is as dear to me as my own; and, in ſaving him, you preſerve me too: In this Caſe I will acknowledge myſelf Obliged to you; that is to ſay, in my Son's Name: for in my own, and in Strictneſs, I am not: but I am content to make myſelf a voluntary Debtor. What if he had borrow'd Money? My paying of it does not at all make it my Debt. It would put me to the Bluſh perhaps to have him taken in Bed with another's Man's Wife; but that does not make me an Adulterer. 'Tis a wonderful Delight and Satisfaction that I receive in his Safety: but, ſtill this Good is not a Benefit. A Man may be the better for an Animal, a Plant, a Stone: but, there muſt be a Will, an Intention, to make it an Obligation. You ſave the Son without ſo much as knowing the Father; Nay, without ſo much as thinking of him; and, perhaps, you would have done the ſame thing, even if you had hated him. But without any farther Alteration of Dialogue; the Concluſion is this; if you meant him the Kindneſs, He is anſwerable for it; and I may enjoy the Fruit of it, without being Obliged by it. But if it was done for My ſake, then am I accountable. Or howſoever, upon any Occaſion, I am ready to do you all the Kind Offices imaginable; not as the Return of a Benefit, but as the Earneſt of a Friendſhip: which you are not to challenge neither, but to entertain as an Act of Honour and of Juſtice, rather than of Gratitude. If a Man find the Body of my dead Father, in a Deſart, and give it Burial; if he did it as to my Father, I am beholden to him: But, if the Body was unknown to him, and that he would have done the ſame thing, for any other Body, I am no farther concerned in it, than as a Piece of Publick Humanity.

THERE are moreover ſome Caſes, wherein an unworthy Perſon may be * obliged, for the ſake of others; and the ſottiſh Extract of an ancient Nobility may be preferr'd before a better Man, that is but of Yeſterday's ſtanding. And it is but reaſonable to pay a Reverence even to the Memory of eminent Virtues. He

* *An unworthy Perſon may be obliged for the ſake of thoſe that are more worthy.*

that is not illuſtrious in Himſelf, may yet be reputed ſo in the Right of his Anceſtors. And there is a Gratitude to be Entail'd upon the Offspring of famous Progenitors. Was it not for the *Father*'s ſake that *Cicero* the Son was made *Conſul?* And was it not the Eminence of *one Pompey*, that rais'd and dignify'd the reſt of his Family? How came *Caligula* to be Emperor of the World? a Man ſo Cruel, that he ſpilt Blood as greedily as if he were to drink it; the Empire was not given to Himſelf, but to his Father *Germanicus:* A braver Man deſerved that for him, which he could never have challeng'd upon his own Merit. What was it that preferr'd *Fabius Perſicus?* (whoſe very Mouth was the uncleaneſt Part about him:) What was it, but the three hundred of that Family that ſo generouſly oppos'd the Enemy, for the Safety of the Commonwealth?

NAY, * Providence itſelf is gracious to the wicked Poſterity of an Honourable Race. The Counſels of Heaven are guided by Wiſdom, Mercy, and Juſtice. Some Men are made Kings for their proper Virtues, without any reſpect to their Predeceſſors. Others, for their Anceſtors ſakes, whoſe Virtues, though neglected in their Lives, come to be afterward rewarded in their Iſſues. And, it is but Equality, that our Gratitude ſhould extend as far as the Influence of their Heroical Actions, and Examples.

* *Providence itſelf is gracious to the wicked Poſterity of an honourable Race.*

CHAP. XII.

The Benefactor muſt have no By-Ends.

WE come now to the main Point of the Matter in Queſtion; that is to ſay, Whether or no it be a thing deſirable in itſelf, the Giving and Receiving of Benefits? There is a Sect of Philoſophers that accounts nothing Valuable, but what is Profitable; and ſo makes all Virtue Mercenary: An unmanly Miſtake, to imagine, that

that the Hope of Gain, or Fear of Loſs, ſhould make a Man either the more, or the leſs Honeſt. As who ſhould ſay, *What ſhall I get by it, and I'll be an honeſt Man?* Whereas on the contrary, Honeſty is a thing in itſelf to be purchas'd at any rate. It is not for a Body to ſay, *It will be a Charge*; a *Hazard*; I *ſhall give Offence*, &c. My Buſineſs is to do what I ought to do: All other Conſiderations are foreign to the Office. Whenſoever my Duty calls me, 'tis my part to attend, without Scrupulizing upon Forms, or Difficulties. Shall I ſee an honeſt Man oppreſſed at the Bar, and not aſſiſt him, for fear of a Court Faction? Or not ſecond him upon the Highway againſt Thieves, for fear of a Broken-head? And chuſe rather to ſit ſtill, the quiet Spectator of Fraud and Violence? Why will Men be Juſt, Temperate, Generous, Brave, but becauſe it carries along with it Fame, and a good Conſcience? And for the ſame Reaſon, and no other, (to apply it to the Subject in hand) let a Man alſo be bountiful. The School of *Epicurus*, I'm ſure, will never ſwallow this Doctrine: (That Effeminate Tribe of Lazy and Voluptuous Philoſophers;) They'll tell you, That Virtue is but the Servant and Vaſſal of Pleaſure. *No*, ſays *Epicurus*, *I am not for Pleaſure neither, without Virtue.* But, why then for Pleaſure, ſay I, *before* Virtue? Not that the Streſs of the Controverſy lies upon the *Order* only; for the *Power* of it, as well as the *Dignity*, is now under Debate. It is the Office of Virtue to Superintend, to Lead, and to Govern; But, the parts you have aſſign'd it, are, to Submit, to Follow, and to be under Command. But this, you'll ſay, is nothing to the purpoſe, ſo long as both ſides are agreed, that there can be no Happineſs without *Virtue: Take away that*, ſays Epicurus, *and I'm as little a Friend to Pleaſure as you.* The Pinch, in ſhort, is this; Whether Virtue itſelf be the Supreme Good, or only the Cauſe of it? It is not the inverting of the Order that will clear this Point; (though it is a very preposterous Error, to ſet that firſt which ſhould be laſt.) It does not half ſo much offend me, ranging of Pleaſure before Virtue, as the very Comparing of them; and the bringing of two Oppoſites, and profeſs'd Enemies, into any ſort of Competition.

THE Drift of this Diſcourſe is, to ſupport the Cauſe of Benefits; and to prove that it is a Mean and Diſhonourable thing, to Give, for any other End, than for * Giving-ſake. He that Gives for Gain, Profit, or any By-End, deſtroys the very intent of Bounty; For it falls only upon thoſe that do not want; and perverts the charitable Inclinations of Princes, and of Great Men, who cannot reaſonably propound to themſelves any ſuch End. What does the Sun get by travelling about the Univerſe; by viſiting, and comforting all the quarters of the Earth? Is the whole Creation made, and order'd for the Good of Mankind, and every particular Man, only for the Good of himſelf? There paſſes not an Hour of our Lives, wherein we do not enjoy the Bleſſings of Providence without Meaſure, and without Intermiſſion. And what Deſign can the Almighty have upon us, who is in himſelf full, ſafe, and inviolable? If he ſhou'd give only for his own ſake, what would become of poor Mortals, that have nothing to return him at beſt, but Dutiful Acknowledgments? 'Tis putting out of a Benefit to Intereſt, only to beſtow where we may place it to Advantage.

* *Give only for Giving-ſake.*

LET us be liberal then, after the Example of our Great Creator; and Give to others, with the ſame Conſideration that he Gives to us. * *Epicurus* his Anſwer will be to this, That God gives no Benefits at all, but turns his Back upon the World; and, without any Concern for us, leaves Nature to take her Courſe: And whether he does any thing himſelf, or nothing, he takes no notice however, either of the Good, or of the Ill that is done here below. If there were not an Ordering and an Over-Ruling Providence; How comes it (ſay I on the other ſide) that the Univerſality of Mankind ſhould ever have ſo Unanimouſly agreed in the Madneſs of Worſhipping a Power that can neither hear nor help us? Some Bleſſings are freely given us; Others upon our Prayers are granted us; and every day brings forth Inſtances of great, and ſeaſonable Mercies. There never was yet any Man ſo inſenſible, as not to Feel, See, and

* *The* Epicureans *deny a Providence, the* Stoicks *aſſert it.*

and Underſtand a Deity in the ordinary Methods of Nature; though many have been ſo obſtinately Ungrateful, as not to confeſs it: Nor is any Man ſo wretched, as not to be a Partaker in that Divine Bounty. Some Benefits, 'tis true, may appear to be unequally divided. But, 'tis no ſmall matter yet that we Poſſeſs in Common; and, which Nature has beſtow'd upon us in her very ſelf. If God be not Bountiful, whence is it that we have all that we pretend to? That which we Give, and that which we Deny; that which we Lay up, and that which we Squander away? Thoſe innumerable Delights, for the Entertainment of our Eyes, our Ears, and our Underſtandings? Nay, that Copious Matter even for Luxury itſelf? For, care is taken, not only for our Neceſſities, but alſo for our Pleaſures, and for the gratifying of all our Senſes, and Appetites. So many pleaſant Groves; Fruitful, and Salutary Plants; ſo many fair Rivers that ſerve us, both for Recreation, Plenty, and Commerce. Viciſſitudes of Seaſons; Varieties of Food, by Nature made ready to our hands; and the whole Creation itſelf ſubjected to Mankind for Health, Medicine, and Dominion. We can be thankful to a Friend for a few Acres, or a little Money; and yet for the Freedom and Command of the whole Earth, and for the great Benefits of our Being, as Life, Health, and Reaſon, we look upon ourſelves as under no Obligation. If a Man beſtows upon us a Houſe that is delicately beautified with Paintings, Statues, Gildings, and Marble, we make a mighty Buſineſs of it, and yet it lies at the Mercy of a Puff of Wind, and the Snuff of a Candle, and a hundred Accidents, to lay it in the Duſt. And, is it nothing now to ſleep under the Canopy of Heaven, where we have the Globe of the Earth for our place of Repoſe, and the Glories of the Heavens for our Spectacle? How comes it that we ſhould ſo much value what we have, and yet at the ſame time be ſo unthankful for it? Whence is it that we have our Breath, the Comforts of Light, and of Heat, the very Blood that runs in our Veins? the Cattle that feed us, and the Fruit of the Earth that feed them? Whence have we the Growth of our Bodies, the Succeſſion of our Ages, and the Faculties of our Minds? So many Veins of Metals, Quarries of Marble, *&c.* The Seed of every thing is in itſelf, and it is the Bleſſing of God that raiſes

it out of the dark, into Action and Motion. To ſay nothing of the charming Varieties of Muſick, beautiful Objects, delicious Proviſions for the Palate, exquiſite Perfumes, which are caſt in over and above, to the common Neceſſities of our Being.

ALL this, ſays *Epicurus*, we are to aſcribe to * Nature. And, why not to *God*, I beſeech ye? As if they were not both of them one and the ſame Power, working in the whole, and in every part of it. Or, if you call him the *Almighty Jupiter*; the *Thunderer*; the *Creator*, and *Preſerver* of us all; it comes to the ſame Iſſue: Some will expreſs him under the Notion of *Fate*; which is only a Connection of Cauſes, and himſelf the uppermoſt and Original, upon which all the reſt depend. The *Stoicks* repreſent the ſeveral *Functions* of the *Almighty Power* under ſeveral *Appellations*. When they ſpeak of him as the *Father*, and the Fountain of all Beings, they call him *Bacchus:* And under the Name of *Hercules*, they denote him to be *Indefatigable* and *Invincible:* And, in the Contemplation of him in the *Reaſon*, *Order*, *Proportion*, and *Wiſdom* of his Proceedings, they call him *Mercury:* So that which way ſoever they look, and under what Name ſoever they Couch their Meaning, they never fail of finding him: For he is every where, and fills his own Work. If a Man ſhould borrow Money of *Seneca*, and ſay that he owes it to *Annæus*, or *Lucius*, he may change the Name, but not his Creditor; for, let him take which of the three Names he pleaſes, he is ſtill a Debtor to the ſame Perſon. As Juſtice, Integrity, Prudence, Frugality, Fortitude, are all of them the Goods of one and the ſame Mind, ſo that which ſoever of them pleaſes us, we cannot diſtinctly ſay, That it is this or that, but the Mind.

* *God and Nature are one and the ſame Power.*

BUT, not to carry this Digreſſion too far, that which God himſelf does, we are ſure is well done; and, we are no leſs ſure, that * for whatſoever he gives, he neither Wants, Expects, nor Receives any thing in Return: So that the End of a Benefit ought to be the Advantage of the Receiver;

* *The Divine Bounty expects no Returns.*

ceiver; and that muſt be our ſcope without any By-regard to ourſelves. It is objected to us, the ſingular Caution we preſcribe in the Choice of the Perſon; for it were a Madneſs, we ſay, for an Husbandman to Sow the Sand: Which if true, ſay they, you have an Eye upon Profit, as well in Giving as in Plowing, and Sowing. And then they ſay again, That, if the conferring of a Benefit were deſirable in itſelf, it would have no Dependence upon the Choice of the Man; for let us give it When, How, or Whereſoever we pleaſe, it would be ſtill a Benefit. This does not at all affect our Aſſertion: For the Perſon, the Matter, the Manner, and the Time, are Circumſtances abſolutely neceſſary to the Reaſon of the Action; there muſt be a right Judgment in all reſpects to make it a Benefit. It is my Duty, to be true to a Truſt, and yet there may be a Time, or a Place, wherein I would make little Difference betwixt the Renouncing of it, and the Delivering of it up; and the ſame Rule holds in Benefits; I will neither render the One, nor beſtow the Other to the Damage of the Receiver. A wicked Man will run all Riſques to do an Injury; and to compaſs his Revenge; and, ſhall not an honeſt Man venture as far to do a good Office? All Benefits muſt be Gratuitous; A Merchant ſells me the Corn that keeps me and my Family from ſtarving; but, he ſold it for his Intereſt, as well as I bought it for mine; and ſo I owe him nothing for't. He that Gives for Profit, Gives to himſelf; as a Phyſician or a Lawyer gives Counſel for a Fee, and only makes uſe of me for his own Ends; as a Graſier fats his Cattle, to bring them to a better Market. This is more properly the driving of a Trade, than the Cultivating of a Generous Commerce. This for That, is rather a Truck than a Benefit; and he deſerves to be cozen'd, that gives any thing in hope of a Return. And, in truth, What End ſhould a Man honourably propound? Not *Profit* ſure; That's *Vulgar*, and *Mechanick*; and he that does not contemn it, can never be Grateful. And then for *Glory*, 'tis a mighty matter indeed for a Man to boaſt of doing his Duty. We are to *Give*, if it were only to avoid *not Giving*; If any thing comes on't, 'tis clear Gain; and at worſt, there's nothing

nothing loſt; beſide, that One Benefit well placed, makes amends for a Thouſand Miſcarriages. It is not that I would exclude the Benefactor neither, for being himſelf the better for a Good Office he does for another. Some there are that do us good only for their own ſakes; Others for ours; and ſome again for both. He that does it for me in Common with himſelf, if he had a Proſpect upon both in the doing of it, I am oblig'd to him for it; and glad with all my Heart that he had a ſhare in't. Nay, I were ungrateful, and unjuſt, if I ſhould not Rejoice, that what was beneficial to me, might be ſo likewiſe to himſelf.

* *All Men deteſt Ingratitude, and love the contrary.*

TO paſs now to the Matter of Gratitude, and * Ingratitude; there never was any man yet ſo wicked, as not to approve of the one, and deteſt the other; as the two things in the whole World, the one to be the moſt Abominated, the other the moſt Eſteem'd. The very Story of an Ungrateful Action puts us out of all Patience, and gives us a loathing for the Author of it. *That inhuman Villain*, we cry, *to do ſo horrid a thing:* Not *that inconſiderate Fool, for omitting ſo profitable a Virtue*; which plainly ſhews the ſenſe we naturally have, both of the one, and of the other, and that we are led to't by a common Impulſe of Reaſon, and of Conſcience. *Epicurus* fancies God to be without Power, and without Arms; above Fear himſelf, and as little to be fear'd. He places him betwixt the Orbs, Solitary and Idle, out of the Reach of Mortals, and neither hearing our Prayers, nor minding our Concerns; and allows him only ſuch a Veneration and Reſpect, as we pay to our Parents. If a Man ſhould ask him now, why any Reverence at all, if we have no Obligation to him? Or rather, Why that greater Reverence to his fortuitous Atoms? His anſwer would be, That it is for their Majeſty, and their Admirable Nature, and not out of any Hope or Expectation from them. So that by his proper Confeſſion, a thing may be deſirable for its own Worth. But, ſays he, Gratitude is a Virtue that has commonly Profit annex'd to it. And where's the Virtue, ſay I, that has not? But ſtill the Virtue is to be valu'd for itſelf,

itſelf, and not for the Profit that attends it: There is no Queſtion, but Gratitude for Benefits receiv'd, is the ready way to procure more; and in requiting one Friend, we encourage many; but theſe Acceſſions fall in by the by; and, if I were ſure that the doing of good Offices would be my Ruin, I would yet purſue them. He that Viſits the Sick, in hopes of a Legacy, let him be never ſo Friendly in all other Caſes, I look upon him in this to be no better than a Raven, that watches a weak Sheep, only to peck out the Eyes on't. We never Give with ſo much Judgment or Care, as when we conſider the Honeſty of the Action, without any Regard to the Profit of it; for our Underſtandings are Corrupted by Fear, Hope, and Pleaſure.

CHAP. XIII.

There are many Caſes wherein a Man may be minded of a Benefit, but it is very rarely to be Challeng'd, and never to be Upbraided.

IF the World were wiſe, and as honeſt as it ſhould be, there would be no need of Caution or Precept, how to behave ourſelves in our ſeveral Stations and Duties; For, both the Giver and the Receiver would do what they ought to do of their own Accord: The one would be Bountiful, and the other Grateful; and the only way of minding a Man of one good Turn, would be the following of it with another. But as the Caſe ſtands, we muſt take other meaſures, and conſult, the beſt we can, the Common Eaſe and Relief of Mankind.

AS there are ſeveral ſorts of * Ungrateful Men, ſo there muſt be ſeveral ways of dealing with them; either by Artifice, Counſel, Admonition, or Reproof, according to the Humour of the Perſon, and the Degree of the Offence: Provided always, that as well in the Re-minding a Man of a Benefit, as in the Beſtowing

* *Divers ſorts of Ingratitude.*

Beſtowing of it, the Good of the Receiver be the Principal thing intended. There is a Curable Ingratitude, and an Incurable; there is a Slothful, a Neglectful, a Proud, a Diſſembling, a Diſclaiming, a Heedleſs, a Forgetful, and a Malicious Ingratitude; and the Application muſt be ſuited to the Matter we have to work upon. A gentle Nature may be reclaim'd by Authority, Advice, or Reprehenſion; a Father, a Husband, a Friend, may do good in the Caſe. There are a ſort of Lazy, and Sluggiſh People, that live as if they were aſleep, and muſt be Lugg'd and Pinch'd to wake them. Theſe Men are betwixt Grateful, and Ungrateful; they will neither deny an Obligation, nor return it, and only want quickning. I will do all I can to hinder any Man from ill-doing, but eſpecially a Friend; and yet more eſpecially from doing ill to me. I will rub up his Memory with new Benefits: if that will not ſerve, I'll proceed to good Counſel, and from thence to Rebuke: If all fails, I'll look upon him as a deſperate Debtor, and e'en let him alone in his Ingratitude, without making him my Enemy: for, no Neceſſity ſhall ever make me ſpend time, in wrangling with any Man upon that Point.

* *Perſeverance in obliging.*

* Assiduity of Obliging ſtrikes upon the Conſcience, as well as the Memory, and purſues an ungrateful Man, till he becomes Grateful: If one good Office will not do't, try a Second, and then a Third. No Man can be ſo thankleſs, but either Shame, Occaſion, or Example, will at ſome time or other prevail upon him. The very Beaſts themſelves, even Lions and Tigers, are gain'd by good Uſage: Beſide, that one Obligation does naturally draw on another; and a Man would not willingly leave his own Work imperfect. *I have help'd him thus far, and I'll ev'n go through with it now.* So that over and above the Delight, and the Virtue of Obliging, one good turn is a ſhooting-horn to another. This, of all Hints, is perhaps the moſt Effectual, as well as the moſt Generous.

In

In ſome * Caſes it muſt be carry'd more home; as in that of *Julius Cæſar*, who, as he was hearing a Cauſe, the Defendant finding himſelf pinch'd; *Sir*, ſays he, *Do not you remember a Strain you got in your Ancle, when you commanded in* Spain; *and that a Soldier lent you his Cloke for a Cuſhion, upon the top of a Craggy Rock, under the Shade of a little Tree, in the heat of the Day? I remember it perfectly well*, ſays *Cæſar*, *and that when I was ready to choke with Thirſt, an honeſt Fellow fetch'd me a draught of Water in his Helmet. But, that Man, and that Helmet*, (ſays the Soldier) *Does* Cæſar *think that he could not know them again if he ſaw them? The Man perchance I might*, (ſays *Cæſar* ſomewhat offended) *but not the Helmet; but What's this Story to my Buſineſs? You are none of the Man. Pardon me, Sir*, ſays the Soldier, *I am that very Man; but* Cæſar *may well forget me, for I have been Trepann'd ſince, and loſt an Eye at the Battle of* Munda, *where that Helmet too had the Honour to be cleft with a* Spaniſh *Blade. Cæſar* took it as it was intended; and it was an honourable, and a prudent way of refreſhing his Memory. But, this would not have gone down ſo well with *Tiberius:* for, when an old Acquaintance of his began his Addreſs to him, with *You remember, Cæſar.* No, ſays *Cæſar*, (cutting him ſhort) *I do not Remember what I WAS.* Now, with him, it was better to be Forgotten, than Remember'd; for, an *Old Friend* was as bad as an *Informer.* It is a common thing for Men to hate the Authors of their Preferment, as the Witneſſes of their mean Original.

* *In ſome Caſes a Man may be minded of a Benefit.*

THERE are ſome People well enough diſpos'd to be * Grateful, but they cannot hit upon't without a Prompter: they are a little like School-Boys, that have Treacherous Memories; 'tis but helping them here and there with a Word, when they ſtick, and they'll go through with their Leſſon: they muſt be taught to be Thankful, and 'tis a fair ſtep if we can but bring them to be willing, and only offer at it. Some Benefits we

* *Some people would be Grateful if they had a Prompter.*

we have neglected; Some we are not willing to remember. He is ungrateful that diſowns an Obligation; and ſo is he that diſſembles it, or, to his Power, does not Requite it; but, the worſt of all is he that forgets it. Conſcience, or Occaſion may revive the reſt, but here, the very Memory of it is loſt. Thoſe Eyes that cannot endure the Light are weak, but thoſe are ſtark blind that cannot ſee it. I do not love to hear People ſay, *Alas! poor Man, he has forgotten it.* As if that were an Excuſe of Ingratitude, which is the very Cauſe of it: For, if he were not Ungrateful, he would not be Forgetful, and lay that out of the way, which ſhould be always uppermoſt, and in ſight. He that thinks as he ought to do, of requiting a Benefit, is in no danger of forgetting it. There are indeed ſome Benefits ſo great, that they can never ſlip the Memory; but, thoſe which are leſs in value, and more in number, do commonly 'ſcape us. We are apt enough to acknowledge, That *ſuch a Man has been the making of us*; ſo long as we are in Poſſeſſion of the Advantage he has brought us; but, new Appetites deface old Kindneſſes, and we carry our Proſpect forward to ſomething more, without conſidering what we have obtain'd already. All that is paſt we give for loſt; ſo that we are only intent upon the future. When a Benefit is once out of Sight, or out of Uſe, 'tis buried.

* *There muſt be no upbraiding of Benefits.*

IT is the Freak of many People, they cannot do a good Office, but they are preſently * boaſting of it, Drunk or Sober: and about it goes in all Companies, what wonderful things they have done for this Man, and what for t'other. A fooliſh and a dangerous Vanity; of a doubtful Friend, to make a certain Enemy. For, theſe Reproaches, and Contempts, will ſet every Body's Tongue a walking; and People will conclude, That theſe things would never be, if there were not ſomething very extraordinary in the Bottom on't. When it comes to that once, there's not any Calumny but faſtens, more or leſs; nor any Falſhood ſo incredible, but in ſome part or other of it, ſhall paſs for a Truth. Our great Miſtake is this, we are ſtill inclin'd to make the moſt of what

what we Give, and the leaſt of what we Receive; whereas we ſhould do the clean contrary. *It might have been more, but he had a great many to Oblige. It was as much as he could well ſpare; he'll make it up ſome other time,* &c. Nay, we ſhould be ſo far from making Publication of our Bounties, as not to hear them ſo much as mention'd, without ſweetning the Matter: As, *Alas! I owe him a great deal more than that comes to. If it were in my power to ſerve him, I ſhould be very glad on't.* And, this too, not with the figure of a Compliment, but with all Humanity, and Truth. There was a Man of Quality, that, in the Triumviral Proſcription, was ſav'd by one of *Cæſar*'s Friends, who would be ſtill twitting him with it, who it was that preſerv'd him, and telling him over and over, *You had gone to Pot, Friend, but for me. Pray ye,* ſays the Proſcribed, *let me hear no more of this, or e'en leave me as you found me: I am thankful enough of myſelf to acknowledge, That I owe you my Life; but 'tis Death to have it rung in my Ears perpetually as a Reproach: It looks as if you had only ſav'd me, to carry me about for a Spectacle. I would fain forget the Misfortune, that I was once a Priſoner, without being led in Triumph every day of my Life.*

OH! * the Pride, and Folly of a great Fortune, that turns Benefits into Injuries! that delights in Exceſſes, and diſgraces every thing it does. Who would receive any thing from it upon theſe Terms? The higher it raiſes us, the more ſordid it makes us. Whatſoever it Gives, it Corrupts. What is there in it that ſhould thus puff us up? By what Magick is it that we are ſo transformed, that we do no longer know ourſelves? Is it impoſſible for Greatneſs to be Liberal without Inſolence? The Benefits that we receive from our Superiors are then welcome, when they come with an Open Hand, and a Clear Brow: without either Contumely, or State; and ſo as to prevent our Neceſſities. The Benefit is never the greater for the making of a Buſtle and a Noiſe about it: but, the Benefactor is much the leſs for the Oſtentation of his good Deeds; which makes that Odious

* *Some Bounties are beſtowed with Inſolence.*

Odious to us, which would be otherwiſe Delightful. *Tiberius* had gotten a Trick, when any Man begg'd Mony of him, to refer him to the Senate, where all the Petitioners were to deliver up the Names of their Creditors. His End perhaps was, to deter Men from Asking, by expoſing the Condition of their Fortunes to an Examination. But it was however a Benefit, turned into a Reprehenſion; and he made a Reproach of a Bounty.

* *In what Caſe a Man may be reminded of a Benefit.*

BUT * 'tis not enough yet to forbear the caſting of a Benefit in a Man's Teeth; for there are ſome, that will not allow it to be ſo much as challeng'd. For, an Ill Man, ſay they, will not make a Return, though it be demanded, and a good Man will do it of himſelf: And then the asking of it ſeems to turn it into a Debt. It is a kind of Injury to be too quick with the former; for, to call upon him too ſoon, reproaches him, as if he would not have done it otherwiſe. Nor would I recal a Benefit from any Man, ſo as to force it; but, only to receive it. If I let him quite alone, I make myſelf guilty of his Ingratitude: and undo him for want of Plain-dealing. A Father Reclaims a Diſobedient Son; a Wife Reclaims a Diſſolute Husband; and one Friend excites the languiſhing Kindneſs of another. How many Men are loſt, for want of being touch'd to the Quick? So long as I am not preſs'd, I will rather deſire a Favour, than ſo much as mention a Requital; but if my Country, my Family, or my Liberty be at Stake, my Zeal and Indignation ſhall over-rule my Modeſty, and the World ſhall then underſtand, that I have done all I could, not to ſtand in need of an Ungrateful Man. And, in Concluſion, the neceſſity of Receiving a Benefit ſhall overcome the ſhame of Recalling it. Nor is it only allowable upon ſome Exigents, to put the Receiver in Mind of a good Turn, but it is many times for the common Advantage of both Parties.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

How far to Oblige, or Requite a Wicked Man.

THERE are ſome Benefits, whereof a Wicked Man is wholly incapable. Of which, hereafter. There are others, which are Beſtow'd upon him, not for his own Sake, but for Secondary Reaſons; and, of theſe, we have ſpoken, in part, already. There are moreover certain common Offices of Humanity, which are only allow'd him as he is a Man, and without any Regard, either to Vice, or Virtue. To paſs over the firſt Point; the Second muſt be handled with Care, and Diſtinction, and not without ſome ſeeming Exceptions to the General Rule: As firſt, Here's no *Choice*, or *Intention* in the Caſe, but 'tis a good Office done him for ſome *By-Intereſt*, or by *Chance*. Secondly, There's no *Judgment* in it neither, for 'tis to a *Wicked Man*. But, to ſhorten the Matter; without theſe Circumſtances it is not properly a Benefit; or at leaſt not to him: for it looks another way. I reſcue a Friend from Thieves, and the other 'ſcapes for Company. I diſcharge a Debt for a Friend, and the other comes off too, for they were both in a Bond. The third is of a great Latitude, and varies according to the degree of Generoſity on the one ſide, and of Wickedneſs on the other. Some Benefactors will ſupererogate, and do more than they are bound to do. And ſome Men are ſo lewd, that 'tis dangerous to do them any ſort of Good; no not ſo much as by way of Return, or Requital.

* IF the Benefactor's Bounty muſt extend to the Bad, as well as to the Good; put the Caſe that I promiſe a good Office to an Ungrateful Man; We are firſt to diſtinguiſh (as is ſaid before) betwixt a *Common Benefit*, and a *Perſonal*; betwixt what is given for *Merit*, and what for *Company*. Secondly, whether or no we know the Perſon to be Ungrateful, and can reaſonably conclude, that this Vice is *Incurable*.

* *How to oblige an ungrateful Man.*

Incurable. Thirdly, a Conſideration muſt be had of the Promiſe, how far that may oblige us. The two firſt Points are clear'd both in one. We cannot juſtify any particular Kindneſs for one that we conclude to be a hopeleſly Wicked Man: So that the Force of the Promiſe is the ſingle Point in Queſtion. In the Promiſe of a Good Office to a Wicked or Ungrateful Man, I am to blame if I did it knowingly; and I am to blame nevertheleſs, if I did it otherwiſe: But, I muſt yet make it good (under due Qualifications) becauſe I promis'd it; that is to ſay, Matters continuing in the ſame State, for no Man is anſwerable for Accidents. I'll ſup at ſuch a Place, though it be cold; I'll riſe at ſuch an Hour, though I be ſleepy; but, if it prove tempeſtuous, or that I fall ſick of a Fever, I'll neither do the one nor the other. I promiſe to ſecond a Friend in a Quarrel, or to plead his Cauſe; and when I come into the Field, or into the Court, it proves to be againſt my Father, or my Brother: I promiſe to go a Journey with him; but, there's no travelling upon the Road for Robbing; my Child is fallen ſick; or my Wife in Labour: Theſe Circumſtances are ſufficient to diſcharge me; for a Promiſe againſt Law, or Duty, is void in its own nature. The Counſels of a Wiſe Man are certain; but Events are uncertain. And yet if I have paſs'd a raſh Promiſe, I will in ſome degree puniſh the Temerity of making it, with the Damage of keeping it, unleſs it turn very much to my Shame, or Detriment; and then I'll be my own Confeſſor in the Point, and rather be once Guilty of Denying, than always of Giving. It is not with a Benefit as with a Debt: It is one thing to truſt an ill Pay-maſter, and another thing to oblige an unworthy Perſon: The one is an ill Man, and the other only an ill Husband.

THERE was a valiant Fellow in the Army, that *Philip* of *Macedon* took particular notice of; and he gave him ſeveral conſiderable Marks of the Kindneſs he had for him. This Soldier puts to Sea, and was caſt away upon a Coaſt where a Charitable Neighbour took him up half dead, carry'd him to his Houſe, and there at his own Charge maintain'd, and provided for him Thirty Days, 'till he was perfectly recovered: and, after

ter all, furniſh'd him over and above with a *Viaticum* at parting. The Soldier told him the mighty Matters that he would do for him in Return, ſo ſoon as he ſhould have the Honour once again to ſee his Maſter. To Court he goes, tells *Philip* of the Wreck, but not a Syllable of his Preſerver, and begs the Eſtate of this very Man that kept him alive. It was with *Philip*, as was with many other Princes, that give they know not what, eſpecially in a Time of War. He granted the Soldier his Requeſt, contemplating at the ſame time the Impoſſibility of Satisfying ſo many ravenous Appetites as he had to pleaſe. When the good Man came to be turn'd out of all, he was not ſo Mealy-mouth'd as to thank his Majeſty for not giving away his Perſon too, as well as his Fortune; but in a bold, frank Letter to *Philip*, made a juſt Report of the whole Story. The King was ſo incens'd at the Abuſe, that he immediately commanded the Right Owner to be reſtor'd to his Eſtate, and the Unthankful Gueſt and Soldier to be ſtigmatiz'd for an Example to others. Should *Philip* now have kept his Promiſe? Firſt, he ow'd the Soldier nothing. Secondly, it would have been Injurious and Impious. And laſtly, a Precedent of dangerous Conſequence to human Society. For, it would have been little leſs than an Interdiction of Fire and Water to the miſerable, to have inflicted ſuch a Penalty upon Relieving them. So that there muſt be always ſome tacit Exception, or Reſerve: *If I can, if I may*, or *if matters continue as they were.*

* *The Caſe of an Obligation from one that afterwards betrays his Country.*

* IF it ſhould be my Fortune to receive a Benefit from one that afterwards betrays his Country, I ſhould ſtill reckon myſelf obliged to him for ſuch a Requital as might ſtand with my publick Duty. I would not furniſh him with Arms, nor with Mony, or Credit, or Levy or Pay Soldiers; but, I ſhould not ſtick to gratify him at my own Expence, with ſuch Curioſities as might pleaſe him one way, without doing Miſchief another; I would not do any thing that might contribute to the Support, or Advantage of his Party. But, what ſhould I do now in the Caſe of a Bene-

Benefactor, that ſhould afterwards become, not only mine and my Country's Enemy, but the common Enemy of Mankind? I would here diſtinguiſh betwixt the Wickedneſs of a Man, and the Cruelty of a Beaſt; betwixt a limited, or a particular Paſſion; and a Sanguinary Rage, that extends to the Hazard and Deſtruction of Human Society. In the former Caſe I would quit Scores, that I might have no more to do with him; but, if he comes once to a Delight in Blood, and to act Outrages with Greedineſs; to ſtudy and invent Torments, and to take Pleaſure in them; the Law of Reaſonable Nature has diſcharged me of ſuch a Debt. But this is an Impiety ſo rare, that it might paſs for a Portent, and be reckon'd among Comets, and Monſters: Let us therefore reſtrain our Diſcourſe to ſuch Men as we deteſt with Horror; ſuch Men as we ſee every Day in Courts, Camps, and upon the Seats of Juſtice: to ſuch wicked Men I will return what I have Receiv'd, without making any Advantage of their Unrighteouſneſs.

* IT does not divert the Almighty from being ſtill Gracious, though we proceed daily in the Abuſe of his Bounties. How many are they that enjoy the Comfort of the Light, that do not deſerve it; that wiſh they had never been born; and yet Nature goes quietly on with her Work; and allows them a Being, even in deſpite of their Unthankfulneſs? Such a Knave, we cry, was better us'd than I. And, the ſame Complaint we extend to Providence itſelf. How many wicked Men have good Crops, when better than themſelves have their Fruits blaſted? Such a Man, we ſay, has treated me very ill. Why, what ſhould we do, but that very thing which is done by God himſelf? That is to ſay, Give to the Ignorant, and Perſevere to the Wicked. All our Ingratitude, we ſee, does not turn Providence from Pouring down of Benefits, even upon thoſe that queſtion whence they come. The Wiſdom of Heaven does all things with a regard to the good of the Univerſe, and the Bleſſings of Nature are granted in Common, to the Worſt, as well as to the Beſt of Men; for, they live promiſcuouſly together; and,

* *Providence is gracious even to the Wicked.*

and, it is God's Will, that the Wicked ſhall rather fare the better for the Good, than that the Good ſhould fare the worſe for the Wicked: 'Tis true, that a Wiſe Prince will confer peculiar Honours only upon the Worthy; but in the dealing of a publick Dole, there's no reſpect had to the Manners of the Man; but a Thief, or Traitor, ſhall put in for a ſhare as well as an honeſt Man. If a Good Man, and a Wicked Man, ſail both in the ſame Bottom, it is impoſſible that the ſame Wind, which favours the one, ſhould croſs the other. The Common Benefits of Laws, Privileges, Communities, Letters and Medicines are permitted to the Bad, as well as to the Good; and no Man ever yet ſuppreſſed a Sovereign Remedy, for fear a Wicked Man might be cured with it. Cities are built for both ſorts, and the ſame Remedy works upon both alike. In theſe Caſes, we are to ſet an Eſtimate upon the Perſons: There's a great difference betwixt the Chuſing of a Man, and the not Excluding him: The Law is open to the Rebellious, as well as to the Obedient: There are ſome Benefits, which if they were not allow'd to all, could not be enjoy'd by any. The Sun was never made for me, but for the Comfort of the World, and for the Providential Order of the Seaſons; and yet I am not without my private Obligation alſo. To conclude, he that will not oblige the Wicked, and the Ungrateful, muſt reſolve to oblige no body; for in ſome ſort or other, we are all of us Wicked, we are all of us Ungrateful, every Man of us.

WE have been diſcourſing all this while, how far a * Wicked Man may be Oblig'd, and the *Stoicks* tell us, at laſt, that he cannot be Oblig'd at all: For, they make him incapable of any Good, and conſequently of any Benefit. But, he has this Advantage, that if he cannot be Oblig'd, he cannot be Ungrateful: For, if he cannot receive, he is not bound to return. On the other ſide, a Good Man, and an Ungrateful, are a Contradiction: So that at this rate, there's no ſuch thing as Ingratitude in Nature. They compare a Wicked Man's Mind to a Vitiated Stomach; he corrupts whatever he Receives, and the beſt Nouriſhment turns to the Diſeaſe. But, taking this for granted, a Wicked

* *A Wicked Man is incapable of a Benefit.*

Man may yet ſo far be Oblig'd, as to paſs for Ungrateful, if he does not requite what he Receives. For, though it be not a perfect Benefit, yet he receives ſomething like it. There are goods of the Mind, the Body, and of Fortune. Of the firſt ſort, Fools, and Wicked Men, are wholly incapable; to the reſt they may be admitted. But why ſhould I call any Man Ungrateful, you'll ſay, for not Reſtoring That which I deny to be a Benefit? I anſwer, That if the Receiver take it for a Benefit, and fails of a Return, 'tis Ingratitude in him; for, that which goes for an Obligation among Wicked Men, is an Obligation upon them: and, they may pay one another in their own Coin; the Mony is Current, whether it be Gold or Leather, when it comes once to be Authoriz'd. Nay, *Cleanthes* carries it farther; He that is wanting, ſays he, to a kind Office, though it be no Benefit, would have done the ſame thing if it had been one; and is as guilty, as a Thief is, that has ſet his Booty; and is already Arm'd, and Mounted, with a purpoſe to ſeize it, though he has not yet drawn Blood. Wickedneſs is form'd in the Heart; and the matter of Fact is only the Diſcovery, and the Execution of it. Now, tho' a wicked Man cannot either Receive, or Beſtow a Benefit, becauſe he wants the Will of doing Good, and for that he is no longer Wicked, when Virtue has taken Poſſeſſion of him; yet we commonly call it one, as we call a Man illiterate that is not Learned, and Naked that is not well Clad; not but that the one can Read, and the other is Cover'd.

CHAP. XV.

A General View of the Parts and Duties of the Benefactor.

THE three main Points in the Queſtion of Benefits, are, firſt, a *Judicious Choice* in the *Object*; Secondly, in the *Matter* of our Benevolence; And, Thirdly, a Grateful *Felicity* in the *Manner* of expreſſing it.

it. But, there are alſo incumbent upon the Benefactor other Conſiderations, which will deſerve a Place in this Diſcourſe.

IT is not enough to do one Good Turn, and to do it with a good Grace too, unleſs we follow it with more, and without either * Upbraiding, or Repining. It is a Common ſhift, to charge that upon the Ingratitude of the Receiver, which, in truth, is moſt commonly the Levity, and Indiſcretion of the Giver; for, all Circumſtances muſt be duly weigh'd, to conſummate the Action. Some there are that we find Ungrateful; but, what with our Frowardneſs, Change of Humour, and Reproaches, there are more that we make ſo. And this is the Buſineſs: We Give with Deſign, and moſt to thoſe that are able to give moſt again. We give to the Covetous, and to the Ambitious; to thoſe that can never be Thankful; (for their Deſires are Inſatiable) and to thoſe that *will* not. He that is a Tribune, would be a Prætor; the Prætor a Conſul; never reflecting upon what he *was*, but only looking forward to what he *would* be. People are ſtill Computing, *Muſt I loſe this, or that Benefit?* If it be loſt, the Fault lies in the ill beſtowing of it; for, rightly plac'd, it is as good as Conſecrated; if we be deceiv'd in another, let us not be deceiv'd in ourſelves too. A Charitable Man will mend the Matter; and ſay to himſelf, *Perhaps he has forgot it; perchance he could not, perhaps he will yet Requite it.* A Patient Creditor will, of an ill Pay-maſter, in time, make a good one; an Obſtinate Goodneſs overcomes an ill Diſpoſition; as a Barren Soil is made Fruitful by Care and Tillage. But let a Man be never ſo ungrateful, or inhuman; he ſhall never deſtroy the Satisfaction of my having done a good Office.

* *Obligations muſt be followed, without Upbraiding or Repining.*

* BUT, what if *others* will be wicked? Does it follow that *we* muſt be ſo too? If *others* will be Ungrateful, muſt *we* therefore be Inhuman? To Give, and to Loſe, is Nothing; but to Loſe, and to Give ſtill, is the Part of a great Mind. And the other's, in effect, is the greater Loſs:

* *We muſt perſevere in doing Good.*

for, the one does but loſe his Benefit, and the other loſes himſelf. The Light ſhines upon the Prophane and Sacrilegious, as well as upon the Righteous. How many Diſappointments do we meet with in our Wives, and Children, and yet we couple ſtill? He that has loſt one Battle, hazards another. The Mariner puts to Sea again after a Wreck. An Illuſtrious Mind does not propoſe the Profit of a good Office, but the Duty. If the World be Wicked, we ſhould yet perſevere in well-doing even among Evil Men. I had rather never receive a Kindneſs than never beſtow one: not to return a Benefit is the *Greater* Sin, but not to *Confer* it, is the *Earlier*. We cannot propoſe to curſelves a more glorious Example, than that of the Almighty, who neither needs, nor expects any thing from us; and yet he is continually ſhowering down, and diſtributing his Mercies and his Grace among us, not only for our Neceſſities; but alſo for our Delights; as Fruits, and Seaſon; Rain, and Sun-ſhine; Veins of Water, and of Metal; and all this to the Wicked, as well as to the Good; and without any other end than the common Benefit of the Receivers. With what Face then can we be Mercenary one to another, that have receiv'd all things from Divine Providence *gratis?* 'Tis a common Saying, *I gave ſuch, or ſuch a Man ſo much Mony, I would I had thrown it into the Sea.* And yet the Merchant Trades again after a Piracy; and the Banker ventures afreſh after a bad Security. He that will do no good Offices after a Diſappointment, muſt ſtand ſtill, and do juſt nothing at all. The Plough goes on after a barren Year; and while the Aſhes are yet warm, we raiſe a new Houſe upon the Ruins of a former. What Obligations can be greater than thoſe, which Children receive from their Parents? And yet, ſhould we give them over in their Infancy, it were all to no purpoſe: Benefits, like Grain, muſt be follow'd from the Seed to the Harveſt. I will not ſo much as leave any Place for Ingratitude. I will purſue, and I will encompaſs the Receiver with Benefits; ſo that let him look which way he will, his Benefactor ſhall be ſtill in his Eye, even when he would avoid his own Memory. And then I will remit to one Man, becauſe he calls for't; to another, becauſe he does not; to a third,

third, becauſe he is Wicked; and, to a fourth, becauſe he is the Contrary. I'll caſt away a Good Turn upon a Bad Man, and I'll require a Good one. The one, becauſe it is my Duty; the other, that I may not be in his Debt. I do not love to hear any Man complain, That he has met with a Thankleſs Man. If he has met but with one, he has either been very Fortunate, or very Careful. And yet Care is not ſufficient. For, there is no way to 'ſcape the hazard of loſing a Benefit, but not the beſtowing of it; and to neglect a Duty to myſelf, for fear another ſhould abuſe it. It is *another*'s fault, if he be Ungrateful, but it is *mine*, if I do not Give. To find one Thankful Man, I will Oblige a great many that are not ſo. The Buſineſs of Mankind would be at a ſtand, if we ſhould do nothing for fear of Miſcarriages in Matters of uncertain Event. I will try, and believe all things, before I give any Man over, and do all that is poſſible, that I may not loſe a good Office, and a Friend together. What do I know, but *he may miſunderſtand the Obligation? Buſineſs may have put it out of his Head, or taken him off from't: He may have ſlipt his Opportunity:* I will ſay, in Excuſe of Human Weakneſs, That one Man's Memory is not ſufficient for all things; It is but of a limited Capacity, ſo as to hold only ſo much, and no more; and when it is once full, it muſt let out part of what it had, to take in any thing beſide; and the laſt Benefit ever ſits cloſeſt to us. In our Youth, we forget the Obligations of our Infancy; and when we are Men, we forget thoſe of our Youth. If nothing will prevail, let him keep what he has and welcome; but let him have a care of returning Evil for Good, and making it dangerous for a Man to do his Duty. I would no more give a Benefit to ſuch a Man, than I would lend Mony to a beggarly Spendthrift; or depoſit any in the Hands of a known *Knight of the Poſt*. However the Caſe ſtands, an Ungrateful Perſon is never the better for a Reproach; if he be already harden'd in his Wickedneſs, he gives no heed to't; and, if he be not it turns a doubtful Modeſty into an incorrigible Impudence: beſide that, he watches for ill Words, to pick a Quarrel with them.

* *There ſhould be no delay in the doing of a Benefit.*

* As the Benefactor is not to upbraid a Benefit, ſo neither to delay it: The one is tireſome, and the other odious. We muſt not hold Men in hand, as Phyſicians and Surgeons do their Patients, and keep them longer in Fear and Pain than needs, only to magnify the Cure. A Generous Man gives eaſily; and Receives as he Gives, but never exacts. He rejoices in the Return, and Judges favourably of it whatever it be, and contents himſelf with a bare Thank for a Requital. 'Tis a harder Matter with ſome to get the Benefit, after 'tis promis'd, than the firſt Promiſe of it; there muſt be ſo many Friends made in the Caſe. One muſt be deſir'd to ſollicit another; and he muſt be intreated to move a Third; and a Fourth muſt be at laſt beſought to receive it; ſo that the Author upon the Upſhot, has the leaſt ſhare in the Obligation. It is then welcome when it comes free, and without Deduction; and no Man either to Intercept, or Hinder, or to Detain it. And, let it be of ſuch a Quality too, that it be not only delightful in the Receiving, but after it is Received; which it will certainly be, if we do but obſerve this Rule, never to do any thing for another, which we would not honeſtly deſire for ourſelves.

CHAP. XVI.

How the Receiver ought to behave himſelf.

THERE are certain Rules in Common, betwixt the Giver, and the Receiver: We muſt do both chearfully, that the Giver may Receive the Fruit of his Benefit in the very Act of beſtowing it. It is a juſt Ground of Satisfaction, to *ſee* a Friend pleaſed; but it is much more, to *make* him ſo. The Intention of the one is to be ſuited to the Intention of the other; and there muſt be an Emulation betwixt them, whether ſhall Oblige moſt. Let the one ſay, That he has received a Benefit, and let the other perſuade himſelf that he has not Return'd

turn'd it. Let the one ſay, *I am paid*, and the other, *I am yet in your Debt*; let the Benefactor acquit the Receiver, and the Receiver bind himſelf. The Frankneſs of the Diſcharge heightens the Obligation. It is in *Converſation*, as in a *Tennis-Court*: Benefits are to be toſt like Balls; the longer the Reſt, the better are the Gameſters. The Giver, in ſome Reſpect, has the Odds, becauſe (as in a Race) he ſtarts firſt, and the other muſt uſe great Diligence to overtake him. The Return muſt be larger than the firſt Obligation, to come up to't; and it is a kind of Ingratitude, not to render it with Intereſt. In a Matter of Money, 'tis a common thing to pay a Debt out of Courſe, and before it be due; but we account ourſelves to owe nothing for a Good Office; whereas the Benefit increaſes by delay. So inſenſible are we of the moſt important Affair of Human Life. That Man were doubtleſs in a miſerable Condition, that could neither ſee, nor hear, nor taſte, nor feel, nor ſmell: but, How much more unhappy is he then, that wanting a ſenſe of Benefits, loſes the greateſt Comfort in Nature; in the Bliſs of Giving, and Receiving them? He that takes a Benefit as it is meant, is in the right; for the Benefactor has then his end, and his only end, when the Receiver is Grateful.

THE more glorious part, in appearance, is that of the Giver; but, * the Receiver has undoubtedly the harder Game to play, in many regards. There are ſome from whom I would not accept of a Benefit; that is to ſay, from thoſe upon whom I would not beſtow one. For, why ſhould not I ſcorn to receive a Benefit, where I am aſham'd to owe it? And, I would yet be more tender too, where I Receive, than where I give; for, 'tis a torment to be in Debt, where a Man has no mind to pay; as it is the greateſt delight imaginable to be engaged by a Friend, whom I ſhould yet have a Kindneſs for, if I were never ſo much diſoblig'd. It is a Pain to an honeſt, and a generous Mind, to lie under a Duty of Affection againſt Inclination. I do not ſpeak here of Wiſe Men, that love to do what they ought to do; that have their Paſſions at Command; that preſcribe Laws to themſelves, and keep

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them when they have done; but of Men, in a ſtate of Imperfection, that may have a Good Will perhaps to be honeſt, and yet be over-born by the Contumacy of their Affections. We muſt therefore have a Care to whom we become oblig'd; and, I would be much ſtricter yet in the Choice of a Creditor for Benefits, than for Money. In the one Caſe, 'tis but paying what I had, and the Debt is diſcharg'd: In the other, I do not only owe more, but when I have paid that, I am ſtill in Arrear: And, this Law is the very Foundation of Friendſhip. I will ſuppoſe myſelf a Priſoner; and a notorious Villain offers to lay down a good Sum of Money for my Redemption. *Firſt*, Shall I make uſe of this Money, or no? *Secondly*, If I do, what Return ſhall I make him for't? To the firſt Point, I will take it; but, only as a Debt, not as a Benefit, that ſhall ever tie me to a Friendſhip with him: And Secondly, my Acknowledgment ſhall be only correſpondent to ſuch an Obligation. It is a School-Queſtion, Whether or no *Brutus*, that thought *Cæſar* not fit to live, (and put himſelf in the Head of a Conſpiracy againſt him) could honeſtly have received his Life from *Cæſar*, if he had fallen into *Cæſar*'s Power, without examining what Reaſon moved him to that Action? How great a Man ſoever he was in other Caſes, without diſpute he was extremely out in this, and below the Dignity of his Profeſſion. For a Stoick to fear the Name of a King, when yet Monarchy is the beſt State of Government; or there to hope for Liberty, where ſo great Rewards are propounded, both for Tyrants and their Slaves; for him to imagine, ever to bring the Laws to their former State, where ſo many thouſand Lives had been loſt in the Conteſt, not ſo much whether they ſhould ſerve or no, but who ſhould be their Maſter: He was ſtrangely Miſtaken ſure in the Nature and Reaſon of things, to fancy, that when *Julius* was gone, ſome body elſe would not ſtart up in his Place, when there was yet a *Tarquin* found, after ſo many Kings that were deſtroy'd, either by Sword or Thunder: And yet the Reſolution is, That he might have Received it, but not as a Benefit; for at that Rate I owe my Life to every Man that does not take it away.

* *GRÆ-*

* *GRÆCINUS JULIUS* (whom *Caligula* put to Death out of a pure Malice to his Virtue) had a conſiderable Sum of Money ſent him from *Fabius Perſicus* (a Man of Great and Infamous Example,) as a Contribution towards the Expence of Plays and other Publick Entertainments; but *Julius* would not receive it; and ſome of his Friends, that had an Eye more upon the Preſent, than the Preſenter, ask'd him, with ſome Freedom, What he meant by refuſing it? *Why* (ſays he) *do you think that I'll take Money, where I would not take ſo much as a Glaſs of Wine?* After this, *Rebilus* (a Man of the ſame Stamp) ſent him a greater Sum upon the ſame Score. *You muſt excuſe me,* (ſays he to the Meſſenger) *for I would not take any thing of* Perſicus *neither.*

* *A Benefit refuſed for the Perſon.*

To match this Scruple of Receiving Money, with another of Keeping it; and the Sum not above Three Pence, or a Groat at moſt. * There was a certain *Pythagorean* that Contracted with a Cobler for a Pair of Shoes, and ſome three or four Days after going to pay him his Money, the Shop was ſhut up; and when he had knock'd a great while at the Door, *Friend,* (ſays a Fellow) *you may hammer your Heart out there, for the Man that you look for is dead. And when our Friends are dead, we hear no more News of them; but yours, that are to live again, will ſhift well enough* (alluding to *Pythagoras* his *Tranſmigration.*) Upon this the Philoſopher went away, with his Money chinking in his Hand, and well enough content to ſave it: at laſt his Conſcience took check at it, and upon Reflection, *Though the Man be Dead* (ſays he) *to Others, he is alive to Thee; pay him what thou oweſt him:* and ſo he went back preſently, and thruſt it into his Shop through the Chink of the Door. Whatever we owe, 'tis our part to find where to pay it, and to do it without asking too; for whether the Creditor be good, or bad, the Debt is ſtill the ſame.

* *A Pythagorean ſcruple.*

* If a Benefit be forced upon me, as from a Tyrant, or a Superior, where it may be dangerous to refuſe; this is rather Obeying than Receiving, where

* *A Forced Benefit.*

the Neceſſity deſtroys the Choice. The way to know what I have a Mind to do, is to leave me at Liberty, whether I will do it or no; but, it is yet a Benefit if a Man does me good in ſpite of my Teeth; as it is none, if I do any Man good againſt my Will. A Man may both hate, and yet receive a Benefit at the ſame time; the Money is never the worſe, becauſe a Fool, that is not read in Coins, refuſes to take it. If the thing be good for the Receiver, and ſo intended, no matter how ill 'tis taken. Nay the Receiver may be obliged, and not know it: But, there can be no Benefit, which is unknown to the Giver. Neither will I, upon any Terms, receive a Benefit from a Worthy Perſon that may do him a Miſchief: It is the part of an Enemy, to ſave himſelf, by doing another Man harm.

** Keep a Grateful Mind.*

* But whatever we do, let us be ſure always to keep a Grateful Mind. It is not enough to ſay, What Requital ſhall a poor Man offer to a Prince; or a Slave to his Patron; When it is the Glory of Gratitude, that it depends only upon the Good Will. Suppoſe a Man defends my Fame; delivers me from Beggary; ſaves my Life; or gives me Liberty, that is more than Life, How ſhall I be grateful to that Man? I will receive, cheriſh, and rejoice in the Benefit. Take it kindly, and it is requited: not that the Debt itſelf is diſcharged, but it is nevertheleſs a Diſcharge of the Conſcience. I will yet diſtinguiſh betwixt the Debtor, that becomes inſolvent by Expences upon Whores and Dice; and another that is undone by Fire, or Thieves; Nor do I take this Gratitude for a Payment; but there is no Danger, I preſume, of being Arreſted for ſuch a Debt.

** We ſhould be chearful, but not importunate in the returning of Benefits.*

* In the Return of Benefits, let us be ready, and chearful, but not preſſing. There is as much Greatneſs of Mind in the owing of a good Turn, as in the doing of it; and, we muſt no more force a Requital out of Seaſon, than be wanting in it. He that precipitates a Return, does as good as ſay, *I am weary of being in this Man's Debt*; not but that the haſtening of a Requital, as a good Office, is a commendable Diſpoſition; but 'tis another

another thing to do it as a Diſcharge; for, it looks like caſting off a heavy, and a troubleſome Burden. 'Tis for the Benefactor to ſay, *when* he will receive it; no matter for the Opinion of the World, ſo long as I gratify my own Conſcience; for I cannot be miſtaken in myſelf, but another may. He that is over-ſollicitous to *return* a Benefit, thinks the other ſo likewiſe to receive it. If he had rather we ſhould keep it, Why ſhould we refuſe, and preſume to diſpoſe of his Treaſure, who may call it in, or let it lie out at his choice? 'Tis as much a Fault, to receive what I ought not, as not to give what I ought: for, the Giver has the Privilege of chuſing his own time for Receiving.

* SOME are too proud in the conferring of Benefits; others, in the receiving of them; which is, to ſay the Truth, intolerable. The ſame Rule ſerves both Sides, as in the Caſe of a Father, and a Son; Husband and a Wife; one Friend, or Acquaintance, and another, where the Duties are known and common. There are ſome that will not Receive a Benefit, but in Private; nor thank you for't but in your Ear, or in a Corner; there muſt be nothing under Hand and Seal, no Brokers, Notaries, or Witneſſes in the Caſe: This is not ſo much a Scruple of Modeſty, as a kind of denying the Obligation, and only a leſs harden'd Ingratitude. Some receive Benefits ſo coldly and indifferently, that a Man would think the Obligation lay on the other ſide: as who ſhould ſay, *Well, ſince you will needs have it ſo, I am content to take it.* Some again, ſo careleſly, as if they hardly knew of any ſuch thing, whereas we ſhould rather Aggravate the Matter, *You cannot imagine how many you have obliged in this Act: there never was ſo great, ſo kind, ſo ſeaſonable a Courteſy.* *Furnius* never gain'd ſo much upon *Auguſtus*, as by a Speech, upon the getting of his Father's Pardon for ſiding with *Anthony*. *This Grace*, ſays he, *is the only Injury that ever* Cæſar *did me; for it has put me upon a Neceſſity of Living and Dying Ungrateful.* 'Tis ſafer to affront ſome People, than to oblige them; for the better a Man deſerves, the worſe they'll ſpeak of him;

* *There muſt be no Pride, either in the Conferring or in the receiving of Benefits.*

him; as if the profeſſing of open Hatred to their Benefactors, were an Argument that they lie under no Obligation. Some People are ſo ſour, and ill-natur'd, that they take it for an Affront to have an Obligation or a Return offer'd them, to the Diſcouragement both of Bounty, and Gratitude together. The not doing, and the not receiving of Benefits, are equally a Miſtake. He that refuſes a new one, ſeems to be offended at an old one: and yet ſometimes I would neither return a Benefit, no nor ſo much as receive it if I might.

CHAP. XVII.

Of GRATITUDE.

HE that preaches Gratitude, pleads the Cauſe both of God and Man; for, without it, we can neither be ſociable, nor Religious. There is a ſtrange Delight in the very Purpoſe, and Contemplation of it, as well as in the Action; when I can ſay to myſelf, *I love my Benefactor; what is there in this World that I would not do to oblige and ſerve him?* Where I have not the *Means* of a Requital, the very *Meditation* of it is ſufficient. A Man is nevertheleſs an Artiſt, for not having his Tools about him; or a Muſician, becauſe he wants his Fiddle: Nor is he the leſs Brave, becauſe his Hands are bound; or the worſe Pilot, for being upon dry Ground. If I have only *Will* to be grateful, I *am* ſo. Let me be upon the Wheel; or, under the Hand of the Executioner; let me be burnt Limb by Limb, and my whole Body dropping in the Flames, a good Conſcience ſupports me in all Extremes: Nay, it is comfortable even in Death itſelf: For, when we come to approach that Point, What care do we take to ſummon, and call to mind all our Benefactors, and the good Offices they have done us, that we may leave the World fair, and ſet our Minds in Order? Without Gratitude we can neither have Security, Peace, nor Reputation: And, it is not therefore the leſs deſirable, becauſe it draws many adventitious Benefits

fits along with it. Suppoſe the Sun, the Moon, and the Stars had no other Buſineſs, than only to paſs over our Heads, without any Effect upon our Minds or Bodies; without any regard to our Health, Fruits, or Seaſons: A Man could hardly lift up his Eyes towards the Heavens without Wonder and Veneration, to ſee ſo many Millions of Radiant Lights, and to obſerve their Courſes, and Revolutions, even without any Reſpect to the Common Good of the Univerſe. But when we come to conſider, that Providence and Nature are ſtill at work when we ſleep; with the admirable Force, and Operation of their Influences and Motions; we cannot then but acknowledge their Ornament to be the leaſt part of their Value; and that they are more to be eſteemed for their Virtue, than for their Splendor. Their main End, and Uſe, is matter of Life, and Neceſſity; though they may ſeem to us more conſiderable for their Majeſty and Beauty. And ſo it is with Gratitude; we love it rather for Secondary Ends, than for itſelf.

We muſt be grateful in deſpite of all Oppoſition.

NO Man can be Grateful without contemning thoſe things that put the Common People out of their Wits. We muſt go into Baniſhment; lay down our Lives, beggar, and expoſe ourſelves to Reproaches: Nay, it is often ſeen, that Loyalty ſuffers the Puniſhment due to Rebellion; and that Treaſon receives the Rewards of Fidelity. As the Benefits of it are many, and great, ſo are the Hazards; which is the Caſe, more or leſs, of all other Virtues: and it were hard, if this, above the reſt, ſhould be both Painful and Fruitleſs: ſo that though we may go currently on with it in ſmooth way, we muſt yet prepare, and reſolve (if need be) to force our Paſſage to't, even if the Way were cover'd with Thorns, and Serpents; and *fall Back, fall Edge*, we muſt be Grateful ſtill: Grateful for the Virtue ſake, and Grateful over and above upon the point of Intereſt; for it preſerves old Friends, and gains new ones. It is not our Buſineſs to fiſh for one Benefit with another; and by beſtowing a little, to get more: or to oblige for any ſort of Expedience, but becauſe I ought to do it, and becauſe I love it; and that to ſuch a Degree, that if I could not be Grate-

Grateful, without appearing the contrary; if I could not return a Benefit, without being ſuſpected of doing an Injury; in deſpite of Infamy itſelf, I would yet be Grateful. No Man is greater in my Eſteem, than he that ventures his Fame to preſerve the Conſcience of an Honeſt Man; the one is but imaginary, the other ſolid, and ineſtimable. I cannot call him Grateful, who, in the inſtant of returning one Benefit, has his Eye upon another. He that is Grateful for Profit or Fear, is like a Woman that is honeſt, only upon the Score of Reputation.

* *Gratitude is an obvious, a cheap, and an eaſy Virtue.*

* AS Gratitude is a Neceſſary, and a Glorious, ſo is it alſo an Obvious, a Cheap, and an Eaſy Virtue: So Obvious, that whereſoever there is a Life, there is a place for't: So Cheap, that the Covetous Man may be Grateful without Expence; and ſo Eaſy, that the Sluggard may be ſo likewiſe, without Labour. And yet it is not without its Niceties too; for, there may be a Time, a Place, or Occaſion, wherein I ought not to return a Benefit; Nay wherein I may better diſown it, than deliver it.

* *'Tis one thing to be Grateful for a Benefit, and another thing to return it.*

* LET it be underſtood, by the way, that 'tis one thing to be Grateful for a good Office, and another thing to Return it: the Good Will is enough in one Caſe, being as much as the one ſide demands, and the other promiſes; but the effect is requiſite in the other. The Phyſician that has done his beſt, is acquitted, though the Patient dies; and ſo is the Advocate, though the Client may loſe his Cauſe. The General of an Army, though the Battle be loſt, is yet worthy of Commendation if he has diſcharg'd all the parts of a prudent Commander; In this Caſe, the one acquits himſelf, though the other be never the better for't. He is a grateful Man that is always willing and ready; and he that ſeeks for all Means and Occaſions of requiting a Benefit, though without attaining his end, does a great deal more than the Man, that without any Trouble makes an immediate Return. Suppoſe my Friend a Priſoner, and that I have ſold my Eſtate for his Ranſom: I put to

Sea

Sea in foul Weather, and upon a Coaſt that's peſter'd with Pirates: my Friend happens to be Redeem'd before I come to the Place; my Gratitude is as much to be eſteem'd, as if he had been a Priſoner; and if I had been taken, and robb'd myſelf, it would ſtill have been the ſame Caſe. Nay, there is a Gratitude in the very Countenance; for an honeſt Man bears his Conſcience in his Face, and propounds the Requital of a Good Turn in the very Moment of receiving it: He is Chearful and Confident; and in the Poſſeſſion of a true Friendſhip, deliver'd from all Anxiety. There is this Difference betwixt a Thankful Man, and an Unthankful; the one is *always* pleas'd in the Good he has *done*, and the other only *once*, in what he has *received*. There muſt be a Benignity in the Eſtimation even of the ſmalleſt Offices; and ſuch a Modeſty as appears to be oblig'd in whatſoever it gives. As it is indeed a very great Benefit, the Opportunity of doing a good Office to a worthy Man. He that attends to the preſent, and remembers what's paſt, ſhall never be Ungrateful. But, who ſhall judge in the Caſe? For a Man may be Grateful without making a Return, and Ungrateful with it. Our beſt way is to help every thing by a fair Interpretation; and whereſoever there is a doubt, to allow it the moſt favourable Conſtruction, for he that is exceptious at Words, or Looks, has a Mind to pick a Quarrel. For my own part, when I come to caſt up my Accompt, and know what I owe, and to whom; though I make my Return ſooner to ſome, and later to others, as Occaſion or Fortune will give me leave, yet I'll be juſt to all. I will be Grateful to God; to Man, to thoſe that have oblig'd me; nay, even to thoſe that have oblig'd my Friends. I am bound in Honour, and in Conſcience, to be thankful for what I have receiv'd; and if it be not yet full, it is ſome Pleaſure ſtill, that I may hope for more. For the Requital of a Favour, there muſt be Virtue, Occaſion, Means, and Fortune.

IT is a Common thing to ſcrew up Juſtice to the pitch of an Injury. * A Man may be *Over-Righteous*; and, why not *Over-Grateful* too? There is a Miſchievous Exceſs, that borders ſo cloſe upon Ingratitude, that it is no eaſy matter to

* *A Man may be over-grateful as well as over-righteous.*

diſtinguiſh

diſtinguiſh the one from the other, but, in regard that there is Good Will in the bottom of it, (however diſtemper'd; for it is effectually but Kindneſs out of the Wits) we ſhall diſcourſe it under the Title of *Gratitude Miſtaken.*

CHAP. XVIII.

Gratitude Miſtaken.

TO refuſe a good Office, not ſo much becauſe we do not need it, as becauſe we would not be indebted for it, is a kind of Phantaſtical Ingratitude; and ſomewhat akin to that Nicety of Humour on the other ſide, of being Over-Grateful; only it lies another way, and ſeems to be the more pardonable Ingratitude of the two. Some People take it for a great Inſtance of their Good Will, to be ſtill wiſhing their Benefactors ſuch or ſuch a Miſchief; only, forſooth, that they themſelves might be the happy Inſtruments of their Releaſe. Theſe Men do like extravagant Lovers, that take it for a great Proof of their Affection, to wiſh one another Baniſh'd, Beggar'd, or Diſeas'd, that they might have the Opportunity of interpoſing to their Relief. What difference is there betwixt ſuch Wiſhing and Curſing? Such an Affection, and a Mortal Hatred? The Intent is good, you'll ſay, but this is a Miſapplication of it. Let ſuch a one fall into my Power; or into the Hands of his Enemies, his Creditors or the Common People, and no Mortal be able to reſcue him but myſelf. Let his Life, his Liberty, and his Reputation, lie all at Stake, and no Creature, but myſelf, in Condition to ſuccour him; and why all this, but becauſe he has oblig'd me, and I would requite him? If this be Gratitude, to propound Jails, Shackles, Slavery, War, Beggary, to the Man that you would requite; what would you do where you are Ungrateful! This way of Proceeding, over and above that it is impious in itſelf, is likewiſe over-haſty, and unſeaſonable; for he that goes too faſt, is as much

to

to blame, as he that does not move at all, (to ſay nothing of the Injuſtice) for if I had never been oblig'd, I ſhould never have wiſh'd it. There are Seaſons wherein a Benefit is neither to be Receiv'd, nor Requited. To preſs a Return upon me, when I do not deſire it, is unmannerly; but it is worſe to force me to deſire it. How rigorous would he be to exact a Requital, who is thus eager to return it? To wiſh a Man in Diſtreſs, that I may relieve him, is, firſt, to wiſh him Miſerable: To wiſh that he may ſtand in need of any body, is *againſt him*; and to wiſh that he may ſtand in need of Me, is *for myſelf:* So that my Buſineſs is not ſo much a Charity to my Friend, as the Cancelling of a Bond: Nay, it is half way the Wiſh of an Enemy. It is barbarous to wiſh a Man in Chains, Slavery, or Want, only to bring him out again: Let me rather wiſh him powerful, and happy, and my Self indebted to him. By Nature, we are prone to Mercy, Humanity, Compaſſion; may we be excited to be more ſo by the Number of the Grateful; may their Number increaſe, and may we have no need of trying them.

IT is not for an honeſt Man to make way to a Good Office by a Crime; * as if a Pilot ſhould pray for a Tempeſt, that he might prove his Skill; or a General wiſh his Army routed, that he might ſhew himſelf a great Commander in recovering the Day. 'Tis throwing a Man into a River, to take him out again. 'Tis an Obligation, I confeſs, to cure a Wound, or a Diſeaſe; but, to *make* that Wound, or Diſeaſe, on purpoſe to *Cure* it, is a moſt perverſe Ingratitude. It is barbarous even to an Enemy, much more to a Friend; for, it is not ſo much to do him a Kindneſs, as to put him in need of it. Of the two, let it be rather a Scar, than a Wound; and yet it would be better to have it neither. *Rome* had been little beholden to *Scipio*, if he had prolong'd the *Punick* War, that he might have the finiſhing of it at laſt; or to the *Decii*, for dying for their Country, if they had firſt brought it to the laſt Extremity of needing their Devotion. It may be a good Contemplation, but it is a lewd Wiſh. *Æneas* had

* *We muſt not do an ill thing that good may come of it.*

had never been ſurnam'd the *Pious*, if he had wiſh'd the Ruin of his Country, only that he might have the Honour of taking his Father out of the Fire. 'Tis the Scandal of a Phyſician to make Work, and irritate a Diſeaſe, and to torment his Patient for the Reputation of his Cure. If a Man ſhould openly imprecate Poverty, Captivity, Fear, or Danger, upon a Perſon that he has been Oblig'd to, would not the whole World condemn him for't? And, what's the Difference; but that the One is only a Private Wiſh, and the Other a Publick Declaration? *Rutilius* was told in his Exile, that, for his Comfort, there would be ere long a Civil War, that would bring all the Baniſh'd Men home again. *God forbid*, ſays he, *for I had rather my Country ſhould Bluſh for my Baniſhment, than Mourn for my Return.* How much more honourable is it to Owe chearfully, than to Pay diſhoneſtly? It is the Wiſh of an Enemy to take a Town, that he may preſerve it, and to be victorious, that he may forgive; but, the Mercy comes after the Cruelty; beſide, that it is an Injury both to God and Man, for the Man muſt be firſt afflicted by *Heaven*, to be reliev'd by *me*. So that we impoſe the Cruelty upon God, and take the Compaſſion to ourſelves; and, at the beſt, it is but a Curſe, that makes way for a Bleſſing; the bare Wiſh is an Injury; and, if it does not take effect, 'tis becauſe Heav'n has not heard our Prayers. Or, if they ſhould ſucceed, the Fear itſelf is a Torment; and, it is much more deſirable to have a firm, and unſhaken Security. 'Tis friendly to wiſh it in your power to oblige me, if ever I chance to need it; but it is unkind to wiſh me miſerable, that I may need it. How much more Pious is it, and Humane, to wiſh that I may never want the Occaſion of Obliging, nor the Means of doing it; nor ever have Reaſon to repent of what I have done?

CHAP. XIX.

Of INGRATITUDE.

INGRATITUDE is, of all Crimes, that which we are to account the moſt Venial in others, and the moſt Unpardonable in ourſelves. It is impious in the higheſt degree: for, it makes us fight againſt our Children, and our Altars. There are, there ever were, and there ever will be Criminals of all ſorts; as Murderers, Tyrants, Thieves, Adulterers, Traitors, Robbers, and Sacrilegious Perſons; but, there is hardly any Notorious Crime without a Mixture of Ingratitude. It diſunites Mankind, and breaks the very Pillars of Society. And yet ſo far is this prodigious Wickedneſs from being any Wonder to us, that even Thankfulneſs itſelf were much the greater of the two. For Men are deterr'd from it by Labour, Expence, Lazineſs, Buſineſs; or elſe diverted from it by Luſt, Envy, Ambition, Pride, Levity, Raſhneſs, Fear: Nay, by the very Shame of Confeſſing what they have Receiv'd. And the Unthankful Man has nothing to ſay for himſelf all this while; For there needs neither Pains, or Fortune, for the Diſcharge of his Duty; Beſide, the inward Anxiety and Torment, when a Man's Conſcience makes him afraid of his own Thought.

TO ſpeak againſt the Ungrateful, is to rail againſt Mankind; * for, even thoſe that complain are guilty; nor do I ſpeak only of thoſe that do not live up to the ſtrict Rule of Virtue; but Mankind itſelf is degenerated and loſt. We live unthankfully in this World, and we go ſtruggling and murmuring out of it; diſſatisfy'd with our Lot; whereas we ſhould be Grateful for the Bleſſings we have enjoy'd, and account that ſufficient which Providence has appointed for us: A little more time may make our Lives longer, but not happier; and whenſoever it is the Pleaſure of God to call us, we muſt obey; and yet all this while we go on quarrelling

* *We are all ungrateful.*

quarrelling at the World, for what we find in ourſelves, and we are yet more unthankful to Heaven, than we are to one another. What Benefit can be great now to that Man that deſpiſes the Bounties of his Maker? We would be as ſtrong as Elephants, as ſwift as Bucks, as light as Birds, and we complain that we have not the Sagacity of Dogs, the Sight of Eagles, the long Life of Ravens, nay, that we are not Immortal, and endu'd with the Knowledge of things to come. Nay, we take it ill, that we are not Gods upon Earth: never conſidering the Advantages of our Condition, or the Benignity of Providence in the Comforts that we enjoy. We ſubdue the ſtrongeſt of Creatures, and overtake the fleeteſt; We reclaim the fierceſt, and out-wit the craftieſt. We are within one degree of Heav'n itſelf, and yet we are not ſatisfy'd. Since there is not any one Creature which we had rather be, we take it ill that we cannot draw the United Excellencies of all other Creatures into ourſelves. Why are we not rather thankful to that Goodneſs, which has ſubjected the whole Creation to our Uſe and Service?

* *Cauſes of Ingratitude.*

* The Principal Cauſes of Ingratitude, are Pride, and Self-Conceit, Avarice, Envy, &c. 'Tis a familiar Exclamation, *'Tis true, he did this or that for me, but it came ſo late, and it was ſo little, I had e'en as good have been without it: If he had not given it to me, he muſt have given it to ſome body elſe; it was nothing out of his own Pocket:* Nay, we are ſo Ungrateful, that he that gives us all we have, if he leaves any thing to himſelf, we reckon that he does us an Injury. It coſt *Julius Cæſar* his Life, the Diſappointment of his Unſatiable Companions; and yet he reſerv'd nothing of all that he got to himſelf, but the Liberty of diſpoſing it. There is no Benefit ſo large, but Malignity will ſtill leſſen it: none ſo narrow, which a good Interpretation will not enlarge. No Man ſhall ever be Grateful, that views a Benefit on the wrong ſide; or takes a good Office by the wrong handle. The Avaricious Man is naturally Ungrateful, for he never thinks he has enough, but without conſidering what he has, only Minds what he covets. Some pretend want of Power to make a competent

competent Return, and you ſhall find in others a kind of Graceleſs Modeſty, that makes a Man aſham'd of requiting an Obligation, becauſe 'tis a Confeſſion that he has receiv'd one.

* NOT to return one good Office for another, is Inhuman; but to return Evil for Good, is Diabolical. There are too many even of this ſort, who, the more they owe, the more they hate. There's nothing more dangerous, than to oblige thoſe People, for when they are Conſcious of not paying the Debt, they wiſh the Creditor out of the way. It is a mortal Hatred, that which ariſes from the Shame of an abuſed Benefit. When we are on the asking ſide, what a deal of Cringing there is, and Profeſſion? *Well, I ſhall never forget this Favour, It will be an eternal Obligation to me.* But, within a while, the Note is chang'd, and we hear no more Words on't: 'till by little and little, it is all quite forgotten. So long as we ſtand in need of a Benefit, there is nothing dearer to us; nor any thing cheaper, when we have reciv'd it. And yet a Man may as well refuſe to deliver up a Sum of Mony that's left him in Truſt, without a Suit, as not to return a good Office without asking; and when we have no value any further for the Benefit, we do commonly care as little for the Author. People follow their Intereſt; one Man is Grateful for his Convenience, and another Man is Ungrateful for the ſame Reaſon.

* *Not to return Good for Good is Inhuman, but Evil for Good is Diabolical.*

* SOME are Ungrateful to their own Country; and their Country no leſs Ungrateful to others; ſo that the Complaint of Ingratitude reaches all Men. Doth not the Son wiſh for the Death of his Father; the Husband for that of his Wife? *&c.* But who can look for Gratitude in an Age of ſo many Gaping, and Craving Appetites, where all People take, and none give? In an Age of Licenſe to all ſorts of Vanity, and Wickedneſs; as Luſt, Gluttony, Avarice, Envy, Ambition, Sloth, Inſolence, Levity, Contumacy, Fear, Raſh-

* *There are Ungrateful Governors as well as Ungrateful Men.*

Raſhneſs, Private Diſcords, and Publick Evils, Extravagant and Groundleſs Wiſhes, vain Confidences, Sickly Affections, Shameleſs Impieties, Rapine Authoriz'd, and the Violation of all things Sacred and Profane: Obligations are purſu'd with Sword and Poiſon; Benefits are turn'd into Crimes; and that Blood moſt Seditiouſly Spilt, for which every honeſt Man ſhould expoſe his own. Thoſe that ſhould be the Preſervers of their Country, are the Deſtroyers of it; and 'tis Matter of Dignity to trample upon the Government: The Sword gives the Law, and Mercenaries take up Arms againſt their Maſters. Among theſe turbulent and unruly Motions, what Hope is there of finding Honeſty or Good Faith, which is the quieteſt of all Virtues? There is no more lively Image of human Life than that of a conquer'd City: there's neither Mercy, Modeſty, nor Religion; and if we forget our Lives, we may well forget our Benefits. The World abounds with Examples of Ungrateful Perſons, and no leſs with thoſe of Ungrateful Governments. Was not *Catiline* Ungrateful? whoſe Malice aim'd, not only at the Maſtering of his Country, but at the total Deſtruction of it, by calling in an Inveterate, and Vindictive Enemy from beyond the *Alpes*, to wreak their long-thirſted-for Revenge; and to Sacrifice the Lives of as many noble *Romans*, as might ſerve to anſwer and appeaſe the Ghoſts of the Slaughter'd *Gauls?* Was not *Marius* Ungrateful? that from a Common Soldier, being rais'd up to a Conſul, not only gave the Word for Civil Bloodſhed and Maſſacres, but was himſelf the Sign for the Execution; and every Man he met in the Streets, to whom he did not ſtretch out his Right-Hand, was Murder'd? And, was not *Sylla* Ungrateful too? that when he had waded up to the Gates in Human Blood, carry'd the Outrage into the City, and there moſt barbarouſly cut two entire Legions to pieces in a Corner; not only after the Victory, but moſt perfidiouſly after Quarter given them? Good God! that ever any Man ſhould not only 'ſcape with Impunity, but receive a Reward for ſo horrid a Villany! Was not *Pompey* Ungrateful too? who, after three Conſulſhips, three Triumphs, and ſo many Honours

nours uſurp'd before his time, ſplit the Commonwealth into three Parts; and brought it to ſuch a Paſs, that there was no hope of Safety, but by Slavery? Only, forſooth, to abate the Envy of his Power, he took other Partners with him into the Government, as if that which was not lawful for any one, might have been allowable for more; dividing and diſtributing the Provinces, and breaking all into a *Triumvirate*, reſerving ſtill two parts of the three in his own Family. And, was not *Cæſar* Ungrateful alſo? though, to give him his due, he was a Man of his Word; Merciful in his Victories, and never kill'd any Man, but with his Sword in his Hand? Let us therefore forgive one another. Only one Word more now for the Shame of Ungrateful Governments. Was not *Camillus* baniſh'd? *Scipio* diſmiſs'd? and *Cicero* exil'd and plunder'd? But what is all this to thoſe that are ſo mad, as to diſpute even the Goodneſs of Heaven, which gives us all, and expects nothing again, but continues giving to the moſt Unthankful, and Complaining?

CHAP. XX.

There can be no Law againſt Ingratitude.

INGRATITUDE is ſo dangerous to itſelf, and ſo deteſtable to other People, that Nature, one would think, had ſufficiently provided againſt it, without need of any other Law. For every Ungrateful Man is his own Enemy, and it ſeems ſuperfluous to compel a Man to be kind to himſelf, and to follow his own Inclinations. This, of all Wickedneſs imaginable, is certainly the Vice which does the moſt divide, and diſtract Human Nature. Without the Exerciſe and the Commerce of mutual Offices, we can be neither happy, nor ſafe; for it is only Society that ſecures us: Take us one by one, and we are a Prey even to Brutes, as well as

as to one another; Nature has brought us into the World Naked and Unarm'd; we have not the Teeth, or the Paws of Lions or Bears, to make ourſelves terrible: but by the two Bleſſings of Reaſon and Union, we Secure and Defend ourſelves againſt Violence and Fortune. This it is that makes a Man the Maſter of all other Creatures, who otherwiſe were ſcarce a Match for the weakeſt of them. This it is that comforts us in Sickneſs, in Age, in Miſery, in Pains, and in the worſt of Calamities. Take away this Combination, and Mankind is diſſociated, and falls to pieces. 'Tis true, that there is no Law eſtabliſh'd againſt this abominable Vice: but we cannot ſay yet that it 'ſcapes unpuniſh'd, for a publick Hatred is certainly the greateſt of all Penalties; over and above that we loſe the moſt valuable Bleſſing of Life, in the not beſtowing, and receiving of Benefits. If Ingratitude were to be puniſhed by a Law, it would diſcredit the Obligation; for a Benefit is to be Given, not Lent: And if we have no Return at all, there's no juſt Cauſe of Complaint: for Gratitude were no Virtue, if there were any Danger in being Ungrateful. There are Halters, I know, Hooks, and Gibbets, provided for Homicide, Poiſon, Sacrilege, and Rebellion; but Ingratitude (here upon Earth) is only puniſh'd in the Schools; all farther Pains and Inflictions, being wholly remitted to Divine Juſtice. And, if a Man may judge of the Conſcience by the Countenance, the Ungrateful Man is never without a Canker at his Heart; his Mind, and Aſpect, is ſad and ſollicitous; whereas the other is always Chearful and Serene.

* *There neither is, nor can be, any Law againſt Ingratitude.*

AS there * are no Laws Extant againſt Ingratitude: ſo is it utterly impoſſible to contrive any, that in all Circumſtances ſhall reach it. If it were Actionable, there would not be Courts enough in the whole World, to try the Cauſes in. There can be no ſetting a Day for the Requiting of Benefits, as for the Payment of Mony; nor any Eſtimate upon the Benefits themſelves; but the whole matter reſts in the Conſcience of both Parties: And then there are ſo many degrees of it, that the

the ſame Rule will never ſerve all. Beſide that, to proportion it, as the Benefit is greater and leſs, will be both impracticable and without Reaſon. One good Turn ſaves my Life; another, my Freedom, or peradventure my very Soul. How ſhall any Law now ſuit a Puniſhment to an Ingratitude, under theſe differing degrees? It muſt not be ſaid in Benefits as in Bonds, *Pay what you owe.* How ſhall a Man pay Life, Health, Credit, Security, in *kind?* There can be no ſet Rule to bound that infinite Variety of Caſes, which are more properly the Subject of Humanity, and Religion, than of Law, and Publick Juſtice. There would be Diſputes alſo about the Benefit itſelf; which muſt totally depend upon the Courteſy of the Judge, for no Law imaginable can ſet it forth. One Man *Gives* me an Eſtate; another only *Lends* me a Sword, and that Sword preſerves my Life. Nay the very ſame thing ſeveral ways done, changes the Quality of the Obligation. A Word, a Tone, a Look, makes a great Alteration in the Caſe. How ſhall we judge then, and determine a Matter which does not depend upon the Fact itſelf, but upon the Force and Intention of it? Some things are reputed Benefits, not for their Value, but becauſe we deſire them. And there are Offices of a much greater Value, that we do not reckon upon at all. If Ingratitude were liable to a Law, we muſt never give, but before Witneſſes, which would overthrow the Dignity of the Benefit. And then the Puniſhment muſt either be equal, where the Crimes are unequal, or elſe it muſt be unrighteous: So that Blood muſt anſwer for Blood. He that is Ungrateful for my ſaving his Life, muſt forfeit his own. And, what can be more Inhuman, than that Benefits ſhould conclude in Sanguinary Events? A Man ſaves my Life, and I'm ungrateful for it: Shall I be puniſh'd in my Purſe? That's too little; if it be leſs than the Benefit, it is unjuſt, and it muſt be Capital to be made equal to it. There are moreover certain Privileges granted to Parents, that can never be reduc'd to a Common Rule: Their Injuries may be cognizable, but not their Benefits. The diverſity of Caſes is too large, and intricate, to be brought within the Proſpect of a Law: So that it is

much more Equitable to puniſh none, than to puniſh all alike. What if a Man follows a good Office with an Injury; whether or no ſhall this quit Scores? or who ſhall compare them, and weigh the one againſt the other? There is another thing yet, which perhaps we do not dream of: Not one Man upon the face of the Earth would 'ſcape, and yet every Man would expect to be his own Judge. Once again, we are all of us Ungrateful; and the Number does not only take away the Shame, but gives Authority, and Protection to the Wickedneſs.

IT is thought Reaſonable by ſome, that there ſhould be a Law againſt Ingratitude; for ſay they, 'tis common for one City to upbraid another, and to claim that of Poſterity, which was beſtow'd upon their Anceſtors: But, this is only Clamour without Reaſon. It is objected by others, as a Diſcouragement to good Offices, if Men ſhall not be made anſwerable for them; But I ſay on the other ſide, that no Man would accept of a Benefit upon thoſe Terms. He that Gives, is prompted to't by a Goodneſs of Mind, and the Generoſity of the Action is leſſen'd by the Caution; for it is his deſire that the Receiver ſhould pleaſe himſelf, and owe no more than he thinks fit. But, what if this might occaſion fewer Benefits, ſo long as they would be franker? Nor is there any hurt in putting a Check upon Raſhneſs, and Profuſion: In anſwer to this; Men will be careful enough whom they oblige, without a Law: Nor is it poſſible for a Judge ever to ſet us right in't; or indeed any thing elſe, but the Faith of the Receiver. The Honour of a Benefit is this way preſerv'd, which is otherwiſe prophan'd, when it comes to be Mercenary, and made matter of Contention. We are e'en forward enough of ourſelves, to wrangle, without unneceſſary Provocations. It would be well, I think, if Monies might paſs upon the ſame Conditions with other Benefits; and the Payment remitted to the Conſcience, without formalizing upon Bills and Securities: But human Wiſdom has rather adviſ'd with Convenience, than Virtue; and choſen rather to *force* Honeſty, than *expect* it. For every paltry Sum of Mony, there muſt be Bonds, Witneſſes,

Witneſſes, Counter-parts, Powers, *&c.* which is no other than a ſhameful Confeſſion of Fraud, and Wickedneſs; when more Credit is given to our Seals than to our Minds; and Caution taken leſt he that has receiv'd the Mony, ſhould deny it. Were it not better now to be deceiv'd by ſome, than to ſuſpect all? What's the difference at this Rate, betwixt the Benefactor, and an Uſurer, ſave only that in the Benefactor's Caſe, there is no body ſtands bound?

SENECA

OF A

HAPPY LIFE.

CHAP. I.

Of a Happy Life, and wherein it conſiſts.

THERE is not any thing in this World, perhaps, that is more Talk'd of, and leſs Underſtood, than the Buſineſs of a *Happy Life*. It is every Man's Wiſh, and Deſign; and yet not one of a thouſand that knows wherein that Happineſs conſiſts. We live however in a Blind and Eager Purſuit of it; and the more haſte we make in a wrong Way, the farther we are from our Journey's End. Let us therefore *Firſt* conſider, *What it is we would be at*; and *Secondly, which is the readieſt way to compaſs it*. If we be right, we ſhall find every Day how much we improve; but if we either follow the Cry, or the Track of People that are out of the way, we muſt expect to be miſled, and to continue our Days in Wandering and Error. Wherefore it highly concerns us to take along with us a skilful Guide;

Guide; For it is not in this, as in other Voyages, where the High-way brings us to our Place of Repoſe; Or, if a Man ſhould happen to be out, where the Inhabitants might ſet him right again: But, on the Contrary, the beaten Road is here the moſt dangerous, and the People, inſtead of helping us, miſguide us. Let us not therefore follow like Beaſts, but rather govern ourſelves by *Reaſon* than by *Example.* It fares with us in Human Life, as in a Routed Army; one ſtumbles firſt, and then another falls upon him, and ſo they follow, one upon the Neck of another, 'till the whole Field comes to be but one Heap of Miſcarriages. And the Miſchief is, *that the Number of the Multitude carries it againſt Truth and Juſtice,* ſo that we muſt leave the Crowd, if we would be Happy; for, the Queſtion of a *Happy Life* is not to be decided by *Vote:* Nay, ſo far from it, that Plurality of Voices is ſtill an Argument of the Wrong; the Common People find it eaſier to Believe, than to Judge; and content themſelves with what is uſual; never examining whether it be good or no. By the *Common People* is intended *the Man of Title,* as well as the *Clouted Shoe*; for I do not diſtinguiſh them by the Eye, but by the Mind, which is the proper Judge of the Man. Wordly Felicity, I know, makes the Head giddy; but if ever a Man comes to himſelf again, he will confeſs, That *whatſoever he has done, he wiſhes undone*; and, that *the things he fear'd were better than thoſe he pray'd for.*

The true Felicity of *Life,* is to be * free from Perturbations; to underſtand our Duties toward God and Man; to enjoy the Preſent, without any anxious Dependence upon the Future. Not to amuſe ourſelves with either Hopes or Fears, but to reſt ſatisfy'd with what we have, which is abundantly ſufficient; for he that is ſo, wants nothing. The great Bleſſings of Mankind are within us, and within our Reach; but we ſhut our Eyes, and like People in the dark, we fall foul upon the very thing we ſearch for, without finding it. *Tranquillity is a certain Equality of Mind, which no Condition of Fortune can either exalt, or depreſs.* Nothing can

* *True Happineſs.*

make it leſs; for, it is the State of Human Perfection: It raiſes us as high as we can go; and makes every Man his own Supporter; whereas he that is born up by any thing elſe may fall. He that judges aright, and perſeveres in it, enjoys a perpetual Calm: He takes a true Proſpect of things; he obſerves an Order, Meaſure, a *Decorum* in all his Actions: He has a Benevolence in his Nature; he ſquares his Life according to Reaſon; and draws to himſelf Love and Admiration. Without a Certain, and an Unchangeable Judgment, all the reſt is but Fluctuation: But, *he that always Wills* and *Nills the ſame thing, is undoubtedly in the Right.* Liberty and Serenity of Mind muſt neceſſarily enſue upon the Maſtering of thoſe things which either allure, or affright us; when, inſtead of thoſe flaſhy Pleaſures, (which even at the beſt are both vain, and hurtful together) we ſhall find ourſelves poſſeſs'd of Joys tranſporting, and everlaſting. It muſt be a *Sound Mind* that makes a *Happy Man*; there muſt be a Conſtancy in all Conditions; a Care for the things of this World, but without Trouble; and ſuch an Indifferency for the Bounties of Fortune, that either with them, or without them, we may live contentedly. There muſt be neither Lamentation nor Quarreling, nor Sloth, nor Fear; for it makes a Diſcord in a Man's Life. *He that Fears, Serves.* The Joy of a Wiſe Man ſtands firm without Interruption; In all Places, at all Times, and in all Conditions, his Thoughts are chearful and quiet. As it never *came in* to him from *without*; ſo it will never leave him; but, is born within him, and inſeparable from him; It is a ſollicitous Life that is egg'd on with the Hope of any thing, though never ſo open and eaſy; nay, though a Man ſhould never ſuffer any ſort of Diſappointment. I do not ſpeak this, either as a Bar to the fair Enjoyment of lawful Pleaſures, or to the gentle Flatteries of reaſonable Expectations: But, on the contrary, I would have Men to be always in good Humour; provided that it ariſes from their own Souls, and be cheriſh'd in their own Breaſts. Other Delights are trivial; they may ſmooth the Brow, but they do not fill, and affect the Heart. *True Joy is a ſerene, and ſober Motion;*

tion; and they are miſerably out, that take *Laughing* for *Rejoicing*: The Seat of it is within, and there is no Chearfulneſs like the Reſolution of a Brave Mind, that has Fortune under its Feet. He that can look Death in the Face, and bid it welcome; open his Door to Poverty, and Bridle his Appetites; this is the Man whom Providence has eſtabliſh'd in the Poſſeſſion of inviolable Delights. The Pleaſures of the Vulgar are Ungrounded, Thin, and Superficial; but the other are Solid and *Eternal*. As the *Body* itſelf is rather a *Neceſſary Thing*, than a *Great*; ſo the Comforts of it are but Temporary and Vain; beſide, that without extraordinary Moderation, their End is only Pain and Repentance. Whereas, a Peaceful Conſcience, Honeſt Thoughts, Virtuous Actions, and an Indifference for Caſual Events, are Bleſſings without End, Satiety, or Meaſure. This Conſummated State of Felicity is only a Submiſſion to the Dictate of Right Nature: *The Foundation of it is Wiſdom and Virtue; the Knowledge of what we ought to do, and the Conformity of the Will to that Knowledge.*

CHAP. II.

Human Happineſs is founded upon Wiſdom *and* Virtue; *and firſt of* Wiſdom.

TAKING for granted, that *Human Happineſs* is founded upon *Wiſdom* and *Virtue*, we ſhall treat upon theſe two Points in order as they lie: And *firſt* of *Wiſdom*; and not in the Latitude of its various Operations, but only as it has a Regard to Good Life, and the Happineſs of Mankind.

* WISDOM is a Right Underſtanding; a Faculty of Diſcerning Good from Evil; What is to be choſen, and what rejected; a Judgment groun- **Wiſdom, what it is.*

ded upon the Value of things, and not the common Opinion of them; an Equality of Force, and a Strength of Reſolution. It ſets a Watch over our Words and Deeds, it takes up with the Contemplation of the Works of Nature; and makes us invincible, by either Good, or Evil Fortune. It is large and ſpacious; and requires a great deal of Room to work in; it ranſacks Heav'n and Earth; it has for its Object things paſt, and to come; Tranſitory and Eternal. It Examines all the Circumſtances of Time; *what it is, when it began, and how long it will continue:* And ſo for the *Mind*; *whence it came; what it is: when it begins; how long it laſts; whether or no it paſſes from one Form to another; or ſerves only one; and wanders when it leaves us; where it abides in the State of Separation, and what the Action of it; what uſe it makes of its Liberty; whether or no it retains the Memory of things paſt, and comes to the Knowledge of itſelf.* It is the Habit of a Perfect Mind, and the Perfection of Humanity, rais'd as high as Nature can carry it. It differs from *Philoſophy*, as Avarice, and Mony; the one deſires, and the other is deſir'd; the one is the Effect, and the Reward of the other. To be Wiſe, is the Uſe of Wiſdom, as Seeing is the Uſe of Eyes, and Well-ſpeaking the Uſe of Eloquence. He that is perfectly Wiſe, is perfectly Happy; nay, the very beginning of Wiſdom makes Life eaſy to us. Neither is it enough to know this, unleſs we print it in our Minds by daily Meditation, and ſo bring a *good Will* to a *good Habit*. And we muſt Practiſe what we Preach: For *Philoſophy* is not a Subject for popular Oſtentation; nor does it reſt in Words, but in Things: It is not an Entertainment taken up for Delight, or to give a Taſte to our Leiſure; but it faſhions the Mind, governs our Actions, tells us what we are to do, and what not. It ſits at the Helm, and guides us through all Hazards: Nay, we cannot be ſafe without it, for every Hour gives us an Occaſion to make uſe on't: It informs us in all the Duties of Life, Piety to our Parents, Faith to our Friends, Charity to the Miſerable, Judgment in Counſel; it gives us *Peace*, by *Fearing* nothing, and *Riches* by *Coveting nothing*.

THERE'S

* THERE's no Condition of Life that excludes a Wiſe Man from diſcharging his Duty. If his Fortune be good, he *Tempers* it; if bad, he *Maſters* it; if he has an Eſtate, he will exerciſe his Virtue in Plenty; if none, in Poverty; if he cannot do it in his Country, he will do it in Baniſhment; if he has no Command, he will do the Office of a Common Soldier. Some People have the Skill of Reclaiming the fierceſt of Beaſts: They will make a Lion Embrace his Keeper; a Tiger Kiſs him, and an Elephant Kneel to him. This is the Caſe of a Wiſe Man in the extremeſt Difficulties; let them be never ſo terrible in themſelves, when they come to him once, they are perfectly tame. They that aſcribe the Invention of Tillage, Architecture, Navigation, *&c.* to Wiſe Men, may perchance be in the right, that they were invented by Wiſe Men; but they were not invented by Wiſe Men, as *Wiſe Men*; For Wiſdom does not teach our Fingers, but our Minds: Fidling, and Dancing, Arms, and Fortifications, were the Works of Luxury and Diſcord; but Wiſdom inſtructs us in the way of Nature, and in the Arts of Unity and Concord; not in the Inſtruments, but in the Government of Life; nor to make us live only, but to live happily. She teaches us what things are Good, what Evil, and what only appear ſo; and to diſtinguiſh betwixt true Greatneſs and Tumour, She clears our Minds of Droſs, and Vanity: She raiſes up our Thoughts to Heaven, and carries them down to Hell. She diſcourſes the Nature of the Soul; the Powers and Faculties of it; the firſt Principles of things; the Order of Providence: She exalts us from things Corporeal, to Incorporeal; and retrieves the Truth of all: She Searches Nature, gives Laws to Life; and tells us, *That it is not enough to know God, unleſs we obey him:* She looks upon all Accidents, as Acts of Providence; ſets a true Value upon things; delivers us from falſe Opinions, and Condemns all Pleaſures that are attended with Repentance. She allows nothing to be Good, that will not be ſo for ever; No Man to be Happy, but he that needs

* *A Wiſe Man does his Duty in all Conditions.*

no other Happineſs than what he has within himſelf; No Man to be Great, or Powerful, that is not Maſter of himſelf. This is the Felicity of Human Life; a Felicity that can neither be corrupted, nor extinguiſh'd: It enquires into the Nature of the Heavens, the Influence of the Stars; how far they operate upon our Minds and Bodies; which Thoughts, though they do not form our Manners, they do yet raiſe and diſpoſe us for Glorious things.

* *Right Reaſon is the Perfection of Human Nature.*

IT is agreed upon at all Hands, That * *Right Reaſon is the Perfection of Human Nature*, and Wiſdom only the Dictate of it. The Greatneſs that ariſes from it, is ſolid, and unmoveable; the Reſolutions of Wiſdom being Free, Abſolute, and Conſtant; whereas Folly is never long pleas'd with the ſame thing, but ſtill ſhifting of Counſels, and Sick of itſelf. There can be no Happineſs without Conſtancy, and Prudence; for, a Wiſe Man is to Write without a Blot; and what he likes once, he approves for ever: He admits of nothing that is either Evil, or Slippery; but marches without Staggering, or Stumbling, and is never ſurprized: He lives always true, and ſteady to himſelf, and whatſoever befalls him, this great Artificer of both Fortunes turns to Advantage. He that demurs, and heſitates, is not yet compos'd: But whereſoever Virtue interpoſes upon the Main, there muſt be Concord and Conſent in the Parts. For all Virtues are in Agreement, as well as all Vices are at Variance. A Wiſe Man, in what Condition ſoever he is, will be ſtill happy, for he ſubjects all things to himſelf, becauſe he ſubmits himſelf to Reaſon, and governs his Actions by Counſel, not by Paſſion. He is not mov'd with the utmoſt Violences of Fortune, nor with the Extremities of Fire and Sword; whereas a Fool is afraid of his own Shadow, and ſurpriz'd at ill Accidents, as if they were all levell'd at him. He does nothing unwillingly, for whatever he finds neceſſary, he makes it his Choice. He propounds to himſelf the certain Scope, and End of Human Life: He follows that which conduces to't, and avoids that which hinders it.

He

He is content with his Lot, whatever it be, without wiſhing what he has not; though of the two, he had rather abound than want. The great Buſineſs of his Life, like that of Nature, is perform'd without Tumult, or Noiſe: He neither fears Danger, nor provokes it; but 'tis his Caution, not any want of Courage; for Captivity, Wounds, and Chains, he only looks upon as falſe and lymphatical Terrors. He does not pretend to go through with whatever he undertakes; but to do that well, which he does. Arts are but the Servants, Wiſdom Commands; and where the Matter fails, 'tis none of the Workman's Fault. He is cautelous in doubtful Caſes, in Proſperity temperate, and reſolute in Adverſity; ſtill making the beſt of every Condition, and improving all Occaſions to make them ſerviceable to his Fate. Some Accidents there are, which I confeſs may affect him, but not overthrow him; as Bodily Pains, Loſs of Children and Friends; the Ruin and Deſolation of a Man's Country. One muſt be made of Stone, or Iron, not to be ſenſible of theſe Calamities; and beſide, it were no Virtue to *bear* them, if a Body did not *feel* them.

THERE are * *Three Degrees of Proficients* in the School of Wiſdom. The *firſt* are thoſe that come within the ſight of it, but not up to't: They have learn'd what they ought to do, but they have not put their Knowledge in Practice: They are paſt the Hazard of a Relapſe, but they have ſtill the Grudges of a Diſeaſe, though they are out of the Danger of it. By a Diſeaſe, I do underſtand an Obſtinacy in Evil, or an ill Habit, that makes us over-eager upon things, which are either not much to be deſir'd, or not at all. A *Second* ſort, are thoſe that have ſubjected their Appetite for a Seaſon, but are yet in fear of falling back. A *Third* ſort, are thoſe that are clear of many Vices, but not of all. They are not Covetous, but perhaps they are Cholerick; not Luſtful, but perchance Ambitious; they are firm enough in ſome Caſes, but weak in others: There are many that deſpiſe Death, and yet ſhrink at Pain. There are Diver-

* *Three Degrees of Proficients in Wiſdom.*

Diverſities in Wiſe Men, but no Inequalities; one is more Affable; another more Ready; a third, a better Speaker; but, the Felicity of them all is equal. It is in this, as in heavenly Bodies; there is a *certain* State in Greatneſs.

* *A Wiſe Man in ſome Caſes may need Counſel.*

IN Civil and Domeſtick Affairs a * Wiſe Man may ſtand in need of Counſel, as of a Phyſician, an Advocate, a Sollicitor, but, in greater Matters, the Bleſſing of Wiſe Men reſts in the Joy they take in the Communication of their Virtues. If there were nothing elſe in it, a Man would apply himſelf to Wiſdom, becauſe it ſettles him in a perpetual Tranquillity of Mind.

CHAP. III.

There can be no Happineſs without Virtue.

VIRTUE is that perfect Good which is the Complement of a *Happy Life*; the only immortal thing that belongs to Mortality: It is the Knowledge both of others, and itſelf; it is an invincible Greatneſs of Mind, not to be elevated or dejected, with good or ill Fortune. It is Sociable, and Gentle: Free, Steady, and Fearleſs; Content within itſelf; full of inexhauſtible Delights; and it is valued for itſelf. One may be a good Phyſician, a good Governor, a good Grammarian, without being a good Man; So that all things from without, are only Acceſſaries; for the Seat of it is a Pure and Holy Mind. It conſiſts in a Congruity of Actions; which we can never expect, ſo long as we are diſtracted by our Paſſions. Not but that a Man may be allow'd to change Colour and Countenance, and ſuffer ſuch Impreſſions as are properly a kind of Natural Force upon the Body, and not under the Dominion of the Mind: But, all this while, I will have his Judgment firm, and he ſhall act ſteadily, and boldly, without wavering betwixt the Motions of his Body, and thoſe of his Mind. It is not a thing

thing indifferent, I know, whether a Man lies at Eaſe upon a Bed, or in Torment upon a Wheel: And yet the former may be the worſe of the two, if we ſuffer the latter with Honour, and enjoy the other with Infamy. It is not the *Matter*, but the *Virtue*, that makes the Action *Good* or *Ill*; and, he that is led in Triumph, may be yet Greater than his Conqueror. When we come once to value our Fleſh above our Honeſty, we are loſt: And yet I would not preſs upon Dangers, no not ſo much as upon Inconveniences, unleſs where the Man and the Brute come in competition: And, in ſuch a Caſe, rather than make a Forfeiture of my Credit, my Reaſon, or my Faith, I would run all Extremities. They are great Bleſſings to have tender Parents, Dutiful Children, and to live under a Juſt, and Well-order'd Government. Now, would it not trouble even a Virtuous Man, to ſee his Children Butcher'd before his Eyes, his Father made a Slave, and his Country over-run by a Barbarous Enemy? There is a great Difference betwixt the ſimple Loſs of a Bleſſing, and the Succeeding of a great Miſchief into the place of it over and above. The Loſs of Health is follow'd with Sickneſs; and the Loſs of Sight with Blindneſs; but, this does not hold in the Loſs of Friends and Children, where there is rather ſomething to the contrary to ſupply that Loſs; that is to ſay, *Virtue*, which fills the Mind, and takes away the Deſire of what we have not. What matters it whether the Water be ſtopt, or no, ſo long as the Fountain is ſafe? Is a Man ever the Wiſer for a multitude of Friends, or the more Fooliſh for the Loſs of them? So neither is he the Happier, nor the more Miſerable. Short Life, Grief and Pain, are Acceſſions that have no Effect at all upon Virtue. It conſiſts in the Action, and not in the things we do: In the Choice itſelf, and not in the Subject matter of it. It is not a deſpicable Body, or Condition; not Poverty, Infamy, or Scandal, that can obſcure the Glories of Virtue; but a Man may ſee her through all Oppoſitions, and he that looks diligently into the ſtate of a Wicked Man, will ſee the Canker at his Heart, through all the falſe, and dazzling Splendors of Greatneſs and Fortune. We ſhall then diſcover our *Childiſhneſs*, in

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ſetting our Hearts upon Things Trivial and Contemptible; and in the ſelling of our very Country and Parents for a *Rattle*. And what's the Difference (in Effect) betwixt *Old Men* and *Children*, but that the *One* deals in *Paintings* and *Statues*, and the *Other* in *Babies?* So that we ourſelves are only the more Expenſive Fools.

IF one could but ſee the Mind of a Good Man, as it is illuſtrated with Virtue; the Beauty and the * Majeſty of it, which is a Dignity not ſo much as to be thought of without Love, and Veneration; would not a Man bleſs himſelf at the ſight of ſuch an Object, as at the Encounter of ſome Supernatural Power? A Power ſo Miraculous that it is a kind of Charm upon the Souls of thoſe that are truly affected with it. There is ſo wonderful a Grace, and Authority in it, that even the worſt of Men approve it, and ſet up for the Reputation of being accounted Virtuous themſelves. They covet the Fruit indeed, and the Profit of Wickedneſs, but they hate, and are aſham'd of the Imputation of it. It is by an impreſſion of Nature, that all Men have a Reverence for Virtue: They know it, and they have a Reſpect for it, though they do not Practiſe it: Nay, for the Countenance of their very *Wickedneſs*, they miſcall it *Virtue*. Their Injuries they call Benefits, and expect a Man ſhould thank them for doing him a Miſchief; they cover their moſt notorious Iniquities with a Pretext of Juſtice. He that Robs upon the Highway had rather find his Booty, than force it. Ask any of them that live upon Rapine, Fraud, Oppreſſion, if they had not rather enjoy a Fortune Honeſtly gotten, and their Conſciences will not ſuffer them to deny it. Men are vicious only for the Profit of Villany; for at the ſame time that they commit it, they condemn it. Nay, ſo powerful is Virtue, and ſo Gracious is Providence, that every Man has a Light ſet up within him for a Guide; which we do all of us both See and Acknowledge, though we do not purſue it. This is it that makes the Priſoner upon the Torture happier than the Executioner, and Sickneſs better than Health, if we bear it without yielding or repining: This is that overcomes Ill Fortune, and moderates

* *The Dignity of Virtue.*

rates Good; for it marches betwixt the One, and the Other, with an equal Contempt of Both. It turns (like Fire) all things into itſelf; our Actions, and our Friendſhips are tinctur'd with it; and whatever it touches, becomes Amiable. That which is frail and mortal, riſes, and falls, grows, waſtes, and varies from itſelf; but the ſtate of things Divine is always the ſame: And ſo is Virtue, let the matter be what it will. It is never the worſe for the Difficulty of the Action, nor the better for the Eaſineſs of it. 'Tis the ſame in a Rich Man, as in a Poor; in a Sickly Man, as in a Sound; in a Strong, as in a Weak: The Virtue of the Beſieg'd is as great as that of the Beſiegers. There are ſome Virtues, I confeſs, which a good Man cannot be without, and yet he had rather have no Occaſion to employ them. If there were any Difference, I ſhould preſer the Virtues of Patience before thoſe of Pleaſure; for, it is braver to break through Difficulties, than to temper our Delights. But, though the Subject of Virtue may poſſibly be againſt Nature, as to be burnt, or wounded; yet the Virtue itſelf of *an Invincible Patience* is according to Nature. We may ſeem perhaps to promiſe more than Human Nature is able to perform; but we ſpeak with a Reſpect to the Mind, and not to the Body.

IF a Man does not live up to his own Rules, it is ſomething * yet to have Virtuous Meditations, and Good Purpoſes; even without Acting: It is Generous, the very Adventure of being Good, and the bare Propoſal of an eminent Courſe of Life, though beyond the Force of Human Frailty to accompliſh. There is ſomething of Honour yet in the Miſcarriage; Nay, in the naked Contemplation of it: I would receive my own Death with as little trouble, as I would hear of another Man's; I would bear the ſame Mind, whether I be Rich or Poor, whether I get or loſe in the World; what I have, I will not either ſordidly ſpare, or prodigally ſquander away; and, I will reckon upon Benefits well placed, as the faireſt part of my Poſſeſſion: Not valuing them by Number, or Weight, but by the Profit and Eſteem of the Receiver; accounting myſelf never

* *The good Will is accepted for the Deed.*

never the Poorer for that which I give to a worthy Perſon. What I do, ſhall be done for Conſcience, not Oſtentation. I will Eat and Drink, not to gratify my Palate, or only to fill and empty, but to ſatisfy Nature: I will be Chearful to my Friends, Mild and Placable to my Enemies: I will prevent an honeſt Requeſt, if I can foreſee it, and I will grant it without asking: I will look upon the whole World as my Country, and upon the Gods, both as the Witneſſes and the Judges of my Words and Deeds. I will live and die with this Teſtimony, That I lov'd good Studies, and a good Conſcience; That I never invaded another Man's Liberty, and that I preſerv'd my own. I will govern my Life, and my Thoughts, as if the whole World were to ſee the one, and to read the other; for, *What does it ſignify, to make any thing a Secret to my Neighbour, when to God* (who is the Searcher of our Hearts) *all our Privacies are open?*

VIRTUE is divided into two Parts, * *Contemplation*, and *Action*. The one is deliver'd by Inſtitution, the other by Admonition: One part of Virtue conſiſts in Diſcipline; the other in Exerciſe; for we muſt firſt Learn, and then Practiſe. The ſooner we begin to apply ourſelves to it, and the more haſte we make, the longer ſhall we enjoy the Comforts of a rectified Mind; nay, we have the Fruition of it in the very Act of Forming it; but, it is another ſort of Delight, I muſt confeſs, that ariſes from the Contemplation of a Soul which is advanced into the Poſſeſſion of Wiſdom, and Virtue. If it was ſo great a Comfort to us, to paſs from the Subjection of our Childhood, into a ſtate of Liberty, and Buſineſs; how much greater will it be, when we come to caſt off the Boyiſh Levity of our Minds, and range ourſelves among the Philoſophers? We are paſt our Minority, 'tis true, but not our Indiſcretions; and, which is yet worſe, we have the Authority of Seniors, and the Weakneſſes of Children; (I might have ſaid of Infants, for every little thing frights the one, and every trivial Fancy the other.) Whoever ſtudies this Point well, will find,

* *Virtue is divided into Contemplation and Action.*

find, that many things are the leſs to be fear'd, the more terrible they appear. To think any thing Good that is not Honeſt, were to reproach Providence; for Good Men ſuffer many Inconveniences; But Virtue like the Sun, goes on ſtill with her Work, let the Air be never ſo Cloudy, and finiſhes her Courſe; Extinguiſhing likewiſe all other Splendors, and Oppoſitions; Inſomuch that Calamity is no more to a virtuous Mind, than a Shower into the Sea. That which is Right, is not to be valued by *Quantity*, *Number*, or *Time*; A Life of a Day may be as honeſt, as a Life of an Hundred Years: but yet Virtue in one Man may have a larger Field to ſhew itſelf in, than in another. One Man perhaps may be in a Station to adminiſter unto Cities and Kingdoms; to contrive good Laws, create Friendſhips, and do beneficial Offices to Mankind: 'Tis another Man's Fortune to be ſtraitned by Poverty, or put out of the way by Baniſhment; and yet the latter may be as Virtuous as the former; and may have as great a Mind, as exact a Prudence, as inviolable a Juſtice, and as large a Knowledge of things, both Divine and Human; without which, a Man cannot be happy. For Virtue is open to all; as well to Servants, and Exiles, as to Princes: It is profitable to the World, and to itſelf, at all Diſtances, and in all Conditions; and there is no Difficulty can excuſe a Man from the Exerciſe of it; and it is only to be found in a Wiſe Man, though there may be ſome faint Reſemblances of it in the common People. The *Stoicks* hold all Virtues to be equal; but yet there's great Variety in the Matter they have to work upon, according as it is larger or narrower; Illuſtrious, or leſs Noble; of more or leſs Extent; as all good Men are equal; that is to ſay, as they are Good; but yet one may be Young, another Old; one may be Rich, another Poor; one Eminent, and Powerful, another Unknown, and Obſcure. There are many things which have little or no Grace in themſelves, and yet are made Glorious and Remarkable by Virtue. Nothing can be good which gives neither Greatneſs nor Security to the Mind; but on the contrary, infects it with Inſolence, Arrogance, and Tumour: Nor does Virtue dwell upon the Tip of the Tongue, but

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in the Temple of a Purify'd Heart. He that depends upon any other Good, becomes Covetous of Life, and what belongs to't; which expoſes a Man to Appetites that are vaſt, unlimited and intolerable. Virtue is Free, and Indefatigable, and accompany'd with Concord, and Graceſulneſs: Whereas Pleaſure is mean, ſervile, tranſitory, tireſome, and ſickly, and ſcarcely out-lives the taſting of it: It is the good of the Belly, and not of the Man, and only the Felicity of Brutes. Who does not know, that Fools enjoy their Pleaſures, and that there is great Variety in the Entertainments of Wickedneſs? Nay, the Mind itſelf has its variety of perverſe Pleaſures, as well as the Body; as Inſolence, Self-conceit, Pride, Garrulity, Lazineſs, and the abuſive Wit of turning every thing into *Ridicule*; whereas Virtue weighs all this, and Corrects it. It is the Knowledge both of others, and of itſelf; it is to be learn'd from itſelf; and, the very Will itſelf may be Taught: Which Will cannot be right, unleſs the whole Habit of the Mind be right, from whence the Will comes. It is by the Impulſe of Virtue that we love Virtue, ſo that the very way to Virtue lies by Virtue, which takes in alſo, at a View, the Laws of Human Life.

A Virtuous Life muſt be all of a Piece.

NEITHER are we to value ourſelves upon a Day or an Hour, or any one Action, but upon the whole Habit of the Mind. Some Men do one thing bravely, but not another; they will ſhrink at Infamy, and bear up againſt Poverty: In this Caſe, we commend the Fact, and deſpiſe the Man. The Soul is never in the right Place, 'till it be deliver'd from the Cares of Human Affairs: We muſt labour and climb the Hill, if we will arrive at Virtue, whoſe Seat is upon the Top of it. He that maſters Avarice, and is truly good, ſtands firm againſt Ambition; he looks upon his laſt hour, not as a Puniſhment, but as the Equity of a Common Fate; he that ſubdues his carnal Luſts, ſhall eaſily keep himſelf untainted with any other: So that Reaſon does not Encounter this or that Vice by itſelf, but beats down all at a Blow. What does he care for Ignominy, that only values himſelf upon Conſcience, and

and not Opinion? *Socrates* look'd a Scandalous Death in the Face, with the ſame Conſtancy that he had before practis'd towards the Thirty Tyrants: his Virtue conſecrated the very Dungeon: As *Cato*'s Repulſe was *Cato*'s Honour, and the Reproach of the Government. He that is wiſe, will take delight even in an ill Opinion that is well gotten; 'tis Oſtentation, not Virtue, when a Man will have his good Deeds publiſh'd; and, 'tis not enough to be juſt, where there is Honour to be gotten, but to continue ſo, in Defiance of Infamy and Danger.

But Virtue cannot lie hid, for the time will come, that * ſhall raiſe it again, (even after it is bury'd) and deliver it from the Malignity of the Age that oppreſſed it: Immortal Glory is the Shadow of it, and keeps it Company whether we will or no; but ſometimes the Shadow goes before the Subſtance, and other-whiles it follows it: and the later it comes, the larger it is, when even Envy itſelf ſhall have given way to't. It was a long time that *Democritus* was taken for a Madman, and before *Socrates* had any Eſteem in the World. How long was it before *Cato* could be underſtood? Nay, he was Affronted, Contemn'd and Rejected; and People never knew the Value of him 'till they had loſt him: The Integrity and Courage of mad *Rutilius* had been forgotten, but for his Sufferings. I ſpeak of thoſe that Fortune has made Famous for their Perſecutions: And there are others alſo that the World never took notice of, 'till they were dead; as *Epicurus*, and *Metrodorus*, that were almoſt wholly unknown, even in the Place where they liv'd. Now, as the Body is to be kept in upon the Down-hill, and forc'd Upwards; So there are ſome Virtues that require the Rein, and others the Spur. In *Liberality*, *Temperance*, *Gentleneſs of Nature*, we are to check ourſelves, for fear of falling; but in *Patience*, *Reſolution*, and *Perſeverance*, where we are to mount the Hill, we ſtand in need of Encouragement. Upon this Diviſion of the Matter, I had rather ſteer the ſmoother Courſe, than paſs through the Experiments of Sweat and Blood: I know it is my Duty to be content in all Condi-

* *Virtue can never be ſuppreſſed.*

Conditions; but yet if it were at my Election, I would chuſe the faireſt. When a Man comes once to ſtand in need of Fortune, his Life is Anxious, Suſpicious, Timorous, Dependent upon every Moment, and in fear of all Accidents. How can that Man Reſign himſelf to God, or bear his Lot, whatever it be, without murmuring, and chearfully ſubmit to Providence; that ſhrinks at every Motion of Pleaſure, or Pain? It is Virtue alone that raiſes us above Griefs, Hopes, Fears, and Chances; and makes us not only patient, but willing, as knowing that whatever we ſuffer, is according to the Decree of Heaven. He that is overcome with Pleaſure (ſo contemptible and weak an Enemy) What will become of him when he comes to grapple with Dangers, Neceſſities, Torments, Death, and the Diſſolution of Nature itſelf? Wealth, Honour, and Favour, may come upon a Man by Chance? nay, they may be caſt upon him without ſo much as looking after them; but Virtue is the Work of Induſtry and Labour; and certainly 'tis worth the while to purchaſe that Good which brings all others along with it. A Good Man is happy within himſelf, and Independent upon Fortune: Kind to his Friend; Temperate to his Enemy; Religiouſly Juſt; Indefatigably Laborious; and he diſcharges all Duties with a Conſtancy, and Congruity of Actions.

CHAP. IV.

Philoſophy is the Guide of Life.

IF it be true, That the *Underſtanding*, and the *Will*, are *the two Eminent Faculties* of *the Reaſonable Soul*; it follows neceſſarily, that *Wiſdom* and *Virtue* (which are the beſt Improvements of theſe two Faculties) muſt be the Perfection alſo of our *Reaſonable Being*; and conſequently *the Undeniable Foundation of a happy Life*. There is not any Duty to which Providence has not annex'd a Bleſſing; nor any Inſtitution of Heaven, which,

which, even in this Life, we may not be the better for; not any Temptation, either of Fortune or of Appetite, that is not ſubject to our Reaſon; nor any Paſſion or Affliction, for which Virtue has not provided a Remedy. So that it is our own Fault if we either Fear or Hope for any thing; which two Affections are the Root of all our Miſeries. From this General Proſpect of the *Foundation* of our *Tranquillity*, we ſhall paſs by degrees to a particular Conſideration of the *Means* by which it may be *procur'd*; and of the *Impediments* that *obſtruct* it; beginning with that *Philoſophy*, which principally regards our *Manners*, and inſtructs us in the Meaſures of a Virtuous and Quiet Life.

* *PHILOSOPHY* is divided into *Moral*, *Natural*, and *Rational*: The *Firſt* concerns our *Manners*; the *Second* ſearches the Works of *Nature*; and the *Third* furniſhes us with Propriety of *Words*, and *Arguments*, and the Faculty of *Diſtinguiſhing*, that we may not be impos'd upon with Tricks and Fallacies. The *Cauſes* of things fall under *Natural Philoſophy*; *Arguments*, under *Rational*; and *Actions*, under *Moral*. *Moral Philoſophy* is again divided into Matter of *Juſtice*, which ariſes from the Eſtimation of Things, and of Men; and into *Affections* and *Actions*; and a Failing in any one of theſe, diſorders all the reſt: For what does it profit us to know the true Value of things, if we be tranſported by our Paſſions? Or, to maſter our Appetites, without underſtanding the *when*, the *what*, the *how*, and other Circumſtances of our Proceedings? For, it is one thing to know the Rate, and Dignity of things; and another to know the little Nicks, and Springs of Acting. *Natural Philoſophy* is Converſant about things *Corporeal*, and *Incorporeal*; the Diſquiſition of *Cauſes*, and *Effects*, and the Contemplation of the *Cauſe* of *Cauſes*: *Rational Philoſophy* is divided into *Logick*, and *Rhetorick*; the One looks after *Words*, *Senſe*, and *Order*; the Other treats barely of *Words*, and the *Significations* of them. *Socrates* places all *Philoſophy* in *Morals*; and *Wiſdom*, in the diſtinguiſhing of *Good* and *Evil*. It is the Art and

* *Philoſophy is Moral, Natural, and Rational.*

Law

Law of Life, and it teaches us what to do in all Caſes and like good Markſmen, to hit the White at any Diſtance. The Force of it is incredible; for it gives us, in the Weakneſs of a Man, the Security of a *Spirit*: In Sickneſs it is as good as a Remedy to us; for whatſoever eaſes the Mind, is profitable alſo to the Body. The *Phyſician* may preſcribe Diet, and Exerciſe, and accommodate his Rule and Medicine to the Diſeaſe; but 'tis *Philoſophy* that muſt bring us to a Contempt of Death, which is the Remedy of all Diſeaſes. In Poverty, it gives us Riches, or ſuch a ſtate of Mind, as makes them ſuperfluous to us. It arms us againſt all Difficulties: One Man is preſs'd with Death, another with Poverty; ſome with Envy; others are offended at Providence, and unſatisfy'd with the Condition of Mankind. But *Philoſophy* prompts us to relieve the Priſoner, the Infirm, the Neceſſitous, the Condemn'd; to ſhew the Ignorant their Errors, and rectify their Affections. It makes us Inſpect and Govern our Manners; it rouſes us where we are faint and drouſy; it binds up what is looſe, and humbles in us that which is Contumacious; It delivers the Mind from the Bondage of the Body; and raiſes it up to the Contemplation of its divine Original. Honours, Monuments, and all the Works of Vanity and Ambition are Demoliſh'd and Deſtroyed by Time; but the Reputation of Wiſdom is venerable to Poſterity; and thoſe that were envy'd, or neglected in their Lives, are ador'd in their Memories, and exempted from the very Laws of Created Nature, which has ſet Bounds to all other things. The very Shadow of *Glory* carries a Man of *Honour* upon all Dangers, to the Contempt of Fire and Sword; and it were a Shame, if *Right Reaſon* ſhould not inſpire as generous Reſolutions into a Man of *Virtue*.

* *One Wiſe Man teaches another.*

NEITHER is *Philoſophy* only profitable to the Publick, but * one Wiſe Man helps another, even in the Exerciſe of their Virtues; and, the one has need of the other both for Converſation and Counſel; for they kindle a mutual Emulation in Good Offices. We are not ſo perfect yet, but that many new

new things remain ſtill to be found out, which will give us the reciprocal Advantages of inſtructing one another: For, as one Wicked Man is Contagious to another; and, the more Vices are mingled, the worſe it is: ſo is it on the contrary with good Men, and their Virtues. As Men of Letters are the moſt uſeful, and excellent of Friends; ſo are they the beſt of Subjects; as being better Judges of the Bleſſings they enjoy under a well-order'd Government; and of what they owe to the Magiſtrate for their Freedom, and Protection. They are Men of Sobriety and Learning, and free from boaſting and Inſolence; They reprove the Vice, without reproaching the Perſon; for, they have learned to be Wiſe, without either Pomp, or Envy. That which we ſee in High Mountains, we find in *Philoſophers*; they ſeem taller near hand than at a Diſtance. They are rais'd above other Men, but their Greatneſs is ſubſtantial. Nor do they ſtand upon the Tiptoe, that they may ſeem higher than they are, but content with their own Stature, they reckon themſelves tall enough when Fortune cannot reach them. Their Laws are ſhort, and yet comprehenſive too, for they bind all.

Philoſophy teaches us to live well.

It is the Bounty of *Nature* that we *live*; but of *Philoſophy* that we *live well*; which is, in truth, a greater Benefit than Life itſelf. Not but that *Philoſophy* is alſo the Gift of Heaven, ſo far, as to the Faculty, but not to the Science; for that muſt be the Buſineſs of Induſtry. No Man is born wiſe: but Wiſdom and Virtue require a Tutor; though we can eaſily learn to be Vicious without a Maſter. It is *Philoſophy* that gives us a Veneration for God; a Charity for our Neighbour; that teaches us our Duty to Heaven, and Exhorts us to an Agreement one with another: It unmasks things that are terrible to us, aſſwages our Luſts, refutes our Errors, reſtrains our Luxury, Reproves our Avarice, and works ſtrangely upon tender Natures. I could never hear *Attalus* (ſays *Seneca*) upon the Vices of the Age, and the Errors of Life, without a Compaſſion for Mankind; and in his Diſcourſes upon Poverty, there was ſomething methought that was more

more than Human. *More than we uſe*, ſays he, *is more than we need, and only a Burden to the Bearer.* That Saying of his put me out of Countenance at the Superfluities of my own Fortune. And ſo in his Invectives againſt vain Pleaſures; he did at ſuch a rate advance the Felicities of a Sober Table, a Pure Mind, and a Chaſte Body, that a Man could not hear him without a Love for Continence, and Moderation. Upon theſe Lectures of his, I deny'd myſelf, for a while after, certain Delicacies that I had formerly uſed: but in a ſhort time I fell to them again; though ſo ſparingly, that the Proportion came little ſhort of a Total Abſtinence.

Youth is apt to take good Impreſſions.

Now to ſhew you (ſays our Author) how much earneſter my Entrance upon Philoſophy was than my Progreſs; my Tutor *Sotion* gave me a wonderful Kindneſs for *Pythagoras*; and after him for *Sextius:* The former forbore ſhedding of Blood, upon his *Metempſychoſis*; and put Men in fear of it, leſt they ſhould offer Violence to the Souls of ſome of their departed Friends and Relations. *Whether* (ſays he) *there be a Tranſmigration or not; if it be true, there's no hurt in't; if falſe, there's Frugality: And nothing's gotten by Cruelty neither, but the Cozening a Wolf, perhaps, or a Vulture of a Supper.* Now *Sextius* abſtain'd upon another Account; which was, That *he would not have Men inur'd to hardneſs of Heart, by the Laceration, and Tormenting of Living Creatures; beſide that Nature had ſufficiently provided for the Suſtenance of Mankind, without Blood.* This wrought ſo far upon me, that I gave over eating of Fleſh, and in one Year made it not only eaſy to me but pleaſant; my Mind methought was more at Liberty; (and I am ſtill of the ſame Opinion) but I gave it over nevertheleſs; and the Reaſon was this; It was imputed as a Superſtition to the *Jews*, the Forbearance of ſome ſorts of Fleſh, and my Father brought me back again to my old Cuſtom, that I might not be thought tainted with their Superſtition. Nay, and I had much ado to prevail upon myſelf to ſuffer it too. I make uſe of this Inſtance to ſhew the Aptneſs of Youth to take good Impreſſions,

if

if there be a Friend at hand to preſs them. Philoſophers are the Tutors of Mankind; if they have found out Remedies for the Mind, it muſt be Our part to apply them. I cannot think of *Cato*, *Lelius*, *Socrates*, *Plato*, without Veneration; their very Names are Sacred to me. Philoſophy is the Health of the Mind; let us look to that Health firſt, and in the Second Place to that of the Body, which may be had upon eaſier Terms; for a ſtrong Arm, a robuſt Conſtitution, or the Skill of Procuring this, is not a Philoſopher's Buſineſs. He does ſome things as a *Wiſe Man*, and other things as he is *a Man*; and he may have Strength of Body, as well as of Mind; but if he Runs, or Caſts the Sledge, it were injurious to aſcribe that to his Wiſdom which is common to the greateſt of Fools. He ſtudies rather to fill his Mind, than his Coffers; and he knows that Gold and Silver were mingled with Dirt, 'till Avarice, or Ambition parted them. His Life is Ordinate, Fearleſs, Equal, Secure; he ſtands firm in all Extremities, and bears the Lot of his Humanity with a Divine Temper. There's a great Difference betwixt the Splendor of Philoſophy, and of Fortune; the one ſhines with an Original Light, the other with a borrow'd one; beſide, that it makes us Happy, and Immortal; for Learning ſhall out-live Palaces, and Monuments. The Houſe of a Wiſe Man is ſafe, though narrow; there's neither Noiſe, nor Furniture in it; no Porter at the Door, nor any thing that is either Vendible, or Mercenary, nor any Buſineſs of Fortune; for ſhe has nothing to do, where ſhe has nothing to look after. This is the way to Heaven, which Nature has Chalk'd out, and it is both ſecure and pleaſant; there needs no Train of Servants, no Pomp, or Equipage, to make good our Paſſage; no Mony, or Letters of Credit, for Expences upon the Voyage; but the Graces of an honeſt Mind will ſerve us upon the way, and make us happy at our Journey's end.

TO tell you my Opinion now of *the* * *Liberal Sciences*; I have no great Eſteem for any thing that terminates in Profit, or Mony; and yet I ſhall allow them to be ſo far Beneficial, as they only *prepare* the Underſtanding

* *The Liberal Sciences are matters rather of Curioſity than Virtue.*

without *detaining* it. They are but the Rudiments of Wiſdom; and only then to be learn'd when the Mind is capable of nothing better; and the Knowledge of them is better worth the Keeping than the Acquiring. They do not ſo much as pretend to the making of us Virtuous, but only to give us an Aptitude of Diſpoſition to be ſo. The *Grammarian*'s Buſineſs lies in a *Syntax* of Speech; or if he proceed to *Hiſtory*, or the Meaſuring of a *Verſe*, he is at the end of his Line; but, what ſignifies a Congruity of Periods, the Computing of Syllables, or the Modifying of Numbers, to the Taming of our Paſſions, or the Repreſſing of our Luſts? The *Philoſopher* proves the Body of the Sun to be large, but for the true Dimenſions of it, we muſt ask the *Mathematician*: *Geometry* and *Muſick*, if they do not teach us to maſter our Hopes and Fears, all the reſt is to little purpoſe. What does it concern us, which was the Elder of the two. *Homer* or *Heſiod*; or which was the Taller, *Helen*, or *Hecuba?* We take a great deal of Pains to trace *Ulyſſes* in his Wandrings: But, were it not Time as well ſpent to look to ourſelves, that we may not wander at all? Are not we ourſelves toſs'd with tempeſtuous Paſſions; and both *aſſaulted* by terrible *Monſters* on the one hand, and *tempted* by *Sirens* on the other? Teach me my Duty to my Country, to my Father, to my Wife, to Mankind. What is it to me, whether *Penelope* was *Honeſt* or no? Teach me to know how to be ſo myſelf, and to live according to that Knowledge. What am I the better for putting ſo many parts together in *Muſick*, and raiſing an Harmony out of ſo many different Tones? Teach me to tune my Affections, and to hold conſtant to myſelf. *Geometry* teaches me the Art of *Meaſuring Acres*; teach me to *meaſure my Appetites*, and to know when I have enough: Teach me to divide with my Brother, and to rejoice in the Proſperity of my Neighbour. You teach me how I may hold my own, and keep my Eſtate; but I would rather learn how I may loſe it all, and yet be contented. *'Tis hard*, you'll ſay, *for a Man to be forc'd from the Fortune of his Family.* This Eſtate, 'tis true, was my *Father*'s; but, Whoſe was it in the time of my *Great Grand-Father?*

ther? I do not only ſay, What *Man*'s was it? but, What *Nation*'s? The *Aſtrologer* tells me of *Saturn* and *Mars* in *Oppoſition*, but I ſay, let them be as they will, their Courſes and their Poſitions are order'd them by an Unchangeable Decree of Fate. Either they produce, and point out the Effects of all Things, or elſe they ſignify them: If the former; What are we the better for the Knowledge of that, which muſt of neceſſity come to paſs? If the latter, What does it avail us, to foreſee what we cannot avoid? ſo that whether we know or not know, the Event will ſtill be the ſame.

HE that deſigns the Inſtitution of Human Life ſhould not * be over curious of his Words; It does not ſtand with his Dignity to be ſollicitous about Sounds and Syllables, and to debaſe the Mind of Man with ſmall and trivial Things; placing Wiſdom in Matters that are rather difficult, than great. If it be *Eloquent*, 'tis his *Good Fortune*, not his *Buſineſs*. Subtle Diſputations are only the Sport of Wits, that play upon the Catch; and are fitter to be contemn'd, than reſolv'd. Were not I a Mad man to ſit wrangling about Words, and putting of Nice and Impertinent Queſtions, when the Enemy has already made the Breach, the Town fir'd over my Head, and the Mine ready to play, that ſhall blow me up into the Air? Were this a time for Fooleries? Let me rather fortify myſelf againſt Death, and Inevitable Neceſſities; let me underſtand that the Good of Life does not conſiſt in the Length, or Space, but in the Uſe of it. When I go to *Sleep*, who knows whether ever I ſhall *Wake* again? And when I *Wake*, whether ever I ſhall *Sleep* again? When I go *abroad*, whether ever I ſhall come *home* again? and when I *return*, whether ever I ſhall go *abroad* again? It is not at Sea only, that Life and Death are within a few Inches one of another; but they are as near every where elſe too, only we do not take ſo much Notice of it. What have we to do with Frivolous and Captious Queſtions, and Impertinent Niceties? Let us rather Study how to deliver ourſelves from Sadneſs, Fear, and the Burden of all our Secret Luſts: Let us paſs over all our moſt ſolemn Levi-

* *'Tis not for the dignity of a Philoſopher to be curious about Words.*

ties, and make haſte to a good Life, which is a thing that preſſes us. Shall a Man that goes for a Midwife, ſtand gaping upon a Poſt, to ſee *What Play to-day?* or when his Houſe is on Fire, ſtay the Curling of a Periwig before he calls for Help? Our Houſes are on Fire, our Country Invaded, our Goods taken away, our Children in danger, and I might add to theſe, the Calamities of Earthquakes, Shipwrecks, and whatever elſe is moſt terrible. Is this a time for us now to be playing faſt and looſe with idle Queſtions, which are, in effect, but ſo many unprofitable Riddles? Our Duty is, the Cure of the Mind, rather than the Delight on't; but we have only the Words of Wiſdom, without the Works; and turn Philoſophy into a Pleaſure, that was given for a Remedy. What can be more ridiculous, than for a Man to *Neglect* his *Manners*, and *Compoſe* his *Style?* We are Sick and Ulcerous, and muſt be Lanc'd and Scarify'd, and every Man has as much Buſineſs within himſelf, as a Phyſician in a Common Peſtilence. *Misfortunes*, in fine, *cannot be avoided; but they may be ſweetned, if not overcome: and our Lives may be made happy by Philoſophy.*

CHAP. V.

The Force of Precepts.

THERE ſeems to be ſo near an Affinity betwixt *Wiſdom*, *Philoſophy*, and *Good Counſels*, that it is rather Matter of Curioſity, than of Profit, to divide them; *Philoſophy* being only a *Limited Wiſdom*; and, *Good Counſels*, *a Communication of that Wiſdom*, for the Good of *Others*, as well as of our *Selves*; and to *Poſterity*, as well as to the *Preſent*. The *Wiſdom* of the *Ancients*, as to the Government of Life, was no more, than certain Precepts, what to do, and what not; and Men were much better in that Simplicity; for as they came to be more *Learned*, they grew leſs careful of being

being *Good*. That *Plain* and *Open Virtue*, is now turn'd into a *Dark*, and *Intricate Science*; and we are taught to *Diſpute*, rather than to *Live*. So long as Wickedneſs was ſimple, ſimple Remedies alſo were ſufficient againſt it; But now, it has taken Root, and ſpread, we muſt make uſe of ſtronger.

THERE are ſome Diſpoſitions that embrace Good Things as * ſoon as they hear them; but they will ſtill need quickening by Admonition, and Precept. We are Raſh and Forward in ſome Caſes, and Dull in others: And there is no Repreſſing of the One Humour, or Raiſing of the Other, but by removing the Cauſes of them; which are (in one word) *Falſe Admiration*, and *Falſe Fear*. Every Man knows his Duty to his Country, to his Friends, to his Gueſts; and yet when he is call'd upon to draw his Sword for the One, or to Labour for the Other, he finds himſelf diſtracted betwixt his Apprehenſions, and his Delights: He knows well enough the Injury he does his Wife, in the keeping of a Wench; and yet his Luſt over-rules him: So that 'tis not enough to Give Good Advice, unleſs we can Take away that which hinders the Benefit of it. If a Man does what he ought to do, he'll never do it Conſtantly, or Equally, without knowing why he does it. And if it be only Chance, or Cuſtom, he that does Well by Chance, may do Ill ſo too. And farther, a Precept may direct us what we ought to do, and yet fall ſhort in the Manner of doing it. An Expenſive Entertainment may, in One Caſe, be Extravagance, or Gluttony; and yet a Point of Honour, and Diſcretion in Another. *Tiberius Cæſar* had a huge *Mullet* preſented him, which he ſent to the Market to be ſold: *And now* (ſays he) *my Maſters*, (to ſome Company with him) *you ſhall ſee, that either* Apricius *or* Octavius, *will be the Chapman for this Fiſh: Octavius* beat the Price, and gave about 30 *l.* Sterling for't. Now there was a great Difference between *Octavius*, that bought it for his Luxury, and the *Other* that purchas'd it for a *Compliment* to *Tiberius*. Precepts are idle, if

* *The beſt of us are yet the better for Admonition and Precept.*

we be not firſt taught what Opinion we are to have of the Matter in Queſtion; Whether it be *Poverty*, *Riches*, *Diſgrace*, *Sickneſs*, *Baniſhment*, &c. Let us therefore examine them one by one; not what they are *Call'd*, but what in Truth they *Are*. And ſo for the *Virtues*: 'Tis to no Purpoſe to ſet a high Eſteem upon *Prudence*, *Fortitude*, *Temperance*, *Juſtice*; if we do not firſt know what *Virtue is*: whether *One* or *More*; or if he that has *One*, has *All*; or *how they differ*.

* *The Power of Precepts and Sentences.*

Precepts are of great Weight; and a few * Uſeful ones at hand, do more toward a Happy Life, than whole Volumes of Cautions, that we know not where to find. Theſe Solitary Precepts ſhould be our daily Meditation, for they are the Rules by which we ought to ſquare our Lives. When they are contracted into *Sentences*, they ſtrike the *Affections*; whereas *Admonition* is only *blowing of the Coal*; it moves the Vigour of the Mind, and excites Virtue: We have the Thing already, but we know not where it lies. It is by Precepts, that the Underſtanding is Nouriſh'd, and Augmented; the Offices of Prudence, and Juſtice, are Guided by them, and they lead us to the Execution of our Duties. A *Precept* deliver'd in *Verſe*, has a much greater Effect, than in *Proſe*; and thoſe very People that never think they have enough, let them but hear a ſharp Sentence againſt *Avarice*; how will they clap and admire it, and bid open Defiance to Mony? So ſoon as we find the Affections ſtruck, we muſt follow the Blow: not with *Syllogiſms*, or Quirks of *Wit*; but, with *plain* and *weighty Reaſon*: and we muſt do it with *Kindneſs* too, and *Reſpect*: for, *there goes a Bleſſing along with Counſels, and Diſcourſes, that are bent wholly upon the Good of the Hearer*: And thoſe are ſtill the moſt Efficacious, that take Reaſon along with them, and tell us as well *why* we are to do this or that, as *what* we are to do. For, ſome Underſtandings are weak, and need an Inſtructor to expound to them what is Good, and what is Evil. It is a great Virtue to *Love*, *to Give*, and *to follow good Counſel*; if it does not *lead* us to Honeſty, it does

at

at leaſt *prompt* us to't. As ſeveral Parts make up but one Harmony, and the moſt agreeable Muſick ariſes from Diſcords; ſo ſhould a Wiſe Man gather many Acts, many Precepts, and the Examples of many Arts, to inform his own Life. Our Forefathers have left us in Charge to avoid three things; *Hatred*, *Envy*, and *Contempt*; now it is hard to avoid *Envy*, and not incur *Contempt*; for, in taking too much Care not to uſurp upon others, we become many times liable to be trampled upon ourſelves. Some People are afraid of others, becauſe 'tis poſſible that others may be afraid of them: but let us ſecure ourſelves on all hands: For *Flattery* is as dangerous as *Contempt*. 'Tis not to ſay, in Caſe of *Admonition*, *I knew this before*: For, we know many things, but we do not think of them; ſo that 'tis the part of a *Monitor* not ſo much to *Teach*, as to *Mind* us of our Duties. Sometimes a Man overſees that which lies juſt under his Noſe; otherwhile he is Careleſs, or *pretends* not to ſee it: We do all know, that Friendſhip is Sacred, and yet we Violate it; and the greateſt Libertine expects that his own Wife ſhould be honeſt.

GOOD * *Counſel* is the moſt needful Service that we can do to Mankind, and if we give it to *many*, it will be ſure to profit *ſome*: For, of many Trials, ſome or other will undoubtedly ſucceed. He that places a Man in the Poſſeſſion of himſelf, does a great Thing; for Wiſdom does not ſhew itſelf ſo much in Precept, as in Life; in a Firmneſs of Mind, and a Maſtery of Appetite: It teaches us to *Do*, as well as to *Talk*; and to make our Words and Actions all of a Colour. If that Fruit be pleaſanteſt which we gather from a Tree of our own Planting, How much greater Delight ſhall we take in the Growth and Increaſe of Good Manners of our own Forming? It is an Eminent Mark of Wiſdom for a Man to be always like himſelf. You ſhall have ſome that keep a thrifty Table, and laſh out upon Building; Profuſe upon themſelves, and Sordid to others; Niggardly at Home, and laviſh Abroad. This Diverſity is Vicious,

* *Good Counſel is the beſt Service we can do to Mankind.*

and the Effect of a Diſſatisfied, and Uneaſy Mind; whereas every Wiſe Man lives by Rule. This Diſagreement of Purpoſes, ariſes from hence, either that we do not propound to ourſelves what we would be at: or if we do, that we do not purſue it, but paſs from one Thing to another: and we do not only *change* neither, but return to the very Thing which we had both quitted, and condemn'd.

* *Three Points to be examined in all our Undertakings.*

IN all our * Undertakings, let us firſt examine our own Strength; the Enterprize next; and Thirdly, the Perſons with whom we have to do. The firſt Point is moſt Important; for, we are apt to over-value ourſelves, and reckon that we can do more than indeed we can. One Man ſets up for a Speaker, and is out, as ſoon as he opens his Mouth; another over-charges his Eſtate perhaps, or his Body: A Baſhful Man is not fit for Publick Buſineſs: ſome again are too Stiff, and Peremptory for the Court: Many People are apt to fly out in their Anger; nay, and in a Frolick too, if any ſharp Thing fall in their way, they'll rather venture a Neck, than loſe a Jeſt. Theſe People had better be quiet in the World, than buſy. Let him that is naturally Cholerick, and Impatient, avoid all Provocations, and thoſe Affairs alſo, that multiply and draw on more; and thoſe alſo from which there is no Retreat. When we may come off at Pleaſure, and fairly hope to bring our Matters to a Period, 'tis well enough. If it ſo happen, that a Man be ty'd up to Buſineſs, which he can neither looſen, nor break off; let him imagine thoſe Shackles upon his Mind to be Irons upon his Legs: They are Troubleſome at firſt, but when there's no Remedy but Patience, Cuſtom makes them eaſy to us, and Neceſſity gives us Courage. We are all Slaves to Fortune; ſome only in looſe and Golden Chains, others in ſtrait ones, and Coarſer: Nay, and *they that bind us, are Slaves too themſelves*; ſome to Honour, others to Wealth; ſome to Offices, others to Contempt; ſome to their Superiors, others to themſelves: Nay, Life itſelf is a Servitude: Let us make the beſt on't then, and with

with our Philoſophy mend our Fortune. Difficulties may be ſoftned, and heavy Burdens Diſpos'd of to our Eaſe. Let us Covet nothing out of our Reach, but content ourſelves with things hopeful, and at hand; and without Envying the Advantages of others: For Greatneſs ſtands upon a Craggy Precipice; and 'tis much Safer and Quieter living upon a Level. How many Great Men are forc'd to keep their Station upon mere Neceſſity; becauſe they find there's no coming down from it but headlong? Theſe Men ſhould do well to fortify themſelves againſt ill Conſequences, by ſuch Virtues and Meditations, as may make them leſs ſollicitous for the future. The ſureſt Expedient in this Caſe is to bound our Deſires, and to leave nothing to Fortune which we may keep in our own Power. Neither will this Courſe wholly compoſe us, but it ſhews us, at worſt, the End of our Troubles.

IT is a main Point to take Care that we propoſe * nothing but what is Hopeful, and Honeſt. For it will be equally troubleſome to us, either not to ſucceed, or to be aſham'd of the Succeſs. Wherefore, Let us be ſure not to admit any Ill Deſign into our Heart; that we may lift up pure Hands to Heaven, and ask nothing which another ſhall be a Loſer by. Let us pray for a Good Mind, which is a Wiſh to no Man's Injury. I will remember always that I am a Man, and then conſider, that if I am *Happy*, it will not laſt *Always*; if *Unhappy*, I may be *other* if I pleaſe. I will carry my Life in my Hand, and deliver it up readily when it ſhall be call'd for. I will have a care of being a Slave to myſelf, for it is a Perpetual, a Shameful, and the heavieſt of all Servitudes; and, this may be done by moderate Deſires. I will ſay to myſelf, *What is it that I Labour, Sweat, and Sollicit for, when it is but very little that I want, and it will not be long that I ſhall need any thing?* He that would make a Trial of the Firmneſs of his Mind, let him ſet certain Days apart for the practice of his Virtues. Let him Mortify himſelf with Faſting, coarſe Cloaths, and hard Lodging; and then ſay to himſelf, *Is*

* *Propoſe nothing but what is Hopeful and Honeſt.*

this the thing now that I was afraid of? In a State of Security a Man may thus prepare himſelf againſt Hazards, and in Plenty fortify himſelf againſt Want. If you will have a Man reſolute when he comes to the Puſh, train him up to't before-hand. The Soldier does Duty in Peace, that he may be in Breath when he comes to Battle. How many Great and Wiſe Men have made Experiment of their Moderation by a Practice of Abſtinence, to the higheſt Degree of Hunger and Thirſt; and convinced themſelves, that a Man may fill his Belly, without being beholden to Fortune; which never denies any of us wherewith to ſatisfy our Neceſſities, though ſhe be never ſo Angry? It is as eaſy to *ſuffer* it *always*, as to *try* it *once*; and it is no more than Thouſands of Servants and poor People do every Day of their Lives. He that would live happily, muſt neither truſt to Good Fortune, nor ſubmit to Bad: He muſt ſtand upon his Guard againſt all Aſſaults: He muſt ſtick to himſelf, without any Dependence upon other People. Where the Mind is tinctur'd with Philoſophy, there's no Place for Grief, Anxiety, or Superfluous Vexations. It is prepoſſeſſed with Virtue, to the Neglect of Fortune, which brings us to a Degree of Security not to be diſturb'd. 'Tis eaſier to give Counſel than to take it; and a common thing for one Cholerick Man to condemn another. We may be ſometimes earneſt in Adviſing, but not Violent, or Tedious. Few Words with Gentleneſs and Efficacy are beſt: The Miſery is, that the Wiſe do not need Counſel, and Fools will not take it. A good Man, 'tis true, delights in it: and it is a Mark of Folly, and ill Nature, to hate Reproof. To a Friend I would be always Frank and Plain; and rather fail in the Succeſs, than be wanting in the Matter of Faith and Truſt. There are ſome Precepts that ſerve in common, both to the Rich, and Poor, but they are too general; as, *Cure your Avarice, and the work is done.* It is one thing not to deſire Mony, and another thing not to underſtand how to uſe it. In the Choice of the Perſons we have to do withal, we ſhould ſee that they be worth our while; In the Choice of our Buſineſs we are to conſult Nature, and follow our Inclinations.

nations. He that gives ſober Advice to a Witty Droll, muſt look to have every thing turn'd into Ridicule. *As if you Philoſophers* (ſays *Marcellinus*) *did not love your Whores, and your Guts, as well as other People*; and then he tells you of ſuch and ſuch that were taken in the Manner. We are all ſick, I muſt Confeſs, and it is not for Sick Men to play the Phyſicians; but it is yet lawful for a Man in an Hoſpital to diſcourſe of the common Condition, and Diſtempers of the Place. He that ſhould pretend to teach a mad Man how to Speak, Walk, and Behave himſelf, were not he the madder Man of the two? He that directs the Pilot, makes him move the Helm, order the Sails ſo or ſo, and make the beſt of a ſcant Wind, after this or that manner. And ſo ſhould we do in our Counſels. Do not tell me what a Man ſhould do in Health, or Poverty; but ſhew me the way to be either Sound or Rich. Teach me to Maſter my Vices: For, 'tis to no purpoſe, ſo long as I am under their Government, to tell me, what I muſt do when I am clear of it. In caſe of an Avarice a little eas'd, a Luxury moderated, a Temerity reſtrain'd, a ſluggiſh Humour quicken'd; Precepts will then help us forward, and tutor us how to behave ourſelves. It is the firſt, and the main Tie of a Soldier, his Military Oath, which is an Engagement upon him both of Religion and Honour. In like manner, he that pretends to a Happy Life, muſt firſt lay a Foundation of Virtue, as a Bond upon him, to Live and Die true to that Cauſe. We do not find Felicity in the Veins of the Earth, where we dig for Gold: nor in the Bottom of the Sea, where we fiſh for Pearl; but in a pure and untainted Mind, which, if it were not Holy, were not fit to entertain the Deity. *He that would be truly Happy, muſt think his own Lot beſt, and ſo live with Men, as conſidering that God ſees him, and ſo ſpeak to God, as if Men heard him.*

CHAP. VI.

No Felicity like Peace of Conſcience.

A *GOOD Conſcience is the Teſtimony of a Good Life, and the Reward of it.* This is it that fortifies the Mind againſt Fortune, when a Man has gotten the Maſtery of his Paſſions; placed his Treaſure, and his Security within himſelf; learned to be content with his Condition; and that Death is no Evil in itſelf, but only the End of Man. He that has dedicated his Mind to Virtue, and to the Good of Human Society, whereof he is a Member, has conſummated all that is either Profitable or Neceſſary for him to Know, or Do, toward the Eſtabliſhment of his Peace. Every Man has a Judge, and a Witneſs within himſelf, of all the Good, and Ill that he Does; which inſpires us with great Thoughts, and adminiſters to us wholſom Counſels. We have a Veneration for all the Works of Nature, the Heads of Rivers, and the Springs of Medicinal Waters: the Horrors of Groves, and of Caves, ſtrike us with an Impreſſion of Religion and Worſhip. To ſee a Man fearleſs in Dangers, Untainted with Luſts, Happy in Adverſity, Compos'd in a Tumult, and Laughing at all thoſe Things which are generally either Coveted or Feared; all Men muſt acknowledge, that this can be nothing elſe but a Beam of Divinity that Influences a Mortal Body. And this is it that carries us to the Diſquiſition of Things Divine, and Human; what the State of the World was before the Diſtribution of the Firſt Matter into Parts; what Power it was that drew Order out of that Confuſion, and gave Laws both to the whole, and to every Particle thereof; what that Space is beyond the World; and whence proceed the ſeveral Operations of Nature. Shall any Man ſee the Glory and Order of the Univerſe; ſo many ſcatter'd Parts, and Qualities wrought into one Maſs; ſuch a Medley of Things, which are yet diſtinguiſh'd; the World

World enlighten'd, and the Diſorders of it ſo wonderfully Regulated; and, ſhall he not conſider the Author, and Diſpoſer of all this; and, whither we ourſelves ſhall go, when our Souls ſhall be deliver'd from the Slavery of our Fleſh? The whole Creation, we ſee, conforms to the Dictates of Providence, and follows God both as a Governor and as a Guide. A Great, a Good, and a Right Mind, is a kind of Divinity lodg'd in Fleſh, and may be the Bleſſing of a Slave, as well as of a Prince; it came from Heaven, and to Heaven it muſt return; and it is a kind of Heavenly Felicity, which a pure and virtuous Mind enjoys, in ſome Degree, even upon Earth: Whereas Temples of Honour are but empty Names, which probably owe their Beginning either to Ambition, or to Violence. I am ſtrangely tranſported with the Thoughts of Eternity; Nay, with the Belief of it; for I have a profound Veneration for the Opinions of Great Men, eſpecially when they promiſe Things ſo much to my Satisfaction: for they do Promiſe them, though they do not Prove them. In the Queſtion of the Immortality of the Soul, it goes very far with me, a General Conſent to the Opinion of a Future Reward, and Puniſhment; which Meditation raiſes me to the Contempt of this Life, in hopes of a Better. But ſtill, though we know that we have a Soul; yet, What the Soul is, How, and from Whence, we are utterly ignorant: This only we underſtand, that all the Good and Ill we do, is under the Dominion of the Mind; that a Clear Conſcience ſtates us in an inviolable Peace: And, that the greateſt Bleſſing in Nature, is that, which every honeſt Man may beſtow upon himſelf. The Body is but the Clog and Priſoner of the Mind; toſſed up and down, and perſecuted with Puniſhments, Violences, and Diſeaſes; but the Mind itſelf is Sacred, and Eternal, and exempt from the Danger of all Actual Impreſſion.

* *Every Man's Conſcience is his Judge.*

* PROVIDED that we look to our Conſciences, no matter for Opinion: Let me deſerve Well, though I hear Ill. The Common People take Stomach, and Audacity, for the Marks

of

of Magnanimity, and Honour; and, if a Man be Soft, and Modeſt, they look upon him as an eaſy Fop; but when they come once to obſerve the Dignity of his Mind, in the Equality and Firmneſs of his Actions; and that his External Quiet is founded upon an Internal Peace, the very ſame People have him in Eſteem and Admiration. For, there is no Man but approves of Virtue, though but few Purſue it; we ſee where it is, but we dare not venture to come at it: And the Reaſon is, we over-value that which we muſt quit to obtain it. A Good Conſcience fears no Witneſſes, but a guilty Conſcience is ſollicitous, even in Solitude. If we do nothing but what is Honeſt, let all the World know it; but if otherwiſe, what does it ſignify to have no body elſe know it, ſo long as I know it myſelf? Miſerable is he that ſlights that Witneſs! Wickedneſs, 'tis true, may 'ſcape the Law, but not the Conſcience: For a Private Conviction is the firſt, and the greateſt Puniſhment of Offenders; ſo that Sin plagues itſelf; and the Fear of Vengeance purſues even thoſe that 'ſcape the Stroke of it. It were ill for good Men that Iniquity may ſo eaſily evade the Law, the Judge and the Execution, if Nature had not ſet up Torments and Gibbets, in the Conſciences of Tranſgreſſors. He that is Guilty, lives in perpetual Terror; and while he expects to be puniſhed, he puniſhes himſelf; and, whoſoever Deſerves it, Expects it. What if he be not Detected? He is ſtill in Apprehenſion yet, that he may be ſo. His Sleeps are Painful, and never Secure; and he cannot ſpeak of another Man's Wickedneſs, without thinking of his own; whereas a good Conſcience is a continual Feaſt. Thoſe are the only Certain, and Profitable Delights, which ariſe from the Conſcience of a well-acted Life: No matter for Noiſe Abroad, ſo long as we are Quiet within: but if our Paſſions be Seditious, that's enough to keep us Waking, without any other Tumult. It is not the Poſture of the Body, or the Compoſure of the Bed, that will give Reſt to an Uneaſy Mind: There is an impatient Sloth, that may be rouz'd by Action, and the Vices of Lazineſs muſt be cured by Buſineſs. True Happineſs is not to be found in Exceſſes of Wine, or of Women,

Women, nor in the Largeſt Prodigalities of Fortune: What ſhe has given me, ſhe may take away; but ſhe ſhall not tear it from me; and, ſo long as it does not grow to me, I can part with it without Pain. He that would perfectly know himſelf, let him ſet aſide his Mony, his Fortune, his Dignity, and examine himſelf Naked; without being put to learn from others the Knowledge of himſelf.

IT is dangerous for a Man too ſuddenly or too eaſily to believe himſelf. Wherefore let us * Examine, Watch, Obſerve, and Inſpect our own Hearts; for, we ourſelves are our own greateſt Flatterers: We ſhould every Night call ourſelves to an Account, *What Infirmity have I Maſter'd to-day? What Paſſion oppos'd? What Temptation Reſiſted? What Virtue Acquired?* Our Vices will abate of themſelves, if they be brought every Day to the Shrift. Oh the Bleſſed Sleep that follows ſuch a Diary! Oh the Tranquillity, Liberty, and Greatneſs of that Mind, that is a Spy upon itſelf; and a private Cenſor of its own Manners! It is my Cuſtom (ſays our Author) every Night, ſo ſoon as the Candle is out, to run over all the Words and Actions of the paſt Day; and I let nothing 'ſcape me; for, Why ſhould I fear the Sight of my own Errors, when I can Admoniſh, and Forgive myſelf? *I was a little too hot in ſuch a Diſpute: my Opinion might have been as well ſpared, for it gave Offence, and did no good at all. The Thing was true; but all Truths are not to be ſpoken at all Times; I would I had held my Tongue, for there is no contending either with Fools, or our Superiors. I have done Ill; but it ſhall be ſo no more.* If every Man would but thus look into himſelf, it would be the better for us all. What can be more reaſonable than this daily Review of a Life that we cannot warrant for a Moment? Our Fate is ſet, and the firſt Breath we draw, is only the firſt Motion toward our laſt: One Cauſe depends upon another; and the Courſe of all Things, Publick and Private, is but a long Connexion of Providential Appointments. There is a great Variety in our Lives, but all tends to the ſame

* *Let every Man Examine himſelf.*

ſame Iſſue. *Nature* may uſe her own Bodies as ſhe pleaſes; but a good Man has this Conſolation, that nothing periſhes which he can call his own. 'Tis a great Comfort that we are only condemn'd to the ſame Fate with the Univerſe; the Heavens themſelves are mortal as well as our Bodies; Nature has made us Paſſive, and to ſuffer is our Lot. While we are in Fleſh, every Man has his Chain, and his Clog, only it is looſer, and lighter to one Man than to another; and he is more at eaſe that takes it up, and carries it, than he that drags it. We are born to Loſe, and to Periſh; to Hope and to Fear; to vex our Selves and Others; and there is no Antidote againſt a Common Calamity, but Virtue; for *the Foundation of true Joy is in the Conſcience.*

CHAP. VII.

A Good Man can never be Miſerable, nor a Wicked Man Happy.

THERE is not in the Scale of Nature a more Inſeparable Connexion of Cauſe and Effect, than in the Caſe of Happineſs and Virtue: Nor any thing that more naturally produces the one, or more neceſſarily preſuppoſes the other. For, What is it to be happy, but for a Man to content himſelf with his Lot, in a cheerful and quiet Reſignation to the Appointments of God? All the Actions of our Lives ought to be govern'd with a Reſpect to Good and Evil: And it is only Reaſon that diſtinguiſhes: by which Reaſon we are in ſuch manner influenced, as if a Ray of the Divinity were dipt in a mortal Body; and that's the Perfection of Mankind. 'Tis true, we have not the Eyes of Eagles, or the Sagacity of Hounds; Nor if we had, could we pretend to value ourſelves upon any thing which we have in Common with Brutes. What are we the better for that which is Foreign to us, and may be given, and taken away? As the Beams of the Sun irradiate the Earth, and yet

yet remain where they were; ſo is it in ſome Proportion with an Holy Mind, that illuſtrates all our Actions, and yet adheres to its Original. Why do we not as well commend a Horſe for his Glorious Trappings, as a Man for his Pompous Additions? how much a braver Creature is a Lion (which by Nature ought to be Fierce and Terrible) how much braver (I ſay) in his Natural Horror, than in his Chains? ſo that every thing in its pure Nature pleaſes us beſt. It is not Health, Nobility, Riches, that can juſtify a Wicked Man; nor is it the Want of all theſe that can diſcredit a Good one. That's the Sovereign Bleſſing, which makes the Poſſeſſor of it valuable without any thing elſe, and him that wants it Contemptible, though he had all the World beſides. 'Tis not the Painting, Gilding, or Carving, that makes a good Ship; but if ſhe be a nimble Sailer, Tight and Strong, to endure the Seas, that's her Excellency. 'Tis the Edge, and Temper of the Blade, that makes a good Sword; not the Richneſs of the Scabbard: and ſo 'tis not Mony, or Poſſeſſions, that make a Man Conſiderable, but his Virtue.

* *A Good Man makes himſelf profitable to Mankind.*

* IT is every Man's Duty to make himſelf Profitable to Mankind: If he can, to Many; If not, to Fewer: If not ſo neither, to his Neighbours; but however to Himſelf. There are two Republicks, a Great one, which is Human Nature; and a Leſs, which is the Place where we were Born: Some ſerve Both at a time; ſome only the Greater, and ſome again only the Leſs: The Greater may be ſerv'd in Privacy, Solitude, Contemplation, and perchance that way better than any other; but, it was the Intent of Nature, however, that we ſhould ſerve Both. A good Man may ſerve the Publick, his Friend, and Himſelf, in any Station: If he be not for the Sword, let him take the Gown; If the Bar does not agree with him, let him try the Pulpit; if he be Silenced Abroad, let him give Counſel at Home; and diſcharge the part of a Faithful Friend, and a Temperate Companion. When he is no longer a Citizen, he is yet a Man; but the whole World is his Country, and Human Nature never

never wants Matter to work upon: But, if nothing will ſerve a Man in the *Civil Government*, unleſs he be *Prime Miniſter*; or in the *Field*, but *to Command in Chief*, 'tis his own Fault. The Common Soldier, where he cannot uſe his Hands, fights with his Looks, his Example, his Encouragement, his Voice; and ſtands his Ground even when he has loſt his Hands; and does Service too with his very Clamour: ſo that in any Condition whatſoever, he ſtill diſcharges the Duty of a good Patriot. Nay, he that ſpends his Time well, even in a Retirement, gives a great Example. We may enlarge indeed, or contract, according to the Circumſtances of Time, Place, or Abilities, but above all things we muſt be ſure to keep ourſelves in Action; For, he that is ſlothful, is dead even while he lives. Was there ever any State ſo deſperate, as that of *Athens* under the *Thirty Tyrants*; where it was Capital to be Honeſt; and the Senate-houſe was turn'd into a College of Hangmen? never was any Government ſo wretched, and ſo hopeleſs: and yet *Socrates* at the ſame time preach'd *Temperance* to the *Tyrants*, and *Courage* to the *Reſt:* and afterwards dy'd an Eminent Example of Faith, and Reſolution, and a Sacrifice for the Common Good.

* *The Injuries of Fortune do not affect the Mind.*

IT is not for a Wiſe Man to ſtand * ſhifting, and fencing with Fortune, but to oppoſe her bare-fac'd; for, he is ſufficiently convinc'd, that ſhe can do him no hurt. She may take away his Servants, Poſſeſſions, Dignity; aſſault his Body, put out his Eyes, cut off his Hands, and ſtrip him of all the External Comforts of Life. But what does all this amount to, more than the recalling of a Truſt, which he has receiv'd, with Condition to deliver it up again upon Demand? He looks upon himſelf as precarious, and only lent to himſelf, and yet he does not value himſelf ever the leſs, becauſe he is not his own, but takes ſuch care as an honeſt Man ſhould do, of a thing that is committed to him in Truſt. Whenſoever he that lent me myſelf, and what I have, ſhall call for all back again, 'tis not a Loſs, but a Reſtitution; and I muſt willingly deliver up what moſt undeſervedly was beſtow'd upon me.

me. And it will become me to return my Mind better than I receiv'd it.

* *DEMETRIUS*, upon the taking of *Megara*, asked *Stilpo* the Philoſopher what he had loſt. *Nothing*, ſays he, *for I had all that I could call my own about me.* And yet the Enemy had then made himſelf Maſter of his Patrimony, his Children, and his Country: But theſe he look'd upon only as adventitious Goods, and under the Command of Fortune: Now he that neither loſt any thing, nor fear'd any thing in a publick Ruin, but was Safe, and at Peace, in the middle of the Flames, and in the Heat of a Military Intemperance and Fury; What Violence, or Provocation imaginable, can put ſuch a Man as this out of the Poſſeſſion of himſelf? Walls and Caſtles may be Min'd and Batter'd; but there is no Art, or Engine, that can ſubvert a ſteady Mind. *I have made my way* (ſays *Stilpo*) *through Fire and Blood; what is become of my Children, I know not; but theſe are Tranſitory Bleſſings, and Servants that are condemn'd to change their Maſters; what was my own before, is my own ſtill: Some have loſt their Eſtates; others their dear-bought Miſtreſſes; their Commiſſions, and Offices; the Uſurers have loſt the Bonds and Securities; but,* Demetrius, *for my part, I have ſav'd All: and do not imagine, after all this, either that* Demetrius *is a Conqueror, or that* Stilpo *is overcome: 'tis only thy Fortune has been too hard for mine. Alexander* took *Babylon*; *Scipio* took *Carthage*; the *Capitol* was *Burnt:* But, there's no Fire, or Violence, that can diſcompoſe a Generous Mind. And let us not take this Character neither for a *Chimæra*; for all Ages afford ſome, though not many Inſtances of this Elevated Virtue. A good Man does his Duty, let it be never ſo painful, ſo hazardous, or never ſo great a Loſs to him; and it is not all the Mony, the Power, and the Pleaſure in the World; no not any Force, or Neceſſity, that can make him Wicked: He conſiders what he is to Do, not what he is to Suffer, and will keep on his Courſe, tho' there ſhould be nothing but Gibbets and Torments in the way. And in this Inſtance of *Stilpo*; who, when he had

* *A Generous Inſtance of a conſtant Mind.*

had loſt his Country, his Wife, his Children, the Town on Fire over his Head, himſelf 'ſcaping very hardly, and naked out of the Flames; *I have ſav'd all my Goods*, (ſays he) *my Juſtice, my Courage, my Temperance, my Prudence*; accounting nothing his own, or valuable; and ſhewing how much eaſier it was to overcome a Nation than one Wiſe Man. It is a certain mark of a brave Mind, not to be moved by any Accidents: The upper Region of the Air, admits neither Clouds, nor Tempeſts; The Thunder, Storms, and Meteors, are form'd Below; and this is a Difference betwixt a mean, and an exalted Mind: the former is Rude, and Tumultuary; the latter is Modeſt, Venerable, Compos'd, and always Quiet in its Station. In Brief, it is the Conſcience that pronounces upon the Man, whether he be happy, or miſerable. But, tho' Sacrilege and Adultery be generally condemn'd, how many are there ſtill that do not ſo much as Bluſh at the one, and in truth, that take a Glory in the other? For, nothing is more Common than for Great Thieves to ride in Triumph, when the Little ones are puniſh'd. But, *Let Wickedneſs 'ſcape, as it may, at the Bar, it never fails of doing Juſtice upon itſelf; for, every Guilty Perſon is his own Hangman.*

CHAP. VIII.

The due Contemplation of Divine Providence is the certain Cure of all Misfortunes.

WHOEVER obſerves the World, and the Order of it, will find all the Motions in it to be only Viciſſitude of Falling and Riſing: Nothing extinguiſh'd, and even thoſe things which ſeem to us to Periſh, are in truth but Chang'd. The Seaſons Go, and Return; Day and Night, follow in their Courſes; the Heavens roll, and Nature goes on with her Work. All things ſucceed in their Turns; Storms, and Calms; the Law of Nature will have it ſo, which we muſt follow, and obey, account-

accounting all Things that are done, to be well done: So that what we cannot Mend, we muſt ſuffer, and wait upon Providence without Repining: It is the part of a Cowardly Soldier to follow his Commander, groaning; but a Generous Man delivers himſelf up to God without ſtruggling; and it is only for a narrow Mind to condemn the Order of the World; and to propound rather the mending of Nature, than of Himſelf. No Man has any Cauſe of Complaint againſt Providence, if that which is Right pleaſes him. Thoſe Glories that appear fair to the Eye, their Luſtre is but falſe and ſuperficial; and they are only Vanity and Deluſion: They are rather the Goods of a Dream, than a ſubſtantial Poſſeſſion; they may cozen us at a Diſtance, but bring them once to the Touch, they are Rotten and Counterfeit. There are no greater Wretches in the World, than many of thoſe which the People take to be Happy; Thoſe are the only true and incorruptible Comforts, that will abide all Trials; and the more we turn, and examine them, the more valuable we find them; and, the greateſt Felicity of all is, not to ſtand in need of any. What's *Poverty?* No Man lives ſo poor as he was born. What's *Pain?* It will either have an end itſelf, or make an end of us. In ſhort; Fortune has no Weapon that reaches the Mind: But the Bounties of Providence are Certain, and Permanent Bleſſings; and they are the Greater, and the Better, the longer we conſider them: That is to ſay, *The Power of contemning Things terrible, and deſpiſing what the Common People covet.* In the very Methods of Nature, we cannot but obſerve the Regard that Providence had to the Good of Mankind, even in the Diſpoſition of the World, in providing ſo amply for our Maintenance, and Satisfaction. It is not poſſible for us to Comprehend what the Power is, which has made all Things. Some few Sparks of that Divinity are diſcover'd, but infinitely the greater part of it lies hid. We are all of us however thus far agreed; Firſt, in the Acknowledgment and Belief of that Almighty Being; and, Secondly, that we are to aſcribe to it all Majeſty, and Goodneſs.

How comes it that Good Men are Afflicted in this World, and Wicked Men Proſper.

IF there be a Providence, ſay ſome, *How comes it to paſs, that Good Men labour under Affliction, and Adverſity; and wicked Men enjoy themſelves in Eaſe and Plenty?* My Anſwer is, That God deals by Us, as a good Father does by his Children; he tries Us, he Hardens us, and Fits us for Himſelf. He keeps a ſtrict Hand over thoſe that he loves, and by the reſt he does as we do by our Slaves; he lets them go on in Licenſe and Boldneſs. As the Maſter gives his moſt hopeful Scholars the hardeſt Leſſons, ſo does God deal with the moſt Generous Spirits; and the croſs Encounters of Fortune, we are not to look upon as a Cruelty, but as a Conteſt: The Familiarity of Dangers brings us to the Contempt of them, and that Part is ſtrongeſt which is moſt exerciſed; the Seaman's Hand is Callous, the Soldier's Arm is ſtrong, and the Tree that is moſt expos'd to the Wind takes the beſt Root: There are People that live in a perpetual Winter, in Extremity of Froſt, and Penury, where a Cave, a Lock of Straw, or a few Leaves, is all their Covering, and Wild Beaſts their Nouriſhment: All this by Cuſtom is not only made tolerable, but when once 'tis taken up upon neceſſity, by little and little it becomes pleaſant to them. Why ſhould we then count that Condition of Life a Calamity, which is the Lot of many Nations? There is no ſtate of Life ſo miſerable, but there are in it Remiſſions, Diverſions; nay, and Delights too, ſuch is the Benignity of Nature towards us, even in the ſevereſt Accidents of Human Life. There were no Living, if Adverſity ſhould hold on as it begins, and keep up the Force of the Firſt Impreſſion. We are apt to murmur at many Things as great Evils, that have nothing at all of Evil in them beſide the Complaint, which we ſhould more reaſonably take up againſt ourſelves. If I be Sick, 'tis part of my Fate; and for other Calamities, they are uſual Things; they ought to be; nay, which is more, they muſt be, for they come by Divine Appointment. So that we ſhould not only ſubmit to God, but Aſſent to him, and obey him out of *Duty*, even if there were no *Neceſſity*:

All

All thoſe terrible Appearances that make us Groan, and Tremble, are but the Tribute of Life; we are neither to Wiſh, nor to Ask, nor to hope to 'ſcape them; for 'tis a kind of Diſhoneſty to pay a Tribute unwillingly. Am I Troubled with the Stone; or Afflicted with continual Loſſes? Nay, is my Body in danger? All this is no more than what I pray'd for, when I pray'd for Old Age: All theſe things are as familiar in a long Life, as Duſt and Dirt in a long Way. Life is a Warfare; and what brave Man would not rather chuſe to be in a Tent, than in a Shambles; Fortune does like a Swordman, She ſcorns to Encounter a fearful Man: There's no Honour in the Victory, where there's no Danger in the way to't: She tries *Mucius* by *Fire*, *Rutilius* by *Exile*; *Socrates* by *Poiſon*; *Cato* by *Death*. 'Tis only in Adverſe Fortune, and in bad Times, that we find great Examples. *Mucius* thought himſelf happier with his Hand in the Flame, than if it had been in the Boſom of his Miſtreſs. *Fabricius* took more Pleaſure in Eating the Roots of his own Planting, than in all the Delicacies of Luxury and Expence. Shall we call *Rutilius* miſerable, whom his very Enemies have ador'd? Who upon a Glorious, and a Publick Principle, choſe rather to loſe his Country, than to return from Baniſhment? the only Man that deny'd any Thing to *Sylla* the Dictator, who recall'd him. Nor did he only refuſe to come, but drew himſelf farther off: *Let them*, ſays he, *that think Baniſhment a Misfortune, live Slaves at* Rome, *under the Imperial Cruelties of* Sylla. *He that ſets a Price upon the Heads of Senators, and after a Law of his own Inſtitution againſt Cut-throats, becomes the greateſt himſelf.* Is it not better for a Man to live in Exile Abroad, than to be Maſſacred at Home? In ſuffering for Virtue, 'tis not the Torment, but the Cauſe, that we are to conſider; and the more Pain, the more Renown. When any Hardſhip befalls us, we muſt look upon it as an Act of Providence, which many times ſuffers Particulars to be wounded for the Conſervation of the whole: Beſide that, God chaſtiſes ſome People under an Appearance of Bleſſing them, turning their Proſperity to their Ruin, as a Puniſhment for abuſing his Goodneſs. And we are farther

ther to conſider, that many a Good Man is Afflicted, only to teach others to ſuffer; for we are born for Example: And likewiſe, that where Men are Contumacious and Refractory, it pleaſes God many times to cure Greater Evils by Leſs, and to turn our Miſeries to our Advantage.

* *Providence draws Good out of Evil.*

How many * Caſualties and Difficulties are there, that we dread, as inſupportable Miſchiefs, which upon farther Thoughts, we find to be Mercies and Benefits? As Baniſhment, Poverty, Loſs of Relations, Sickneſs, Diſgrace? Some are cured by the Lance; by Fire, Hunger, Thirſt; taking out of Bones, Lopping of Limbs, and the like: Nor do we only Fear things that are many times Beneficial to us; but on the other ſide, we hanker after, and purſue things that are Deadly, and Pernicious: We are Poiſon'd in the very Pleaſures of our Luxury; and betray'd to a Thouſand Diſeaſes, by the Indulging of our Palate. To loſe a Child, or a Limb, is only to part with what we have received, and Nature may do what ſhe pleaſes with her own. We are frail ouſelves, and we have received Things tranſitory: That which was given us, may be taken away; Calamity tries Virtue, as the Fire does Gold: Nay, he that lives moſt at eaſe, is only delay'd, not diſmiſs'd, and his Portion is to come. When we are viſited with Sickneſs, or other Afflictions, we are not to murmur as if we were ill us'd: It is a mark of the General's Eſteem, when he puts us upon a Poſt of Danger: We do not ſay, *My Captain uſes me ill*, but, *He does me Honour*: And ſo ſhould we ſay, that are Commanded to encounter Difficulties, for this is our Caſe with God Almighty.

* *Calamity is the Trial of Virtue.*

What was * *Regulus* the worſe, becauſe Fortune made Choice of him for an Eminent Inſtance, both of Faith and Patience? He was thrown into a Caſe of Wood ſtuck with pointed Nails; ſo that which way ſoever he turn'd his Body, it reſted upon his Wounds; his Eye-lids were cut off, to keep him waking; and yet *Mecænas* was not happier

pier upon his *Bed*, than *Regulus* upon his *Torments*. Nay, the World is not yet grown ſo wicked, as not to preſer *Regulus* before *Mecænas:* And can any Man take that to be an Evil, of which Providence accounted this brave Man worthy? *It has pleaſed God* (ſays he) *to ſingle me out for an Experiment of the Force of Human Nature.* No Man knows his own Strength or Value, but by being put to the Proof. The Pilot is try'd in a Storm; the Soldier in a Battle; the Rich Man knows not how to behave himſelf in Poverty: He that has lived in Popularity and Applauſe, knows not how he would bear Infamy, and Reproach: Nor he that never has Children, how he would bear the Loſs of them. Calamity is the Occaſion of Virtue, and a Spur to a Great Mind. The very Apprehenſion of a Wound ſtartles a Man when he firſt bears Arms; but an Old Soldier bleeds boldly, becauſe he knows that a Man may loſe Blood and yet win the Day. Nay, many times a Calamity turns to our Advantage; and Great Ruins have made way to Great Glories. The Crying out of *Fire*, has many times quieted a Fray, and the Interpoſing of a Wild Beaſt has parted the Thief, and the Traveller; for, we are not at leiſure for Leſs Miſchiefs, while we are under the Apprehenſion of Greater. One Man's Life is ſav'd by a Diſeaſe; Another is Arreſted, and taken out of the Way, juſt when his Houſe was falling upon his Head.

To ſhew now that the Favours, or the * Croſſes of Fortune; and the Accidents of Sickneſs, and of Health, are neither Good nor Evil; God permits them indifferently, both to Good and Evil Men. *'Tis hard*, you'll ſay, *for a Virtuous Man to ſuffer all ſorts of Miſery, and for a Wicked Man not only to go free, but to enjoy himſelf at Pleaſure.* And, is it not the ſame thing for Men of Proſtituted Impudence, and Wickedneſs, to ſleep in a whole Skin, when Men of Honour and Honeſty bear Arms, lie in the Trenches, and receive Wounds? Or for the Veſtal Virgins to riſe in the Night to their Prayers, when Common Strumpets lie Stretching themſelves

* *Accidents are neither Good nor Evil.*

ſelves in their Beds? We ſhould rather ſay with *Demetrius*, *If I had known the Will of Heaven before I was call'd to't, I would have offer'd myſelf.* If it be the Pleaſure of God to take my Children, I have brought them up to that End: If my Fortune, any part of my Body, or my Life, I would rather preſent it, than yield it up: I am ready to part with all, and to ſuffer all; for I know that nothing comes to paſs, but what God appoints: Our Fate is Decreed, and Things do not ſo much Happen, as in their due time proceed, and every Man's Portion of Joy, and Sorrow, is Predetermined.

* *Nothing that is properly Evil can befall a Good Man.*

THERE is nothing falls amiſs to a * Good Man, that can be charg'd upon Providence; for Wicked Actions, Lewd Thoughts, Ambitious Projects, Blind Luſts, and Inſatiable Avarice, againſt all theſe he is Arm'd by the Benefit of Reaſon: And, do we expect now that God ſhould look to our Luggage too? (I mean our Bodies?) *Demetrius* diſcharg'd himſelf of his Treaſure, as the Clog and Burden of his Mind. Shall we wonder then, if God ſuffers that to befall a good Man, which a good Man ſometimes does to Himſelf? I loſe a Son, and why not? when it may ſometime ſo fall out, that I myſelf may kill him. Suppoſe he be Baniſh'd by an Order of State: Is it not the ſame thing with a Man's Voluntary leaving of his Country, and never to return? Many Afflictions may befall a good Man but no Evil; for Contraries will never Incorporate: All the Rivers in the World are never able to Change the Taſte or Quality of the Sea. Prudence and Religion, are above Accidents, and draw Good out of every thing; Affliction keeps a Man in Uſe, and makes him Strong, Patient, and Hardy. Providence Treats us like a Generous Father, and brings us up to Labours, Toils, and Dangers: whereas the Indulgence of a fond Mother makes us weak and ſpiritleſs: God loves us with a Maſculine Love, and turns us looſe to Injuries and Indignities: He takes delight to ſee a Brave and a good Man wreſtling with Evil Fortune, and yet keeping himſelf upon his Legs,

Legs, when the whole World is in diſorder about him. And, are not we ourſelves delighted, to ſee a bold Fellow preſs with his Lance upon a Boar, or Lion? And the Conſtancy and Reſolution of the Action, is the Grace and Dignity of the Spectacle. No Man can be Happy that does not ſtand firm againſt all Contingencies; and ſay to himſelf in all Extremities, *I ſhould have been content, if it might have been ſo, or ſo; but, ſince 'tis otherwiſe determined, God will provide better.* The more we ſtraggle with our Neceſſities, we draw the Knot the harder, and the worſe 'tis with us: And, the more the Bird Flaps and Flutters in the Snare, the ſurer ſhe is caught: So that the beſt way is to ſubmit, and lie ſtill, under this double Conſideration, That *the Proceedings of God are Unqueſtionable; and his Decrees not to be reſiſted.*

CHAP. IX.

Of Levity of Mind, and other Impediments of a Happy Life.

NOW to ſum up what is already deliver'd, we have ſhew'd what Happineſs is, and wherein it conſiſts: That it is founded upon Wiſdom and Virtue; for we muſt firſt know what we ought to do, and then Live according to that Knowledge: We have alſo diſcourſed the Helps of Philoſophy, and Precepts, towards a *Happy Life:* The Bleſſing of a Good Conſcience; That a Good Man can never be Miſerable, nor a Wicked Man Happy: Nor any Man unfortunate, that chearfully ſubmits to Providence. We ſhall now Examine, How it comes to paſs, that when the certain way to Happineſs lies ſo fair before us, Men will yet ſteer their Courſe on the other ſide, which as manifeſtly leads to Ruin.

THERE are ſome that live without any * Deſign at all, and only paſs in the World like Straws upon a River; they do not Go, but they are Car-

* *Impediments of Happineſs.*

ry'd. Others only deliberate upon the Parts of Life, and not upon the whole: which is a great Error, for there's no diſpoſing of the Circumſtances of it, unleſs we firſt propound the main Scope. How ſhall any Man take his Aim without a Mark? Or, what Wind will ſerve him that is not yet reſolv'd upon his Port: We live as it were by Chance, and by Chance we are Govern'd. Some there are that torment themſelves afreſh with the Memory of what is paſt; *Lord! What did I endure? Never was any Man in my Condition; every Body gave me over; my very Heart was ready to break*, &c. Others again afflict themſelves with the Apprehenſion of Evils to come; and very ridiculouſly both: For the *One* does not *Now* concern us, and the *Other*, not *Yet:* Beſide, that there may be Remedies for Miſchiefs likely to happen; for they give us warning by Signs, and Symptoms of their Approach. Let him that would be Quiet, take heed not to provoke Men that are in Power; but live without giving Offence; and if we cannot make all Great Men our Friends, it will ſuffice to keep them from being our Enemies. This is a thing we muſt avoid, as a Mariner would do a Storm. A raſh Seaman never conſiders what Wind blows, or what Courſe he ſteers; but runs at a venture, as if he would brave the Rocks, and the Eddies: whereas he that is careful, and conſiderate, informs himſelf beforehand where the Danger lies, and what Weather it is like to be: He conſults his Compaſs, and keeps aloof from thoſe Places that are infamous for Wrecks and Miſcarriages. So does a Wiſe Man in the common Buſineſs of Life; he keeps out of the way from thoſe that may do him hurt; but it is a Point of Prudence not to let them take Notice that he does it on purpoſe; for that which a Man ſhuns, he tacitly condemns. Let him have a care alſo of *Liſt'ners, Newſmongers and Medlers* in other Peoples Matters; for their Diſcourſe is commonly of ſuch Things as are never Profitable, and moſt commonly Dangerous, either to be ſpoken or heard.

LEVITY * of Mind is a great hindrance of Repoſe, and the very Change of Wickedneſs is an Addition to the Wickedneſs itſelf; for it is Inconſtancy added to Iniquity: We relinquiſh the thing we ſought, and then we take it up again; and ſo divide our Lives between our Luſt, and our Repentances. From one Appetite we paſs to another, not ſo much upon Choice, as for Change; and there is a Check of Conſcience that caſts a Damp upon all our unlawful Pleaſures; which makes us loſe the Day, in Expectation of the Night, and the Night itſelf for fear of the Approaching Light. Some People are *never* quiet; others are *always* ſo; and they are Both to blame: For that which looks like Vivacity and Induſtry in the one, is only a Reſtleſſneſs and Agitation; and that which paſſes in the other for Moderation and Reſerve, is but a Drowſy and an Unactive Sloth. Let Motion and Reſt both take their turns, according to the Order of Nature, which make both the Day, and the Night: Some are perpetually ſhifting from one thing to another: Others again make their whole Life but a kind of Uneaſy Sleep: Some lie toſſing and turning, till very Wearineſs brings them to Reſt; Others again I cannot ſo properly call Inconſtant, as Lazy: There are many Proprieties, and Diverſities of Vice; but, it is one never-failing Effect of it, to live Diſpleas'd. We do all of us labour under Inordinate Deſires; we are either timorous, and dare not venture, or venturing, we do not ſucceed; or elſe we caſt ourſelves upon uncertain Hopes, where we are perpetually Sollicitous, and in Suſpence. In this Diſtraction, we are apt to propoſe to ourſelves Things diſhoneſt, and hard; and when we have taken great Pains to no purpoſe, we come then to repent of our Undertakings: We are afraid to go on, and we can neither maſter our Appetites, nor Obey them: We live and die Reſtleſs and Irreſolute; and, which is worſt of all, when we grow weary of the Publick, and betake ourſelves to Solitude for Relief, our Minds are Sick, and Wallowing, and the very Houſe and Walls are Troubleſome to us; we grow impatient, and aſham'd of ourſelves; and ſup-

* *Levity of Mind is a great hindrance of our Repoſe.*

preſs our inward Vexation 'till it break our Heart for want of vent. This it is that makes us Sour, and Moroſe; Envious of Others, and Diſſatisfied with ourſelves: 'Till at laſt, betwixt our Troubles for other People's Succeſſes, and the Deſpair of our own, we fall foul upon Fortune, and the Times; and get into a Corner perhaps, where we ſit brooding over our own Diſquiets. In theſe Diſpoſitions there is a kind of Pruriginous Fancy that makes ſome People take delight in Labour, and Uneaſineſs, like the Clawing of an Itch 'till the Blood ſtarts.

** Change of Places does no Good without change of Mind.*

* THIS is it that puts us upon rambling Voyages; one while by Land; but ſtill diſguſted with the Preſent: The Town pleaſes us to Day; the Country to Morrow: The Splendors of the Court at one time; the Horrors of a Wilderneſs at another; but all this while we carry our Plague about us; for 'tis not the Place we are weary of, but ourſelves. Nay, our Weakneſs extends to every thing, for we are impatient equally of Toil, and of Pleaſure. This Trotting of the Ring, and only treading the ſame Steps over and over again, has made many a Man lay violent Hands upon himſelf. It muſt be the Change of the Mind, not of the Climate, that will remove the Heavineſs of the Heart; Our Vices go along with us, and we carry in ourſelves the Cauſes of our Diſquiets. There's a great Weight lies upon us, and the bare ſhocking of it makes it the more Uneaſy; changing of Countries, in this Caſe, is not Travelling, but Wandring. We muſt keep on our Courſe, if we would gain our Journey's end. *He that cannot live Happily any where, will live Happily no where.* What is a Man the better for Travelling? As if his Cares could not find him out wherever he goes? Is there any Retiring from the fear of Death, or of Torments? Or from thoſe Difficulties which beſet a Man wherever he is? It is only Philoſophy that makes the Mind Invincible, and places us out of the Reach of Fortune; ſo that all her Arrows fall ſhort of us. This it is that reclaims the Rage of our Luſts, and ſweetens the Anxiety of our Fears: Frequent changing of Places, or Councils,

Councils, ſhews an Inſtability of Mind; and we muſt fix the Body, before we can fix the Soul: We can hardly ſtir abroad, or look about us without encountering ſomething or other that revives our Appetites. As he that would caſt off an unhappy Love, avoids whatſoever may put him in mind of the Perſon; ſo he that would wholly deliver himſelf from his Beloved Luſts, muſt ſhun all Objects that may put them in his Head again, and remind him of them. We travel, as Children run up and down after ſtrange Sights, for Novelty, not Profit; we return neither the better nor the ſounder; nay, and the very Agitation hurts us. We learn to call Towns, and Places by their Names, and to tell Stories of Mountains, and of Rivers: But, had not our Time been better ſpent in the Study of Wiſdom, and of Virtue? In the Learning of what is already diſcover'd, and in the Queſt of Things not yet found out? If a Man break his Leg, or ſtrain his Ancle, he ſends preſently for a Surgeon to ſet all right again; and does not take Horſe upon't, or put himſelf on Shipboard: No more does the Change of Place work upon our Diſorder'd Minds, than upon our Bodies. It is not the Place, I hope, that makes either an Orator, or a Phyſician. Will any Man ask upon the Road, Pray which is the way to Prudence, to Juſtice, to Temperance, to Fortitude? No matter whither any Man goes that carries his Affections along with him. He that would make his Travels delightful, muſt make himſelf a Temperate Companion. A great Traveller was complaining, that he was never the better for his Travels, *That's very true*, ſaid *Socrates*, *becauſe you travell'd with yourſelf.* Now had not he better have made himſelf another Man, than to tranſport himſelf to another Place? 'Tis no matter what Manners we find any where, ſo long as we carry our own. But we have all of us a Natural Curioſity of ſeeing fine Sights, and of making new Diſcoveries; turning over Antiquities, learning the Cuſtoms of Nations, *&c.* We are never quiet: to day we ſeek an Office; to morrow we are Sick on't: We divide our Lives betwixt a diſlike of the Preſent, and a deſire of the Future; but he that lives as he ſhould, orders himſelf ſo as neither to fear,

nor to wiſh for to morrow; If it come, 'tis welcome, but if not there's nothing loſt; for, that which is come, is but the ſame over again with what's paſt. As Levity is a pernicious Enemy to Quiet; ſo Pertinacy is a great One too. The one Changes nothing, the Other Sticks to nothing; and which of the Two is the worſe may be a Queſtion. It is many times ſeen, that we beg earneſtly for thoſe Things, which, if they were offered us, we would refuſe: And it is but juſt to puniſh this eaſineſs of Asking with an equal Facility of Granting. There are ſome Things we would be thought to deſire, which we are ſo far from deſiring, that we dread them. *I ſhall tire you*, ſays one, in the Middle of a tedious Story. *Nay, pray be pleaſed to go on*, we cry, though we wiſhed his Tongue out at half way: Nay, we do not deal Candidly even with God himſelf. We ſhould ſay to ourſelves in theſe Caſes, *This I have drawn upon myſelf. I could never be quiet, 'till I had gotten this Woman, this Place, this Eſtate, this Honour; and now ſee what's come on't.*

* *Conſtancy of Mind ſecures us in all Difficulties.*

One Sovereign Remedy againſt all Misfortunes, is * Conſtancy of Mind; The Changing of Parties, and Countenances, looks as if a Man were driven with the Wind. Nothing can be above him that is above Fortune. It is not Violence, Reproach, Contempt, or whatever elſe from without, that can make a Wiſe Man quit his Ground: but he is Proof againſt Calamities, both great and ſmall: Only our Error is, that what we cannot do ourſelves, we think no body elſe can; ſo that we Judge of the Wiſe by the Meaſures of the Weak. Place me among Princes, or among Beggars: The One ſhall not make me proud, nor the Other Aſham'd: I can take as ſound a Sleep in a Barn, as in a Palace; and a Bottle of Hay makes me as good a Lodging as a Bed of Down. Should every Day ſucceed to my Wiſh, it ſhould not Tranſport me: Nor would I think myſelf miſerable, if I ſhould not have one quiet Hour in my whole Life. I will not tranſport myſelf with either Pain or Pleaſure; but yet for all that, I could wiſh that I had an eaſier Game to Play;

Play; and that I were put rather to Moderate my Joys, than my Sorrows. If I were an Imperial Prince, I had rather Take, than be Taken: And yet I would bear the ſame Mind under the Chariot of my Conqueror, that I had in my Own. It is no great Matter to trample upon thoſe Things that are moſt coveted, or fear'd by the Common People. There are thoſe that will laugh upon the Wheel; and caſt themſelves upon a Certain Death, only upon a tranſport of Love, perhaps Anger, Avarice, or Revenge: How much more then upon an Inſtinct of Virtue; which is Invincible, and Steady? If a Short Obſtinacy of Mind can do this; How much more ſhall a Compos'd, and a Deliberate Virtue; whoſe Force is equal and perpetual?

TO ſecure ourſelves in this World; Firſt, we muſt aim at * nothing that Men count worth the wrangling for: Secondly, we muſt not value the Poſſeſſion of any Thing, which even a Common Thief would think worth the ſtealing. A Man's Body is no Booty. Let the Way be never ſo dangerous for Robberies, the Poor and the Naked paſs quietly. A plain-dealing Sincerity of Manners makes a Man's Life happy, even in deſpite of Scorn and Contempt; which is every Clear Man's Fate. But we had better yet be Contemn'd for Simplicity, than lie perpetually upon the Torture of a Counterfeit; Provided that Care be taken not to confound Simplicity with Negligence: And it is moreover an Uneaſy Life, that of a Diſguiſe: For a Man to ſeem to be what he is not; to keep a perpetual Guard upon himſelf, and to live in fear of a Diſcovery. He takes every Man that looks upon him for a Spy; over and above the trouble of being put to play another Man's part. It is a good Remedy in ſome Caſes for a Man to apply himſelf to Civil Affairs, and publick Buſineſs; and yet in this State of Life too, what betwixt Ambition and Calumny, it is hardly ſafe to be Honeſt. There are indeed ſome Caſes wherein a Wiſe Man will give way: But let him not yield overeaſily neither: If he marches off, let him have a care of his Honour; and make his Retreat with his Sword in

* *The leſs we have to do with the World the Better.*

his hand, and his Face to the Enemy. Of all others, a Studious Life is the leaſt tireſome: it makes us eaſy to ourſelves, and to others, and gains us both Friends and Reputation.

CHAP. X.

He that ſets up his Reſt upon Contingencies, ſhall never be Quiet.

NEVER pronounce any Man Happy that depends upon Fortune for his Happineſs: for nothing can be more prepoſterous than to place the Good of a Reaſonable Creature in Unreaſonable Things. If I have loſt any thing it was Adventitious; and, the leſs Mony, the leſs Trouble; the leſs Favour, the leſs Envy: Nay, even in thoſe Caſes that put us out of our Wits, it is not the Loſs itſelf, but the Opinion of the Loſs that troubles us. It is a common Miſtake to account thoſe Things Neceſſary that are Superfluous, and to depend upon Fortune for the Felicity of Life, which ariſes only from Virtue. There is no truſting to her Smiles: The Sea Swells and Rages in a Moment: and the Ships are ſwallow'd up at Night, in the very place where they ſported themſelves in the Morning. And Fortune has the ſame Power over Princes, that it has over Empires; over Nations, that it has over Cities; and the ſame Power over Cities, that it has over Private Men. Where's that Eſtate that may not be follow'd upon the heel with Famine, and Beggary? That Dignity, which the next Moment may not be laid in the Duſt? That Kingdom that is ſecure from Deſolation and Ruin? The Period of all Things is at Hand, as well as that which caſts out the Fortunate, as the other that delivers the Unhappy; and that which may fall out at any time, may fall out this very day. What *ſhall* come to paſs I know not, but what *may* come to paſs I know: So that I'll deſpair of nothing, but expect every thing; and whatſoever Providence remits, is clear Gain.

Every

Every Moment, if it ſpares me, deceives me: and yet in ſome ſort it does not deceive me; for though I know that any thing may happen; yet I know likewiſe, that every thing will not. I'll hope the beſt, and provide for the worſt. Methinks we ſhould not find ſo much fault with Fortune for her Inconſtancy, when we ourſelves ſuffer a Change every moment that we live; only other Changes make more Noiſe, and this ſteals upon us like the Shadow upon a Dial; every jot as Certainly, but more Inſenſibly.

THE Burning of *Lyons* may ſerve to ſhew * us, that we are never ſafe; and to arm us againſt all Surprizes. The Terror of it muſt needs be great, for the Calamity is almoſt without Example. If it had been fir'd by an Enemy, the Flame would have left ſome farther Miſchef to have been done by the Soldiers: But to be wholly conſum'd, we have not heard of many Earthquakes ſo pernicious: So many Rarities to be deſtroy'd in one Night; and in the depth of Peace to ſuffer an Outrage beyond the Extremity of War. Who would believe it? But twelve Hours betwixt ſo fair a City and none at all: It was laid in Aſhes in leſs time than it would require to tell the Story. To ſtand unſhaken in ſuch a Calamity is hardly to be expected; and our Wonder cannot but be equal to our Grief. Let this Accident teach us to provide againſt all Poſſibilities, that fall within the Power of Fortune; all External Things are under her Dominion: One while ſhe calls our Hands to her Aſſiſtance: Another while She contents herſelf with her own Force, and deſtroys us with Miſchiefs of which we cannot find the Author. No Time, Place, or Condition is excepted; She makes our very Pleaſures painful to us: She makes War upon us in the depth of Peace, and turns the Means of our Security into an occaſion of Fear; She turns a Friend into an Enemy, and makes a Foe of a Companion: We ſuffer the Effects of War without any Adverſary; and rather than fail, our Felicity ſhall be the Cauſe of our Deſtruction. Leſt we ſhould either Forget, or Neglect

* *An Inſtance of the Uncertainty of Human Affairs in the Burning of* Lyons.

her

her Power, every Day produces ſomething extraordinary. She perſecutes the moſt Temperate with Sickneſs; the ſtrongeſt Conſtitutions with the Phthiſick; She brings the Innocent to Puniſhment, and the moſt retir'd She aſſaults with Tumults. Thoſe Glories that have grown up with many Ages, with infinite Labour and Expence, and under the Favour of many Auſpicious Providences, One Day Scatters, and brings to Nothing. He that pronounced a Day, nay an Hour ſufficient for the Deſtruction of the greateſt Empire, might have fallen to a Moment. It were ſome Comfort yet to the Frailty of Mankind, and of Human Affairs, if Things might but decay as ſlowly as they riſe; but they grow by Degrees, and they fall to Ruin in an Inſtant. There's no Felicity in any thing either Private or Publick: Men, Nations, and Cities, have all their Fates and Periods: Our very Entertainments are not without Terror, and our Calamity riſes there where we leaſt expect it. Thoſe Kingdoms that ſtood the ſhock both of Foreign Wars, and Civil, come to Deſtruction without the ſight of an Enemy. Nay, we are to dread our Peace and Felicity more than Violence, becauſe we are there taken unprovided; unleſs in a ſtate of Peace we do the Duty of Men in War, and ſay to ourſelves, *Whatſoever may be, Will be.* I am to-day Safe, and Happy in the Love of my Country; I am to-morrow, Baniſh'd: To-day, in Pleaſure, Peace, Health; to-morrow broken upon the Wheel, led in Triumph, and in the Agony of Sickneſs. Let us therefore prepare for a Ship-wreck in the Port, and for a Tempeſt in a Calm. One Violence drives me from my Country, another raviſhes that from me; and that very Place where a Man can hardly paſs this day for a Crowd, may be to morrow a Deſart. Wherefore, let us ſet before our Eyes the whole Condition of Human Nature, and conſider as well what *may* happen, as what commonly *Does*. The way to make future Calamities eaſy to us in the Sufferance, is to make them familiar to us in the Contemplation. How many Cities in *Aſia*, *Achaia*, *Aſſyria*, *Macedonia*, have been ſwallow'd up by Earthquakes! Nay, whole Countries are loſt, and large Provinces laid under Water; but Time brings all things

things to an end, for all the Works of Mortals are Mortal: All Poſſeſſions and their Poſſeſſors, are Uncertain and Periſhable; and what Wonder is it to loſe any thing at any time, when we muſt one Day loſe all?

THAT which we * call our Own, is but lent us; and what we have received *Gratis*, we muſt return without Complaint. That which Fortune gives us this Hour, ſhe may take away the next; and he that truſts to her Favours, ſhall either find himſelf deceived, or if he be not, he will at leaſt be troubled becauſe he may be ſo. There's no Defence in Walls, Fortifications, and Engines, againſt the Power of Fortune: We muſt provide ourſelves within, and when we are ſafe there, we are invincible; we may be Batter'd, but not Taken. She throws her Gifts among us, and we Sweat and Scuffle for them: Never conſidering how few are the better for that which is expected by all. Some are tranſported with what they Get: Others tormented for what they Miſs; and many times there's a Leg or an Arm broken in a Conteſt for a Counter. She gives us Honours, Riches, Favours, only to take them away again; either by Violence or Treachery: So that they frequently turn to the Damage of the Receiver. She throws out Baits for us, and ſets Traps, as we do for Birds and Beaſts; Her Bounties are Snares, and Lime-twigs to us; we think that we Take, but we are Taken. If they had any thing in them that were ſubſtantial, they would ſome time or other fill, and quiet us; but they ſerve only to provoke our Appetite, without any thing more than Pomp, and Show, to allay it. But the beſt of it is, if a Man cannot mend his Fortune, he may yet mend his Manners, and put himſelf ſo far out of her Reach, that whether ſhe gives or takes, it ſhall be all one to us; for we are neither the Greater for the One, nor the Leſs for the Other. We call This a Dark Room, or, That a Light One; when 'tis in itſelf neither the One, nor the Other, but only as the Day and the Night renders it. And ſo it is in Riches, Strength of Body, Beauty, Honour, Command: And likewiſe in Pain,

* *That which we call our Own, is but lent us.*

Pain, Sickneſs, Baniſhment, Death; which are in themſelves Middle and Indifferent things, and only Good, or Bad, as they are Influenced by Virtue. To Weep, Lament, and Groan, is to renounce our Duty; and it is the ſame Weakneſs on the other ſide to exult and Rejoice; I would rather make my Fortune, than Expect it; being neither depreſs'd with her Injuries, nor dazled with her Favours. When *Zeno* was told, That all his Goods were drown'd; *Why then*, ſays he, *Fortune has a Mind to make me a Philoſopher*. 'Tis a great Matter for a Man to advance his Mind above her Threats, or Flatteries; for he that has once gotten the better of her, is ſafe for ever.

IT is ſome Comfort yet to the Unfortunate, that Great Men lie under * the Laſh for Company; and that Death ſpares the Palace no more than the Cottage; and that whoever is above Me, has a Power alſo above him. Do we not daily ſee Funerals without Trouble, Princes depos'd, Countries depopulated, Towns Sack'd; without ſo much as thinking how ſoon it may be our own Caſe? Whereas, if we would but Prepare, and Arm ourſelves againſt the Iniquities of Fortune, we ſhould never be ſurpriz'd. When we ſee any Man Baniſh'd, Beggar'd, Tortur'd, we are to account, that tho' the Miſchief fell upon another, it was levell'd at us. What Wonder is it, if of ſo many thouſands of Dangers, that are conſtantly hovering about us, one comes to hit us at laſt? That which befalls any Man, may befall every Man; and then it breaks the force of a Preſent Calamity, to provide againſt the Future. Whatſoever our Lot is, we muſt bear it; as ſuppoſe it be Contumely; Cruelty, Fire, Sword, Pains, Diſeaſes, or a Prey to wild Beaſts; there's no ſtruggling, nor any Remedy but Moderation. 'Tis to no purpoſe to bewail any Part of our Life, when Life itſelf is Miſerable throughout; and the whole Flux of it only a Courſe of Tranſition from one Misfortune to another. A Man may as well wonder, that he ſhould be Cold in Winter, Sick at Sea, or have his Bones clatter'd together in a Waggon; as at the Encounter of ill

* *Fortune ſpares neither Great nor Small.*

ill Accidents, and Croſſes in the Paſſage of Human Life: And it is in vain to run away from Fortune, as if there were any Hiding-place wherein ſhe could not find us; or to expect any Quiet from her, for ſhe makes Life a perpetual ſtate of War, without ſo much as any Reſpite or Truce. This we may conclude upon, that her Empire is but Imaginary, and that whoſoever ſerves her, makes himſelf a voluntary Slave; for *the Things that are often contemn'd by the Inconſiderate, and always by the Wiſe, are in themſelves neither Good nor Evil:* As Pleaſure, and Pains; Proſperity, and Adverſity; which can only operate upon our outward Condition, without any proper and neceſſary Effect upon the Mind.

CHAP. XI.

A Senſual Life is a Miſerable Life.

THE Senſuality that we here treat of falls naturally under the Head of Luxury; which extends to all the Exceſſes of Gluttony, Luſt, Effeminacy of Manners; and, in ſhort, to whatſoever concerns the over-great Care of the Carcaſe.

TO begin now with the Pleaſures of the * Palate; (which deal with us like *Ægyptian* Thieves, that ſtrangle thoſe they embrace.) What ſhall we ſay of the Luxury of *Nomentanus* and *Apicius*, that entertained their very Souls in the Kitchin; they have the Choiceſt Muſick for their Ears; the moſt diverting Spectacles for their Eyes; the choiceſt Variety of Meats and Drinks for their Palates. What is all this, I ſay, but *a Merry Madneſs?* 'Tis true they have their Delights, but not without Heavy and Anxious Thoughts, even in their very Enjoyments; beſide that they are follow'd with Repentance, and their Frolicks are little more than the Laughter of ſo many People out of their Wits. Their Felicities

* *The Exceſſes of Luxury are Painful and Dangerous.*

Felicities are full of Diſquiet, and neither Sincere, nor Well-grounded: But they have need of one Pleaſure to ſupport another: and of new Prayers to forgive the Errors of their Former. Their Life muſt needs be wretched, that get with great Pains, what they keep with greater. One Diverſion over-takes another: Hope excites Hope; Ambition begets Ambition; ſo that they only change the Matter of their Miſeries, without ſeeking any End of them; and ſhall never be without either proſperous, or unhappy Cauſes of Diſquiet. What if a Body might have all the Pleaſures in the World for the Asking? Who would ſo much Unman himſelf, as by accepting of them, to deſert his Soul, and become a perpetual Slave to his Senſes? Thoſe falſe and Miſerable Palates, that Judge of Meats by the Price, and Difficulty, not by the Healthfulneſs, or Taſte: They Vomit that they may Eat; and they eat that they may fetch it up again. They croſs the Seas for Rarities, and when they have ſwallow'd them, they will not ſo much as give them time to digeſt. Whereſoever Nature has placed Men, ſhe has provided them Aliment: But we rather chuſe to irritate Hunger by Expence, than to allay it at an Eaſier rate. What is it that we plow the Seas for; or Arm ourſelves againſt Men, and Beaſts? To what end do we Toil, and Labour, and pile Bags upon Bags? We may enlarge our Fortunes, but we cannot our Bodies; ſo that it does but ſpill, and run over, whatſoever we take more than we can hold. Our Forefathers (by force of whoſe Virtues we are now ſupported in our Vices) liv'd every jot as well as we, when they provided, and dreſs'd their own Meat with their own Hands; lodg'd upon the Ground, and were not as yet come to the vanity of Gold and Gems: When they ſwore by their Earthen Gods, and kept their Oath, though they dy'd for't. Did not our Conſuls live more Happily, when they Cook'd their own Meat with thoſe victorious Hands that had conquer'd ſo many Enemies, and won ſo many Laurels? Did they not live more happily, I ſay, than our *Apicius?* (that Corrupter of Youth, and Plague of the Age he liv'd in) who after he had ſpent a prodigious Fortune upon his Belly, Poiſon'd himſelf for fear of Starving,

Starving, when he had yet 250000 Crowns in his Coffers: which may ſerve to ſhew us, that it is the Mind, and not the Sum, that makes any Man Rich: When *Apicius* with all this Treaſure counted himſelf in a State of Beggary; and took Poiſon to avoid that Condition, which another would have pray'd for. But why do we call it Poiſon, which was the wholſomeſt Draught of his Life? His daily Gluttony was poiſon rather, both to himſelf, and others. His Oſtentation of it was intolerable; and ſo was the infinite Pains he took to miſlead others, by his Example, who went faſt enough of themſelves, without driving.

IT is a Shame for a Man to place his * Felicity in thoſe Entertainments, and Appetites, that are ſtronger in Brutes. Do not Beaſts eat with a better Stomach? Have they not more Satisfaction in their Luſts? And they have not only a quicker Reliſh of their Pleaſures, but they enjoy them without either Scandal or Remorſe. If Senſuality were Happineſs, Beaſts were happier than Men; but Human Felicity is lodg'd in the Soul, not in the Fleſh. They that deliver themſelves up to Luxury are ſtill either tormented with too Little, or oppreſs'd with too Much; and equally miſerable, by being either deſerted, or overwhelm'd: They are like Men in a dangerous Sea; one while caſt a-dry upon a Rock, and another while ſwallowed up in a Whirlpool; and all this from the Miſtake of not diſtinguiſhing Good from Evil. The Huntſman that with much Labour and Hazard takes a Wild Beaſt, runs as great a Riſque afterwards in the Keeping of him; for many times he tears out the Throat of his Maſter; and 'tis the ſame thing with Inordinate Pleaſures: The more in Number, and the greater they are, the more General and Abſolute a Slave is the Servant of them. Let the Common People pronounce him as Happy as they pleaſe, he pays his Liberty for his Delights, and ſells himſelf for what he buys.

* *If Senſuality were Happineſs, Beaſts were Happier than Men.*

LET

We have as many Diſeaſes as Diſhes.

Let any Man take a View of our Kitchins; the Number of our Cooks, and the Variety of our Meats: Will he not wonder to ſee ſo much Proviſion made for one Belly? We have as many Diſeaſes as we have Cooks, or Meats; and the Service of the Appetite is the Study now in Vogue. To ſay nothing of our Trains of Lacqueys; and our Troops of Caterers, and Sewers. Good God! that ever one Belly ſhould employ ſo many People. How Nauſeous and Fulſom, are the Surfeits that follow theſe Exceſſes? Simple Meats are out of Faſhion; and All are collected into One; ſo that the Cook does the Office of the Stomach; nay, and of the Teeth too, for the Meat looks as if it were chew'd before-hand; Here's the Luxury of all Taſtes in one Diſh, and liker a Vomit than a Soup. From theſe Compounded Diſhes ariſe Compounded Diſeaſes, which require Compounded Medicines. It is the ſame thing with our Minds, that it is with our Tables; ſimple Vices are curable by ſimple Counſels, but a General Diſſolution of Manners is hardly overcome: We are over-run with a Publick, as well as with a Private Madneſs. The Phyſicians of old underſtood little more than the Virtue of ſome Herbs to ſtop Blood, or heal a Wound: And their firm and healthful Bodies needed little more, before they were corrupted by Luxury and Pleaſure; and when it came to that once, their Buſineſs was not to Lay Hunger, but to Provoke it, by a thouſand Inventions, and Sauces. That which was Aliment to a Craving Stomach, is become a Burden to a full one. From hence come Paleneſs, Trembling; and worſe Effects from Crudities, than Famine: A Weakneſs in the Joints, the Belly ſtretch'd, Suffuſion of Choler; the Torpor of the Nerves; and a Palpitation of the Heart. To ſay nothing of Megrims, Torments of the Eyes, and Ears; Head-ach, Gout, Scurvy; ſeveral ſorts of Fevers, and putrid Ulcers; with other Diſeaſes, that are but the Puniſhment of Luxury. So long as our Bodies were harden'd with Labour, or tir'd with Exerciſe, or Hunting, our Food was plain, and ſimple; many Diſhes have made many Diſeaſes.

IT is an ill thing for a Man not to know the Meaſure of his Stomach; nor to conſider, that Men do many Things in their Drink, that they are aſham'd of Sober; Drunkenneſs being nothing elſe but * a Voluntary Madneſs. It emboldens Men to do all ſorts of Miſchiefs; It both Irritates Wickedneſs and Diſcovers it; It does not make Men Vitious, but it ſhews them to be ſo. It was in a Drunken Fit that *Alexander* kill'd *Clytus*. It makes him that is Inſolent, Prouder; Him that is Cruel, Fiercer; It takes away all Shame. He that is Peeviſh, breaks out preſently into ill Words, and Blows. The Leacher, without any regard to Decency or Scandal, turns up his Whore in the Market-place. A Man's tongue trips, his Head turns round; he Staggers in his Pace. To ſay nothing of the Crudities and Diſeaſes that follow upon this Diſtemper. Conſider the Publick Miſchiefs it has done. How many Warlike Nations, and Strong Cities that have ſtood Invincible to Attacks, and Sieges, has Drunkenneſs overcome? Is it not a great Honour to drink the Company Dead? a Magnificent Virtue to ſwallow more Wine than the reſt, and yet at laſt to be out-done by a Hogſhead? What ſhall we ſay of thoſe Men that Invert the Offices of Day, and Night? As if our Eyes were only given us to make uſe of in the Dark: Is it Day? *'Tis time to go to Bed.* Is it Night? *'Tis time to riſe.* Is it towards Morning? *Let us go to Supper.* When other People lie down, they riſe; and lie till the next Night to digeſt the Debauch of the Day before. 'Tis an Argument of Clownery, to do as other People do. Luxury ſteals upon us by degrees; Firſt it ſhews itſelf in a more than ordinary Care of our Bodies; it ſlips next into the Furniture of our Houſes; and it gets then into the Fabrick, Curioſity, and Expence of the Houſe itſelf. It appears, Laſtly, in the Phantaſtical Exceſſes of our Tables. We change and ſhuffle our Meats; Confound our Sauces; Serve that in Firſt, that uſes to be the Laſt; and value our Diſhes, not for the Taſte, but for the Rarity. Nay, we are ſo delicious, that we muſt be told when we are to Eat or Drink; when

* *Drunkenneſs is a Voluntary Madneſs.*

when we are Hungry, or Weary; and we cheriſh ſome Vices as Proofs and Arguments of our Happineſs. The moſt miſerable Mortals are they, that deliver themſelves up to their Palates, or to their Luſts: The Pleaſure is ſhort, and turns preſently Nauſeous, and the End of it is either Shame or Repentance. It is a Brutal Entertainment, and Unworthy of a Man, to place his Felicity in the Service of his Senſes. As to the Wrathful, the Contentious, the Ambitious, though the Diſtemper be great, the Offence has yet ſomething in it that is Manly: But, the Baſeſt of Proſtitutes are thoſe that Dedicate themſelves wholly to Luſt; what with their Hopes and Fears, Anxiety of Thought and perpetual Diſquiets, they are never well, full nor faſting.

** The Folly and Vanity of Luxury.*

What a deal of Buſineſs is now * made about our Houſes, and Diet, which was at firſt both obvious, and of little Expence? Luxury led the way, and we have employ'd our Wits in the Aid of our Vices. Firſt, we deſir'd Superfluities; our next Step was to Wickedneſs; and in Concluſion, we deliver'd up our Minds to our Bodies, and ſo became Slaves to our Appetites, which before were our Servants, and are now become our Maſters. What was it that brought us to the Extravagance of Embroideries, Perfumers, Tire-Women, *&c.* We paſs'd the Bounds of Nature, and laſh'd out into Superfluities, Inſomuch, that it is now a-days only for Beggers, and Clowns to content themſelves with what is Sufficient: Our Luxury makes us Inſolent, and Mad. We take upon us like Princes, and fly out for every Trifle, as if there were Life and Death in the Caſe. What a Madneſs is it for a Man to lay out an Eſtate upon a Table, or a Cabinet; a Patrimony upon a pair of Pendents, and to inflame the Price of Curioſities, according to the hazard either of breaking, or loſing of them? To wear Garments that will neither defend a Woman's Body, nor her Modeſty; ſo thin, that one would make a Conſcience of Swearing, ſhe were not naked: For ſhe hardly ſhews more in the Privacies of her Amour, than in Publick? How long ſhall we Covet, and Oppreſs; enlarge our Poſſeſſions; and

and account that too little for one Man, which was formerly enough for a Nation? And our Luxury is as inſatiable as our Avarice: Where's that Lake, that Sea, that Foreſt, that Spot of Land, that is not ranſack'd to gratify our Palate! The very Earth is Burden'd with our Buildings; not a River nor a Mountain 'ſcapes us. Oh that there ſhould be ſuch boundleſs Deſires in our little Bodies! Would not fewer Lodgings ſerve us? We lie but in One, and where we are not, That is not properly Ours. What with our Hooks, Snares, Nets, Dogs, *&c.* we are at War with all Living Creatures; and nothing comes amiſs, but that which is either too Cheap or too Common; and all this is to gratify a Phantaſtical Palate. Our Avarice, our Ambition, our Luſts, are Inſatiable; we enlarge our Poſſeſſions; ſwell our Families; we rifle Sea and Land for Matter of Ornament, and Luxury. A Bull contents himſelf with one Meadow; and one Foreſt is enough for a Thouſand Elephants; but the little Body of a Man devours more than all other living Creatures. We do not Eat to ſatisfy Hunger, but Ambition; we are Dead while we are Alive; and our Houſes are ſo much our Tombs, that a Man might write our *Epitaphs* upon our very Doors.

A * Voluptuous Perſon, in fine, can neither be a Good Man, a Good Patriot, nor a Good Friend; for he is tranſported with his Appetites without conſidering, that the Lot of Man is the Law of Nature. A Good Man (like a good Soldier) will ſtand his Ground, receive Wounds, Glory in his Scars, and in Death itſelf, Love his Maſter for whom he falls; with that divine Precept always in his Mind, *Follow Good.* Whereas he that Complains, Laments, and Groans, muſt yield nevertheleſs, and do his Duty, though in ſpite of his Heart. Now, what a Madneſs is it, for a Man to chuſe rather to be lugg'd, than to follow; and vainly to contend with the Calamities of Human Life? Whatever is laid upon us by Neceſſity, we ſhould receive Generouſly: For it is fooliſh to ſtrive with what we cannot avoid. We are born Subjects, and to obey God is perfect Liberty. He that does This, ſhall

* *A Voluptuous Perſon cannot be a good Man.*

ſhall be Free, Safe, and Quiet: All his Actions ſhall ſucceed to his Wiſh: and, What can any Man deſire more, than to want nothing from without, and to have all things deſirable within himſelf? Pleaſures do but weaken our Minds, and ſend us for our Support to Fortune, who gives us Money only as the Wages of Slavery. We muſt ſtop our Eyes and our Ears. *Ulyſſes* had but one Rock to Fear, but Human Life has many. Every City, nay, every Man is one, and there's no truſting even to our neareſt Friends. Deliver me from the Superſtition of taking thoſe things which are Light, and Vain, for Felicities.

CHAP. XII.

Avarice and Ambition are Inſatiable and Reſtleſs.

THE Man that would be truly Rich, muſt not increaſe his Fortune, but retrench his Appetites: For Riches are not only Superfluous, but Mean, and little more to the Poſſeſſor, than to the Looker-on. What is the End of Ambition, and Avarice; when at beſt, we are but Stewards of what we falſly call our Own? All thoſe things which we purſue with ſo much hazard, and expence of Blood, as well to Keep, as to Get; for which we break Faith, and Friendſhip; What are they, but the mere *Depoſita* of Fortune? And not ours, but already inclining toward a new Maſter. There is nothing our own, but that which we give to ourſelves; and of which we have a Certain, and an Inexpugnable Poſſeſſion. Avarice is ſo Inſatiable, that it is not in the Power of Liberality to Content it: And our Deſires are ſo Boundleſs, that whatever we get, is but in the way to getting more without end: And ſo long as we are ſollicitous for the Increaſe of Wealth, we loſe the true Uſe of it; and ſpend our time in Putting out, Calling in, and paſſing our Accounts, without any Subſtantial Benefit, either to the World or to Ourſelves.

What

What is the Difference betwixt Old Men and Children? The one cries for Nuts and Apples, and the other for Gold and Silver. The one ſets up Courts of Juſtice; Hears and Determines; Acquits, and Condemns in Jeſt; the other in Earneſt; the one makes Houſes of Clay, the other of Marble: ſo that the Works of Old Men are nothing in the World but the Progreſs and Improvement of Childrens Errors: and they are to be Admoniſh'd, and Puniſh'd too like Children; not in Revenge for Injuries Receiv'd, but as a Correction of Injuries Done, and to make them give over. There is ſome Subſtance yet in Gold and Silver; but as to Judgments, and Statutes, Procuration, and Countenance Money, theſe are only the Viſions, and Dreams of Avarice. Throw a Cruſt of Bread to a Dog, he takes it open-mouth'd, ſwallows it whole, and preſently gapes for more: Juſt ſo do we with the Gifts of Fortune; down they go without Chewing; and we are immediately ready for another Chop. But, what has Avarice now to do with Gold, and Silver, that is ſo much out-done by Curioſities of a far greater Value? Let us no longer complain, that there was not a heavier Load laid upon thoſe precious Metals; or that they were not bury'd deep enough; when we have found out ways by Wax and Parchments, and by Bloody Uſurous Contracts, to undo one another. It is remarkable, that Providence has given us all things for our Advantage near at hand: but Iron, Gold and Silver, (being both the Inſtruments of Blood, and Slaughter, and the Price of it) Nature has hidden in the Bowels of the Earth.

* *Avarice puniſhes itſelf.*

THERE is no Avarice without ſome * Puniſhment, over and above that which it is to itſelf. How miſerable is it in the Deſire? How miſerable even in the Attaining of our Ends? For Mony is a greater Torment, in the Poſſeſſion, than it is in the Purſuit. The Fear of Loſing it is a Great Trouble, the Loſs of it a Greater, and it is made a Greater yet by Opinion. Nay, even in the Caſe of no direct Loſs at all, the Covetous Man loſes what he does not get. 'Tis true, the People call the Rich Man a happy Man, and

and wiſh themſelves in his Condition; but, can any Condition be worſe than That, which carries Vexation, and Envy along with it? Neither is any Man to boaſt of his Fortune; his Herds of Cattle; his Number of Slaves; his Lands and Palaces; for, comparing that which he has, to that which he farther Covets, he is a Beggar. No Man can poſſeſs all things, but any Man may Contemn them, and the Contempt of Riches is the neareſt way to the gaining of them.

SOME Magiſtrates are made for * Mony, and Thoſe commonly are brib'd with Mony. We are all turn'd Merchants, and look not into the Quality of Things, but into the Price of them; for Reward we are Pious, and for Reward again we are Impious. We are Honeſt, ſo long as we may Thrive upon it; but if the Devil himſelf give better Wages, we change our Party. Our Parents have train'd us up into an Admiration of Gold, and Silver; and the Love of it is grown up with us to that Degree, that when we ſhould ſhew our Gratitude to Heaven, we make Preſents of thoſe Metals. This is it that makes Poverty look like a Curſe, and a Reproach, and the Poets help it forward; the Chariot of the Sun muſt be all of Gold; the beſt of times muſt be the Golden Age, and thus they turn the greateſt Miſery of Mankind into the greateſt Bleſſings.

** Mony does all.*

NEITHER does Avarice make us * only Unhappy in ourſelves, but Malevolent alſo to Mankind. The Soldier wiſhes for War; the Husbandman would have his Corn dear; the Lawyer prays for Diſſenſion; the Phyſician for a ſickly Year; he that deals in Curioſities, for Luxury, and Exceſs; and makes up his Fortunes out of the Corruptions of the Age. High Winds, and publick Conflagrations make Work for the Carpenter, and Bricklayer; and one Man lives by the Loſs of another; ſome few, perhaps, have the Fortune to be detected, but they are all Wicked alike. A great Plague makes Work for the Sexton, and, in one Word, whoſoever gains by the Dead, has not much kindneſs for the Living.

** Avarice makes us Ill-natur'd as well as Miſerable.*

Demades

Demades of *Athens* condemn'd a Fellow that ſold Neceſſaries for Funerals, upon Proof, that he wiſh'd to make himſelf a Fortune by his Trade, which could not be but by a great Mortality. But perhaps he did not ſo much deſire to have many Cuſtomers, as to ſell Dear, and buy Cheap; beſides that all of that Trade might have been condemn'd as well as he. Whatſoever whets our Appetites, Flatters and Depreſſes the Mind, and by dilating it, weakens it; firſt blowing it up, and then filling and deluding it with Vanity.

TO proceed now from the moſt Proſtitute of all Vices, * Senſuality, and Avarice, to that which paſſes in the World for the moſt Generous, the Thirſt of Glory and Dominion. If they that run mad after Wealth, and Honour, could but look into the Hearts of them that have already gain'd theſe Points: How would it ſtartle them to ſee thoſe hideous Cares and Crimes that wait upon Ambitious Greatneſs: All thoſe Acquiſitions that dazle the Eyes of the Vulgar, are but Falſe Pleaſures, Slippery, and Uncertain. They are Atchiev'd with Labour, and the very Guard of them is painful. Ambition puffs us up with Vanity and Wind; and we are equally troubled, either to ſee any Body before us, or no Body behind us; ſo that we lie under a double Envy; for whoſoever Envies another, is alſo Envy'd himſelf. What matters it how far *Alexander* extended his Conqueſts, if he was not yet ſatisfied with what he had? Every Man wants as much as he Covets; and, 'tis loſt Labour to pour into a Veſſel that will never be full. He that had ſubdu'd ſo many Princes, and Nations, upon the Killing of *Clytus*, (one Friend) and the Loſs of *Hepheſtion*, (another) deliver'd himſelf up to Anger and Sadneſs; and when he was Maſter of the World, he was yet a Slave to his Paſſions. Look into *Cyrus*, *Cambyſes*, and the whole *Perſian* Line, and you ſhall not find ſo much as one Man of them that dy'd ſatisfied with what he had gotten. Ambition aſpires from Great Things to Greater, and propounds Matters even Impoſſible, when it has once arriv'd at things beyond Expectation. It is a kind

* *The Cares and Crimes that attend Ambition.*

of Dropſy; the more a Man Drinks, the more he Covets. Let any Man but obſerve the Tumults, and the Crowds that attend Palaces; what Affronts muſt we endure to be admitted; and how much greater when we are in? The Paſſage to Virtue is fair, but the Way to Greatneſs is craggy, and it ſtands not only upon a Precipice, but upon Ice too; and yet it is a hard Matter to convince a great Man that his Station is Slippery, or to prevail with him not to depend upon his Greatneſs, but all Superfluities are Hurtful. A Rank Crop lays the Corn; too great a Burden of Fruits breaks the Bough; and our Minds may be as well over-charg'd with an Immoderate Happineſs. Nay though we ourſelves would be at Reſt, our Fortune will not ſuffer it: The Way that leads to Honour and Riches, leads to Trouble; and we find the Cauſes of our Sorrows in the very Objects of our Delights. What Joy is there in Feaſting, and Luxury; in Ambition, and a Crowd of Clients; in the Arms of a Miſtreſs, or in the Vanity of an Unprofitable Knowledge? Theſe ſhort and Falſe Pleaſures deceive us; and, like Drunkenneſs, Revenge the Jolly Madneſs of *One* Hour, with the Nauſeous, and ſad Repentance of *Many*. Ambition is like a Gulph, every thing is ſwallow'd up in it, and bury'd; beſide the dangerous Conſequences of it: For, that which One has taken from All, may be eaſily taken away again by All, from One. It was not either Virtue, or Reaſon, but the mad Love of a deceitful Greatneſs that animated *Pompey* in his Wars, either Abroad or at Home. What was it but his Ambition that hurry'd him to *Spain*, *Africa*, and elſewhere, when he was too Great already, in every body's Opinion but his own? And the ſame Motive had *Julius Cæſar*, who could not, even then, brook a Superior Himſelf, when the Commonwealth had ſubmitted unto two already. Nor was it any Inſtinct of Virtue that puſh'd on *Marius*, who in the Head of an Army, was himſelf yet led on under the Command of Ambition: but, he came at laſt to the deſerved Fate of other Wicked Men, and to drink himſelf of the ſame Cup that he had fill'd to others. We impoſe upon our Reaſon, when we ſuffer ourſelves to be tranſported with Titles;

Titles; for, we know, that they are nothing but a more Glorious Sound: And ſo for Ornaments, and Gildings, though there may be a Luſtre to Dazle our Eyes, our Underſtanding tells us yet, that it is only Outſide, and that the Matter under it is only Coarſe and Common.

I will never Envy * thoſe, that the People call Great and Happy. A Sound Mind is not to be ſhaken with a Popular, and Vain Applauſe; nor is it in the Power of their Pride to diſturb the ſtate of our Happineſs. An Honeſt Man is known now a-days by the Duſt he raiſes upon the Way, and, 'tis become a Point of Honour to overrun People, and keep all at a diſtance; tho' he that is put out of the Way, may perchance be Happier than he that takes it. He that would exerciſe a Power profitable to himſelf, and Grievous to no body elſe, let him practiſe it upon his Paſſions. They that have Burnt Cities, otherwiſe Invincible, driven Armies before them, and bath'd themſelves in Human Blood; after that they have overcome all Open Enemies, they have been vanquiſh'd by their Luſt, by their Cruelty, and without any Reſiſtance. *Alexander* was poſſeſſed with the Madneſs of laying Kingdoms waſte. He began with *Greece*, where he was brought up; and there he quarry'd himſelf upon that in it which was Beſt; he enſlav'd *Lacedemon*, and ſilenc'd *Athens:* Nor was he content with the Deſtruction of thoſe Towns, which his Father *Philip* had either Conquer'd or Bought; but he made himſelf the Enemy of Human Nature; and like the worſt of Beaſts, he worry'd what he could not eat. Felicity is an unquiet thing; it torments itſelf, and puzzles the Brain. It makes ſome People Ambitious, others Luxurious; it puffs up ſome, and ſoftens others; only (as 'tis with Wine) ſome Heads bear it better than others; but it diſſolves all. Greatneſs ſtands upon a Precipice; and if Proſperity carries a Man never ſo little beyond his Poiſe, it over-bears and daſhes him to Pieces. 'Tis a rare thing for a Man in a great Fortune, to lay down his Happineſs gently; it being a common Fate, for a Man to ſink under the Weight of thoſe

* *Miſerable are thoſe People that the World account Great and Happy.*

Felicities that raiſe him. How many of the Nobility did *Marius* bring down to Herdſmen, and other mean Offices? Nay in the very Moment of our deſpiſing Servants, we may be made ſo ourſelves.

CHAP. XIII.

Hope, and Fear, are the Bane of Human Life.

NO Man can be ſaid to be perfectly Happy, that runs the Riſque of Diſappointment; which is the Caſe of every Man that *Fears*, or *Hopes* for any thing. For *Hope* and *Fear*, how diſtant ſoever they may ſeem to be the one from the other, they are both of them yet coupled in the ſame Chain, as the Guard, and the Priſoner; and the one treads upon the Heel of the other. The Reaſon of this is obvious, for they are Paſſions that look forward, and are very ſollicitous for the Future; only *Hope* is the more plauſible Weakneſs of the Two; which in Truth, upon the Main, are Inſeparable, for the one cannot be without the other; but where the *Hope* is ſtronger than the *Fear*, or the *Fear* than the *Hope*, we call it the one or the other: For, without *Fear*, it were no longer *Hope*, but *Certainty*; as without *Hope*, it were no longer *Fear*, but *Deſpair*. We may come to underſtand, whether our Diſputes are vain, or no, if we do but conſider, that we are either troubled about the *Preſent*, the *Future*, or *Both*. If the Preſent, 'tis eaſy to Judge, and the Future is Uncertain. 'Tis a fooliſh thing to be Miſerable before-hand, for fear of Miſery to come; for a Man loſes the Preſent which he might enjoy, in Expectation of the Future: Nay, the Fear of loſing any thing is as bad as the Loſs itſelf. I will be as Prudent as I can, but not Timorous, or Careleſs: And I will bethink myſelf, and forecaſt what Inconveniences may happen, before they come. 'Tis true, a Man may Fear, and yet not be fearful; which is no more, than to have the Affection of Fear, without the Vice of it; but yet a frequent Admittance of it runs into a Habit.

bit. It is a Shameful and an Unmanly thing to be Doubtful, Timorous, and Uncertain; to ſet one Step forward, and another backward; and to be Irreſolute. Can there be any Man ſo Fearful, that had not rather fall once, than hang always in ſuſpence?

Our * Miſeries are Endleſs, if we ſtand in fear of all Poſſibilities; the beſt way in ſuch a Caſe, is to drive out one Nail with another, and a little to Qualify Fear with Hope; which may ſerve to Palliate a Misfortune, though not to Cure it. There is not any thing that we Fear, which is ſo certain to come, as it is certain that many things which we do Fear will not come; but, we are loth to oppoſe our Credulity when it begins to move us, and ſo to bring our Fear to the Teſt. Well! but, *What if the Thing we Fear ſhould come to paſs?* Perhaps it will be the better for us. Suppoſe it to be *Death* itſelf, Why may it not prove the Glory of my Life? Did not Poiſon make *Socrates* famous? And, was not *Cato*'s Sword a great part of his Honour? *Do we fear any Misfortune to befall us?* We are not preſently ſure that it will happen. How many Deliverances have come Unlook'd for? And how many Miſchiefs that we look'd for, have never come to paſs? 'Tis time enough to lament when it comes, and in the *Interim*, to promiſe ourſelves the Beſt. What do I know, but ſomething or other may delay or divert it? Some have 'ſcap'd out of the Fire; Others, when a Houſe has fallen over their Head, have receiv'd no Hurt: One Man has been ſav'd when a Sword was at his Throat; another has been condemn'd, and outliv'd his Headſman: So that Ill Fortune, we ſee, as well as Good, has her Levities: Peradventure it will be, Peradventure not; and 'till it comes to paſs we are not ſure of it: We do many times take Words in a worſe Senſe than they were intended, and imagine Things to be worſe taken than they are. 'Tis time enough to bear a Misfortune when it comes, without Anticipating it.

* *Our Miſeries are Endleſs, if we fear all Poſſibilities.*

HE that would deliver himſelf from all Apprehenſions of the * Future, let him firſt take for Granted, that all Fears will fall upon him; and then Examine and meaſure the Evil that he fears, which he will find to be neither Great, nor Long. Beſide, that the Ills which he fears he may ſuffer, he ſuffers in the very Fear of them. As in the Symptoms of an Approaching Diſeaſe; a Man ſhall find himſelf Lazy and Liſtleſs; a Wearineſs in his Limbs, with a Yawning and Shuddering all over him: So it is in the Caſe of a Weak Mind; it fancies Misfortunes, and makes a Man wretched before his Time. Why ſhould I torment myſelf at preſent, with what perhaps may fall out Fifty Years hence? This Humour is a kind of Voluntary Diſeaſe, and an Induſtrious Contrivance of our own Unhappineſs, to complain of an Affliction that we do not feel. Some are not only mov'd with Grief itſelf, but with the more Opinion of it; as Children will ſtart at a Shadow, or at the Sight of a deformed Perſon. If we ſtand in fear of Violence from a Powerful Enemy, it is ſome Comfort to us, that whoſoever makes himſelf terrible to Others, is not without Fear Himſelf: The leaſt Noiſe makes a Lion ſtart; and the Fierceſt of Beaſts, whatſoever enrages them, makes them tremble too: A Shadow, a Voice, an Unuſual Odor, rouſes them.

* *Prepare for the Worſt.*

THE Things moſt to be fear'd I take to be three Kinds. * *Want, Sickneſs*, and thoſe *Violences* that may be impos'd upon us by a *Strong Hand*. The Laſt of theſe has the greateſt Force, becauſe it comes attended with Noiſe, and Tumult: Whereas the Incommodities of Poverty, and Diſeaſes are moſt Natural, and ſteal upon us in Silence, without any External Circumſtances of Horror: but the Other marches in Pomp, with Fire, and Sword, Gibbets, Racks, Hooks; Wild Beaſts to devour us; Stakes to Empale us; Engines to tear us to Pieces; Pitch'd Bags to Burn us in, and a thouſand other Exquiſite Inven-

* *The Things moſt to be fear'd are Want, Sickneſs, and the Violences of Men in Power.*

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tions of Cruelty. No wonder then, if that be moſt Dreadful to us, that preſents itſelf in ſo many Uncouth Shapes; and by the very Solemnity is render'd the moſt formidable. The more Inſtruments of Bodily Pain the Executioner ſhews us, the more frightful he makes himſelf: For, many a Man that would have encountered Death in any Generous Form, with Reſolution enough, is yet overcome with the *Manner* of it. As for the Calamities of Hunger, and Thirſt, Inward Ulcers, Scorching Fevers, Tormenting Fits of the Stone, I look upon theſe Miſeries to be at leaſt as Grievous as any of the reſt: Only they do not ſo much affect the Fancy, becauſe they Lie out of Sight. Some People talk high of Dangers at a Diſtance; but (like Cowards) when the Executioner comes to do his Duty, and ſhews us the Fire, the Ax, the Scaffold, and Death at hand, their Courage fails them upon the very Pinch, when they have moſt need of it. Sickneſs, (I hope) Captivity, Fire, are no new things to us; the Falls of Houſes, Funerals, and Conflagrations, are every Day before our Eyes. The Man that I Supp'd with laſt Night is Dead before Morning; why ſhould I wonder then, ſeeing ſo many fall about me, to be hit at laſt myſelf: What can be greater Madneſs, than to cry out, *Who would have dream'd of this?* And why not, I beſeech you? Where is that Eſtate that may not be reduc'd to Beggary; That Dignity which may not be follow'd with Baniſhment, Diſgrace, and Extreme Contempt; That Kingdom that may not ſuddenly fall to Ruin; change its Maſter and be depopulated? That Prince that may not paſs the Hand of a Common Hangman? That which is one Man's Fortune, may be another's; but the Foreſight of Calamities to come, breaks the Violence of them.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

It is according to the True, or Falſe Eſtimate of Things, that we are Happy or Miſerable.

HOW many things are there that the Fancy makes Terrible by Night, which the Day turns into Ridiculous? What is there in Labour, or in Death, that a Man ſhould be afraid of? they are much ſlighter in Act, than in Contemplation; and, we *May* contemn them, but we *Will* not: So that it is not becauſe they are Hard, that we dread them; but they are Hard, becauſe we are firſt afraid of them. Pains, and other Violences of Fortune, are the ſame thing to Us, that Goblins are to Children: We are more Scar'd with them, than Hurt. We take up our Opinions upon Truſt, and Err for Company, ſtill Judging That to be Beſt, that has moſt Competitors. We make a falſe Calculation of Matters, becauſe we adviſe with Opinion, and not with Nature; And this miſ-leads Us to a higher Eſteem for Riches, Honour, and Power, than they are Worth: We have been us'd to Admire, and Recommend them, and a Private Error is quickly turn'd into a Publick. The Greateſt and the Smalleſt things are equally Hard to be comprehended; we account many things *Great*, for want of underſtanding what effectually is ſo: And we reckon other things to be *Small*, which we find frequently to be of the higheſt Value. Vain Things only move Vain Minds; the Accidents that we ſo much boggle at, are not Terrible in themſelves, but they are made ſo by our Infirmities; but we conſult rather what we Hear than what we Feel, without Examining, Oppoſing, or Diſcuſſing the Things we fear; ſo that we either ſtand ſtill and Tremble, or elſe directly Run for't; as thoſe Troops did, that upon the Raiſing of the Duſt, took a Flock of Sheep for the Enemy. When the Body and Mind are Corrupted, 'tis no Wonder if all things prove Intolerable; and not becauſe they

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are ſo in Truth, but becauſe we are Diſſolute, and Fooliſh: For, we are Infatuated to ſuch a Degree, that betwixt the Common Madneſs of Men, and that which falls under the Care of the Phyſician, there is but this Difference; The one labours of a Diſeaſe, and the other of a Falſe Opinion.

THE *Stoicks* hold, That all thoſe Torments that commonly draw from us Groans, and Ejaculations, are in themſelves Trivial, and Contemptible. But theſe High-flown Expreſſions apart, (how true ſoever) Let us Diſcourſe the Point, at the rate of Ordinary Men, and not make ourſelves miſerable before our time; for the things we apprehend to be at hand, may poſſibly never come to paſs.

Let every Man make the beſt of his Lot.

Some things trouble us more than they ſhould, other things ſooner; and ſome things again diſorder us, that ought not to trouble us at all: So that we either Enlarge, or Create, or Anticipate our Diſquiets. For the Firſt Part, let it reſt as a Matter in Controverſy, for that which I account Light, Another perhaps will Judge Inſupportable; One Man Laughs under the Laſh, and another Whines for a Philip. How ſad a Calamity is Poverty to One Man, which to another appears rather Deſirable, than Inconvenient? For the Poor Man, who has nothing to Loſe, has nothing to Fear: And he that would enjoy himſelf to the Satisfaction of his Soul, muſt be either Poor Indeed, or at leaſt look as if he were ſo. Some People are extremely dejected with Sickneſs, and Pain: whereas *Epicurus* bleſs'd his Fate with his laſt Breath, in the Acuteſt Torments of the Stone imaginable. And ſo for Baniſhment, which to One Man is ſo Grievous, and yet to Another is no More than a bare Change of Place: A thing that we do every Day for our Health, Pleaſure; nay, and upon the Account even of Common Buſineſs. How Terrble is Death to one Man, which to another appears the greateſt Providence in Nature; even towards all Ages, and Conditions? It is the Wiſh of Some, the Relief of Many, and the End of All. It ſets the Slave at Liberty, carries the

Baniſh'd Man Home, and places all Mortals upon the ſame Level: Inſomuch, that Life itſelf were Puniſhment without it. When I ſee Tyrants, Tortures, Violences, the Proſpect of Death is a Conſolation to me, and the only Remedy againſt the Injuries of Life.

NAY, ſo great are our Miſtakes in the True Eſtimate of Things, that we have hardly done any thing that we have not had reaſon to wiſh Undone; and we have found the things we fear'd to be more deſirable than thoſe we coveted: * Our very Prayers have been more pernicious than the Curſes of our Enemies; and we muſt Pray again to have our former Prayers forgiven. Where's the Wiſe Man that wiſhes to himſelf the Wiſhes of his Mother, Nurſe, or his Tutor; the worſt of Enemies, with the Intention of the beſt of Friends? We are Undone if their Prayers be heard; and it is our Duty to Pray, that they may not; for they are no other than well-meaning Execrations. They take Evil for Good; and one Wiſh fights with another: Give me rather the Contempt of all thoſe things whereof they wiſh me the greateſt Plenty. We are equally hurt by ſome that Pray for us, and by others that Curſe us: The one imprints in us a falſe Fear, and the Other does us Miſchief by a Miſtake. So that it is no Wonder if Mankind be miſerable, when we are brought up from the very Cradle under the Imprecations of our Parents. We Pray for Trifles without ſo much as thinking of the greateſt Bleſſings; and we are not aſham'd many times to ask God for That, which we ſhould Bluſh to own to our Neighbour.

* *Our very Prayers many times are Curſes.*

IT is with us, as with an Innocent * that my *Father* had in his Family; She fell blind on a ſudden, and no body could perſuade her ſhe was blind. *She could not endure the Houſe* (ſhe cry'd) *it was ſo dark*, and was ſtill calling to go abroad. That which we laugh'd at in her, we find to be true in ourſelves, we are Covetous and Ambitious; but the World ſhall never bring us to Acknow-

* *We are vain and wicked, and will not believe it.*

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ledge it, and we impute it to the Place: Nay, we are the worſe of the Two; for that blind Fool call'd for a Guide, and we wander about without one. It is a hard matter to Cure thoſe that will not believe they are Sick. We are aſham'd to admit a Maſter, and we are too Old to Learn. Vice ſtill goes before Virtue; So that we have two Works to do; we muſt caſt off the One, and learn the Other. By one Evil we make way to another, and only ſeek things to be avoided, or thoſe of which we are ſoon weary. That which ſeem'd too much when we wiſh'd for't, proves too little when we have it; and it is not as ſome imagine, that Felicity is Greedy; but it is Little, and Narrow, and cannot Satisfy us. That which we take to be very High at a diſtance, we find it to be but Low, when we come at it. And the Buſineſs is, we do not underſtand the true ſtate of Things: We are deceiv'd by Rumors; when we have Gain'd the thing we aim'd at, we find it to be either Ill, or Empty; or perchance Leſs than we expect, or otherwiſe perhaps Great, but not Good.

CHAP. XV.

The Bleſſings of Temperance and Moderation.

THERE is not any thing that is Neceſſary to us, but we have it either *Cheap* or *Gratis*; and this is the Proviſion that our Heavenly Father has made for us, whoſe Bounty was never wanting to our Needs. 'Tis true, the Belly Craves, and calls upon us, but then a ſmall matter contents it: A little Bread and Water is ſufficient, and all the reſt is but ſuperfluous. He that lives according to Reaſon, ſhall never be Poor; and he that governs his Life by Opinion, ſhall never be Rich; for Nature is Limited, but Fancy is Boundleſs. As for Meat, Cloaths, and Lodging, a little feeds the Body, and as little Covers it: So that if Mankind would only attend Human Nature, without gaping at Superfluities, a Cook would be found as needleſs as a Soldier: For

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we may have Neceſſaries upon very eaſy Terms; whereas we put ourſelves to great Pains for Exceſſes. When we are Cold, we may cover ourſelves with Skins of Beaſts, and againſt violent Heats, we have Natural Grotto's; or with a few Oſiers, and a little Clay, we may defend ourſelves againſt all Seaſons. Providence has been kinder to us than to leave us to live by our Wits, and to ſtand in need of Invention and Arts: It is only Pride, and Curioſity that involves us in Difficulties: if nothing will ſerve a Man but Rich Cloaths, and Furniture; Statues and Plate; a numerous Train of Servants, and the Rarities of all Nations; it is not Fortune's Fault, but his Own, that he is not Satisfy'd: For his Deſires are inſatiable, and this is not a Thirſt, but a Diſeaſe; and if he were Maſter of the whole World, he would be ſtill a Beggar. 'Tis the Mind that makes us Rich and Happy, in what Condition ſoever we are; and Mony ſignifies no more to it than it does to the Gods: If the Religion be ſincere, no matter for the Ornaments: 'Tis only Luxury, and Avarice that makes Poverty Grievous to us; for it is a very ſmall matter that does our Buſineſs; and when we have provided againſt Cold, Hunger and Thirſt, all the reſt is but Vanity, and Exceſs: And there's no need of Expence upon Foreign Delicacies, or the Artifices of the Kitchin. What is he the worſe for Poverty, that deſpiſes theſe things: Nay, is he not rather the better for it, becauſe he is not able to go to the Price of them? For he is kept ſound whether he will or no: And that which a Man *cannot* do, looks many times as if he *Would not*.

* *The Moderation of paſt Ages.*

When I look back into the * Moderation of paſt Ages, it makes me aſham'd to Diſcourſe, as if Poverty had need of any Conſolation; For we are now come to that Degree of Intemperance, that a fair Patrimony is too little for a Meal. *Homer* had but one Servant, *Plato* Three; and *Zeno* (the Maſter of the Maſculine Sect of *Stoicks*) had none at all. The Daughters of *Scipio* had their Portions out of the Common Treaſury, for their Father left them not worth a Penny: How happy were their Husbands

Husbands that had the People of *Rome* for their Father-in-Law? Shall any Man now contemn Poverty after theſe Eminent Examples; which are ſufficient not only to Juſtify, but to Recommend it? Upon *Diogenes*'s only Servant's running away from him, he was told where he was, and perſuaded to fetch him back again. *What*, ſays he, *can* Manes *live without* Diogenes, *and not* Diogenes *without* Manes? and ſo let him go. The Piety and Moderation of *Scipio* has made his Memory more Venerable, than his Arms; and more yet after he left his Country, than while he defended it: For matters were come to that paſs, that either *Scipio* muſt be injurious to *Rome*, or *Rome* to *Scipio*. Coarſe Bread, and Water, to a Temperate Man, is as good as a Feaſt; and the very Herbs of the Field yield a Nouriſhment to Man, as well as to Beaſts. It was not by Choice Meats, and Perfumes, that our Forefathers recommended themſelves, but in Virtuous Actions, and the Sweat of Honeſt, Military, and of Manly Labours.

While Nature lay in Common, and all * her Benefits were Promiſcuouſly enjoy'd, What could be happier than the State of Mankind, when People lived without Avarice, or Envy? What could be Richer, than when there was not a Poor Man to be found in the World? So ſoon as this impartial Bounty of Providence came to be reſtrain'd, by Covetouſneſs; and that Particulars appropriated That to themſelves which was intended for All; then did Poverty creep into the World; when ſome Men by deſiring more than came to their Share, loſt their Title to the Reſt. A Loſs never to be repair'd; for tho' we may come Yet to get Much, we once had All. The Fruits of the Earth were in thoſe days divided among the Inhabitants of it, without either Want, or Exceſs. So long as Men contented themſelves with their Lot, there was no Violence; no Engroſſing, or Hiding of thoſe Benefits for particular Advantages, which were appointed for the Community; but every Man had as much Care for his Neighbour, as for himſelf. No Arms, or Bloodſhed; no War, but with Wild Beaſts: But under the Protection of a Wood or a Cave, they

* *The State of Innocence.*

they ſpent their Days without Cares, and their Nights without Groans; Their Innocence was their Security, and their Protection. There was as yet no Beds of State, no Ornaments of Pearl, or Embroidery, nor any of thoſe Remorſes that attend them; but the Heavens were their Canopy; and the Glories of them their Spectacle. The Motions of the Orbs, the Courſes of the Stars, and the wonderful Order of Providence, was their Contemplation: There was no fear of the Houſe falling, or the Ruſling of a Rat behind the *Arras*; they had no Palaces then like Cities; but they had open Air, and Breathing-room; Cryſtal Fountains, Refreſhing Shades; the Meadows dreſt up in their Native Beauty, and ſuch Cottages as were according to Nature, and wherein they lived contentedly, without fear either of Loſing, or of Falling. Theſe People liv'd without either Solitude, or Fraud; and yet I muſt call them rather Happy, than Wiſe. That Men were generally better before they were corrupted, than after, I make no doubt; and I am apt to believe, that they were both Stronger and Hardier too; but their Wits were not yet come to Maturity; for Nature does not give Virtue; and it is a kind of Art to become Good: They had not as yet torn up the Bowels of the Earth for Gold, Silver, or precious Stones; and, ſo far were they from killing any Man, as we do, for a Spectacle, that they were not as yet come to it, either in Fear, or Anger; nay, they ſpared the very Fiſhes. But after all This, they were Innocent, becauſe they were Ignorant; and there's a great difference betwixt not Knowing how to offend, and not being Willing to do it. They had, in that rude Life, certain Images and Reſemblances of Virtue, but yet they fell ſhort of Virtue itſelf, which comes only by Inſtitution, Learning, and Study, as it is perfected by Practice. It is indeed the End for which we were born, but yet, it did not come into the World with us; and in the beſt of Men, before they are inſtructed, we find rather the Matter, and the Seeds of Virtue, than the Virtue itſelf. It is the wonderful Benignity of Nature, that has laid open to us all things that may do us Good, and only hid thoſe things from us that may hurt us: As if ſhe durſt not truſt us with

with Gold, and Silver; or with Iron; which is the Inſtrument of War, and Contention for the other. It is we ourſelves that have drawn out of the Earth, both the *Cauſes* and the *Inſtruments* of our Dangers: And we are ſo vain as to ſet the higheſt Eſteem upon thoſe things to which Nature has aſſign'd the loweſt place. What can be more Coarſe, and Rude in the Mine, than theſe precious Metals; or more Slaviſh, and Dirty, than the People that Dig, and Work them? and yet they defile our Minds, more than our Bodies; and make the Poſſeſſor fouler than the Artificer of them. Rich Men, in fine, are only the Greater Slaves. Both the One and the Other wants a great deal.

A Temperate Life is a Happy Life.

HAPPY is that Man that eats only for Hunger, and Drinks only for Thirſt; that ſtands upon his own Legs, and lives by Reaſon, not by Example; and provides for Uſe, and Neceſſity, not for Oſtentation and Pomp. Let us Curb our Appetites, encourage Virtue, and rather be beholden to ourſelves for Riches than to Fortune, who when a Man draws himſelf into a narrow Compaſs, has the leaſt Mark at him. Let my Bed be Plain and Clean, and my Cloaths ſo too: my Meat without much Expence, or many Waiters; and neither a Burden to my Purſe, nor to my Body; nor to go out the ſame way it came in. That which is too little for Luxury, is abundantly enough for Nature. The End of Eating and Drinking, is Satiety; Now, What matters it though One Eats and Drinks more, and Another leſs, ſo long as the One is not a-hungry, nor the Other a-thirſt? *Epicurus*, that limits Pleaſure to Nature, as the *Stoicks* do Virtue, is undoubtedly in the Right; and thoſe that cite him to authorize their Voluptuouſneſs, do exceedingly miſtake him, and only ſeek a Good Authority for an Evil Cauſe: For their Pleaſures of Sloth, Gluttony, and Luſt, have no Affinity at all with his Precepts, or Meaning. 'Tis true, that at firſt ſight his Philoſophy ſeems Effeminate; but he that looks nearer him, will find him to be a very brave Man, only in a Womaniſh Dreſs.

'Tis

* *Let Philoſophers live as they teach.*

'Tis a Common Objection, I know, * That theſe Philoſophers do not Live at the rate they Talk; for they can flatter their Superiors, Gather Eſtates, and be as much concern'd at the Loſs of Fortune, or of Friends, as other People: As ſenſible of Reproaches, as Luxurious in their Eating, and Drinking, their Furniture, their Houſes; as Magnificent in their Plate, Servants, and Officers; as Profuſe, and Curious in their Gardens, &c. Well! And what of all this, or if it were twenty times more? 'Tis ſome degree of Virtue for a Man to Condemn himſelf; and if he cannot come up to the Beſt, to be yet better than the Worſt; and if he cannot wholly Subdue his Appetites, however to Check, and Diminiſh them. If I do not live as I preach; take notice that I do not ſpeak of myſelf, but of Virtue; nor am I ſo much offended with other Mens Vices, as with my own. All this was objected to *Plato*, *Epicurus*, *Zeno:* Nor is any Virtue ſo Sacred, as to 'ſcape Malevolence. The *Cynique Demetrius* was a great Inſtance of Severity, and Mortification; and one that Impos'd upon himſelf, neither to poſſeſs any thing nor ſo much as to Ask it: And yet he had this *Scom* put upon him, that his Profeſſion was *Poverty*, not *Virtue*. *Plato* is blam'd for *Asking* Money: *Ariſtotle* for *Receiving* it; *Democritus* for *Neglecting* it; *Epicurus* for *Conſuming* it. How Happy were we if we could but come to imitate theſe Mens Vices; for if we knew our own Condition, we ſhould find work enough at Home. But, we are like People that are making Merry at a Play, or a Tavern; when their own Houſes are on fire, and yet they know nothing on't. Nay *Cato* himſelf was ſaid to be a Drunkard; but *Drunkenneſs* itſelf ſhall ſooner be proved to be no Crime, than *Cato* diſhoneſt. They that demoliſh Temples, and overturn Altars, ſhew their good Will, though they can do the Gods no hurt; and ſo it fares with thoſe that invade the Reputation of great Men. If the Profeſſors of Virtue be as the World calls them, Avaritious, Libidinous, Ambitious; What are they then that have a Deteſtation for the very Name of it? but Malicious Natures do not want Wit to abuſe Honeſter Men

Men than themſelves. It is the Practice of the Multitude, to bark at Eminent Men, as little Dogs do at Strangers; for they look upon other Mens Virtues, as the upbraiding of their own Wickedneſs. We ſhould do well to commend thoſe that are Good; if not, let us paſs them over; but however let us ſpare ourſelves; for beſide the Blaſpheming of Virtue, our Rage is to no purpoſe. But to return now to my Text.

'Tis good to practiſe Frugality in Plenty.

WE are ready enough to limit others, but loth to put Bounds and Reſtraint upon ourſelves; though we know that many times a Greater Evil is Cur'd by a Leſs; and the Mind that will not be brought to Virtue by Precepts, comes to it frequently by Neceſſity. Let us try a little to eat upon a Joint-Stool; to ſerve ourſelves; to live within Compaſs, and accommodate our Cloaths to the End they were made for. Occaſional Experiments of our Moderation give us the beſt Proof of our Firmneſs, and Virtue. A well-govern'd Appetite is a great part of Liberty; and it is a bleſſed Lot, that ſince no Man can have all things that he would have, we may all of us forbear deſiring what we have not. It is the Office of Temperance to over-rule us in our Pleaſures: Some She Rejects, Others She Qualifies, and keeps within Bounds; Oh! the Delights of Reſt, when a Man comes to be weary; and of Meat, when he is heartily Hungry! I have learn'd (ſays our Author) by one Journey, how many things we have that are ſuperfluous, and how eaſily they may be ſpar'd; for, when we are without them, upon Neceſſity, we do not ſo much as feel the Want of them. This is the Second Bleſſed Day (ſays he) that my Friend and I have Travell'd together: One Waggon carries ourſelves, and our Servants; my Mattreſs lies upon the Ground, and I upon That: Our Diet anſwerable to our Lodging; and never without our Figs and our Table-Books. The Muletier without Shoes, and the Mules only prove themſelves to be Alive by their Walking. In this Equipage, I am not willing, I perceive, to own myſelf, but as often as we happen into better Company, I preſently fall a bluſhing; which ſhews, that I am not yet confirm'd in thoſe

thoſe things which I Approve, and Commend: I am not yet come to Own my Frugality; for he that's aſhamed to be ſeen in a mean Condition, would be proud of a Splendid one. I value myſelf upon what Paſſengers think of me, and Tacitly Renounce my Principles; whereas I ſhould rather lift up my Voice to be heard by Mankind, and tell them, *You are all Mad; your Minds are ſet upon Superfluities, and you value no Man for Virtues.* I came one Night weary Home, and threw myſelf upon the Bed, with this Conſideration about me: *There is nothing Ill that is Well Taken.* My Baker tells me, he has no Bread; but, ſays he, I may get ſome of your Tenants, though I fear 'tis not Good. No matter, ſaid I, for I'll ſtay 'till it be better; that is to ſay, 'till my Stomach will be glad of worſe. It is Diſcretion ſometimes to practiſe Temperance, and wont ourſelves to a Little; for there are many Difficulties both of Time and Place, that may force us upon it: When we come to the Matter of Patrimony; How ſtrictly do we examine what every Man is worth, before we'll truſt him with a Penny: *Such a Man*, we cry, *has a great Eſtate, but it is ſhrewdly incumber'd; a very fair Houſe, but 'twas built with borrow'd Mony; a Numerous Family, but he does not keep Touch with his Creditors; if his Debts were paid, he would not be worth a Groat.* Why do we not take the ſame Courſe in other things, and examine what every Man is worth? 'Tis not enough to have a long Train of Attendants, vaſt Poſſeſſions, or an incredible Treaſure in Mony, and Jewels; a Man may be Poor for all this. There's only this difference at Beſt; One Man borrows of the *Uſurer*, and the Other of *Fortune*. What ſignifies the Carving or Gilding of the Chariot; Is the Maſter ever the better for't?

WE cannot cloſe up this Chapter with a more generous * Inſtance of Moderation than that of *Fabricius*. *Pyrrhus* tempted him with a Sum of Mony to betray his Country; and *Pyrrhus* his Phyſician offer'd *Fabricius*, for a Sum of Mony, to poiſon his *Maſter:* But he was too Brave, either to be overcome by Gold, or to overcome by

* *The Moderation and Bravery of* Fabricius.

by Poiſon; ſo that he refus'd the Mony, and advis'd *Pyrrhus* to have a Care of Treachery; and this in the Heat too of a Licentious War: *Fabricius* valu'd himſelf upon his Poverty, and was as much above the Thought of Riches, as of *Poiſon.* Live *Pyrrhus*, ſays he, *by my Friendſhip; and Turn That to thy Satisfaction, which was before thy Trouble, that is to ſay, That* Fabricius *could not be Corrupted.*

CHAP. XVI.

Conſtancy of Mind gives a Man Reputation, and makes him happy in deſpite of all Misfortunes.

THE whole Duty of Man may be reduced to the Two Points of *Abſtinence*, and *Patience*; *Temperance* in *Proſperity*, and *Courage* in *Adverſity.* We have already treated of the Former; and the Other follows now in Courſe.

EPICURUS will have it, That a * Wiſe Man will *Bear* all *Injuries*; but the *Stoicks* will not allow thoſe things to be *Injuries*, which *Epicurus* calls ſo. Now, betwixt *theſe Two*, there is the ſame Difference that we find betwixt two *Gladiators*; the One Receives Wounds, but yet maintains his Ground; the Other tells the People, when he is in Blood, That *'Tis but a Scratch*, and will not ſuffer any body to part them. An *Injury* cannot be *Receiv'd*, but it muſt be *Done:* But it may be *Done*, and yet not *Receiv'd*; as a Man may be in the Water, and not Swim, but if he Swims, 'tis preſum'd that he is in the Water. Or if a Blow, or a Shot be levell'd at us, it may ſo happen, that a Man may miſs his Aim, or ſome Accident interpoſe that may divert the Miſchief. That which is Hurt is Paſſive, and Inferior to that which Hurts it; but you will ſay, that *Socrates* was condemn'd, and

* *A Wiſe Man is above Injuries.*

and put to Death, and ſo receiv'd an Injury; but I anſwer, that the Tyrants *Did* him an Injury, and yet he *Receiv'd* none. He that ſteals any thing from me, and hides it in my own Houſe; though I have not loſt it, yet he has ſtolen it. He that lies with his own Wife, and takes her for another Woman; though the Woman be Honeſt, the Man is an Adulterer. Suppoſe a Man gives me a Draught of Poiſon, and it proves not ſtrong enough to kill me; his Guilt is never the leſs for the Diſappointment. He that makes a Paſs at me, is as much a Murderer, though I put it by, as if he had ſtruck me to the Heart. It is the Intention, not the Effect, that makes the Wickedneſs. He is a Thief that has the Will of Killing, and Slaying, before his Hand is dipt in Blood: As it is Sacrilege, the very Intention of laying violent Hands upon Holy Things. If a Philoſopher be expos'd to Torments, the Ax over his Head, his Body wounded, his Guts in his Hands, I will allow him to Groan; for Virtue itſelf cannot diveſt him of the Nature of a Man; but if his Mind ſtand firm, he has diſcharg'd his Part. A Great Mind enables a Man to maintain his Station with Honour; ſo that he only makes uſe of what he meets in his way, as a Pilgrim that would fain be at his Journey's End.

* *A Great Man neither Asks any thing nor Wants any thing.*

IT is the Excellency of a Great Mind to *Ask* nothing, and to *Want* nothing; and to ſay, *I'll have nothing to do with Fortune, that Repulſes* Cato, *and Prefers* Vatinius. He that quits his Hold, and accounts any thing Good that is not Honeſt, runs gaping after Caſualties, ſpends his days in Anxiety, and vain Expectation: That Man is miſerable. And yet 'tis hard, you'll ſay, to be baniſh'd, or caſt into Priſon; Nay, what if it were to be burnt, or any other way deſtroy'd? We have Examples in all Ages, and in all Caſes, of Great Men that have triumph'd over all Misfortunes. *Metellus* ſuffer'd *Exile* Reſolutely; *Rutilius* Chearfully. *Socrates* diſputed in the Dungeon; and though he might have made his Eſcape, refuſed it; to ſhew the World how eaſy a thing it was to ſubdue the two Great Terrors

of

of Mankind, *Death* and a *Jail.* Or what ſhall we ſay of *Mucius Scævola*; a Man only of a Military Courage, and without the Help either of Philoſophy, or Letters: Who, when he found that he had kill'd the Secretary, inſtead of *Porſenna* (the Prince) burnt his Right Hand to Aſhes for the Miſtake; and held his Arm in the Flame, 'till it was taken away by his very Enemies. *Porſenna* did more eaſily pardon *Mucius* for his Intent to kill him, than *Mucius* forgave *Himſelf* for miſſing of his Aim. He might have done a Luckier thing, but never a Braver.

DID not *Cato*, in the laſt Night of his * Life, take *Plato* to Bed with him; with his Sword at his Beds-head; the One, that he might have Death at his Will; the Other, that he might have it in his Power; being reſolved that no Man ſhould be able to ſay, either that he kill'd, or that he ſav'd *Cato?* So ſoon as he had compos'd his Thoughts, he took his Sword; *Fortune*, ſays he, *I have hitherto fought for my Country's Liberty and for my Own, and only that I might live Free among Freemen; but the Cauſe is now loſt, and* Cato *Safe.* With that Word, he caſt himſelf upon his Sword; and after the Phyſicians, that preſs'd in upon him, had bound up his Wound, he tore it open again, and ſo Expir'd with the ſame Greatneſs of Soul that he Liv'd. But theſe are the Examples, you'll ſay, of Men famous in their Generations. Let us but Conſult Hiſtory, and we ſhall find, even in the moſt effeminate of Nations, and the moſt Diſſolute of Times, Men of all Degrees, Ages, and Fortunes; nay, even Women themſelves, that have overcome the Fear of Death: Which, in truth, is ſo little to be fear'd, that duly conſider'd, it is one of the greateſt Benefits in Nature. It was as great an Honour for *Cato*, when his Party was broken, that he himſelf ſtood his Ground, as it would have been if he had carry'd the Day, and ſettled an Univerſal Peace: For, it is an equal Prudence, to make the Beſt of a bad Game, and to manage a Good one. The Day he was *Repulſed*, he *Played*; and the Night that he *Kill'd* himſelf, he *Read*, as valuing the Loſs of his Life,

* Cato's *Conſtancy.*

and

and the miſſing of an Office at the ſame Rate. People, I know, are very apt to pronounce upon other Men's Infirmities, by the Meaſure of their own, and to think it impoſſible, that a Man ſhould be content to be Burnt, Wounded, Kill'd, or Shackl'd, though in ſome Caſes he may. It is only for a Great Mind to judge of Great Things; for otherwiſe, that which is our Infirmity, will ſeem to be another Body's; as a ſtraight Stick in the Water appears to be crooked: He that Yields, draws upon his own Head his own Ruin; for we are ſure to get the better of Fortune, if we do but ſtruggle with her. Fencers and Wreſtlers we ſee what Blows and Bruiſes they endure, not only for Honour, but for Exerciſe. If we turn our Backs once we are Routed, and Purſu'd: That Man only is Happy, that draws Good out of Evil; that ſtands faſt in his Judgment, and unmov'd with any External Violence: or however, ſo little mov'd, that the keeneſt Arrow in the Quiver of Fortune is but as the prick of a Needle to him, rather than a Wound: And All her other Weapons fall upon him only as Hail upon the Roof of a Houſe, that Crackles, and Skipps off again, without any Damage to the Inhabitant.

* *The Greateſt Evil in Adverſity is the ſubmitting to it.*

A Generous, and a Clear-ſighted Young Man, will take it for * a Happineſs to encounter ill Fortune. 'Tis nothing for a Man to hold up his Head in a Calm; but to maintain his Poſt, when all others have quitted their Ground, and there to ſtand upright, where other Men are beaten down, this is Divine and Praiſe-worthy. What Ill is there in Torments, or in thoſe things which we commonly account Grievous Croſſes? The Great Evil is the want of Courage, the Bowing, and Submitting to them; which can never happen to a Wiſe Man; for he ſtands upright under any Weight; Nothing that is to be borne diſpleaſes him; he knows his Strength; and, whatſoever may be any Man's Lot, he never Complains of, if it be his own. Nature, he ſays, deceives no body; ſhe does not tell us whether our Children ſhall be Fair, or Foul; Wiſe or Fooliſh; Good

Subjects,

Subjects, or Traitors; nor whether our Fortune ſhall be Good or Bad. We muſt not Judge of a Man by his Ornaments; but ſtrip him of all the Advantages, and the Impoſtures of Fortune; nay, of his very Body too; and look into his Mind. If he can ſee a Naked Sword at his Eyes, without ſo much as winking; if he make it a thing indifferent to him, whether his Life go out at his Throat, or at his Mouth: if he can hear himſelf Sentenc'd to Torments, or Exiles; and under the very Hand of the Executioner, ſay thus to himſelf, *All this I am provided for, and 'tis no more than a Man, that is to Suffer the Fate of Humanity.* This is the Temper of Mind, that ſpeaks a Man happy; and without This, all the Confluences of External Comforts ſignify no more than the Perſonating of a King upon the Stage; when the Curtain is drawn, we are Players again. Not that I pretend to exempt a Wiſe Man out of the number of Men, as if he had no Senſe of Pain. But I reckon him as compounded of Body and Soul: The Body is Irrational, and may be Gall'd, Burnt, Tortur'd: but the Rational Part is Fearleſs, Invincible, and not to be ſhaken. This it is that I reckon upon as the Supreme Good of Man; which, 'till it be perfected, is but an unſteady Agitation of Thought; and in the Perfection, an Immovable Stability. It is not in our Contentions with Fortune, as in thoſe of the Theatre, where we may throw down our Arms, and pray for Quarter: But here we muſt Die Firm and Reſolute. There needs no Encouragement to thoſe things which we are inclin'd to by a Natural Inſtinct; as the Preſervation of ourſelves with Eaſe, and Pleaſure, but, if it comes to the Trial of our Faith by Torments, or of our Courage by Wounds, theſe are Difficulties that we muſt be arm'd againſt by Philoſophy and Precept: And yet all This is no more than what we were born to; and no Matter of Wonder at all; ſo that a Wiſe Man prepares himſelf for't; as expecting that whatſoever *May be, Will be.* My Body is frail, and Liable, not only to the Impreſſions of Violence, but to Afflictions alſo, that Naturally ſucceed our Pleaſures. Full Meals bring Crudities: Whoring and Drinking make the Hands to ſhake, and the Knees to tremble.

tremble. It is only the Surprize, and newneſs of the thing, which makes that Misfortune Terrible, which by Premeditation might be made Eaſy to us. For, that which ſome People make Light by Sufferance, others do by Fore-ſight. Whatſoever is neceſſary, we muſt bear patiently. 'Tis no new thing to Die; no new thing to Mourn, and no new thing to be merry again. Muſt I be *Poor?* I ſhall have Company; In *Baniſhment?* I'll think myſelf Born there. If I *Die*, I ſhall be no more Sick; and 'tis a thing I can do but once.

* *Let no Man be ſurpriſed with what he is Born to.*

Let Us never wonder at any thing * we are Born to; for no Man has Reaſon to Complain, where we are all in the ſame Condition. He that 'ſcapes, might have ſuffer'd; and 'tis but Equal to ſubmit to the Law of Mortality. We muſt undergo the Colds of Winter, the Heats of Summer; the Diſtempers of the Air, and Diſeaſes of the Body. A wild Beaſt meets us in One place, and a Man that is more Brutal, in another; we are here aſſaulted by Fire, there by Water. *Demetrius* was reſerv'd by Providence for the Age he lived in: to ſhew, that neither the Times could Corrupt him, nor he Reform the People. He was a Man of an Exact Judgment, ſteady to his Purpoſe, and of a ſtrong Eloquence; not Finical in his Words, but his Senſe was maſculine, and Vehement. He was ſo Qualified in his Life, and Diſcourſe, that he ſerv'd both for an Example, and a Reproach. If Fortune ſhould have offer'd that Man the Government, and the Poſſeſſion of the whole World, upon Condition not to lay it down again; I dare ſay he would have refus'd it: and thus have Expoſtulated the Matter with you. *Why ſhould you tempt a Freeman to put his Shoulder under a Burden; or an Honeſt Man to pollute himſelf with the Dregs of Mankind? Why do you offer me the Spoils of Princes, and of Nations, and the Price not only of your Blood, but of your Souls?* It is the part of a Great Mind to be Temperate in Proſperity, Reſolute in Adverſity; To Deſpiſe what the Vulgar admire; and to prefer a Mediocrity to an Exceſs. Was not *Socrates* oppreſs'd with Poverty,

Poverty, Labour, nay and the worſt of Wars in his own Family, a Fierce and Turbulent Woman to his Wife? Were not his Children Indocible, and like their Mother? After Seven and Twenty Years ſpent in Arms, he fell under the Slavery to the *Thirty Tyrants*, and moſt of them his bitter Enemies: He came at laſt to be Sentenc'd as *a Violator of Religion, a Corrupter of Youth, and a Common Enemy to God and Man.* After this, he was Impriſon'd, and put to Death by Poiſon, which was all ſo far from working upon his Mind, that it never ſo much as alter'd his Countenance. We are to bear ill Accidents, as Unkind Seaſons, Diſtempers, or Diſeaſes; and why may we not reckon the Actions of wicked Men even among thoſe Accidents? Their Deliberations are not Counſels, but Frauds, Snares, and Inordinate Motions of the Mind; and they are never without a thouſand Pretences, and Occaſions of doing a Man miſchief. They have their Informers, their Knights of the Poſt; they can make an Intereſt with Powerful Men, and one may be Robb'd as well upon the Bench, as upon the High-way. They lie in wait for Advantages, and live in perpetual Agitation, betwixt Hope and Fear; whereas he that is truly Compos'd, will ſtand all Shocks, either of Violences, Flatteries, or Menaces, without Perturbation. It is an inward Fear, that makes us Curious after what we hear Abroad.

IT is an Error to attribute either *Good*, or *Ill* to * *Fortune*; but the *Matter* of it we may; and we ourſelves are the Occaſion of it, being, in Effect, the Artificers of our own Happineſs, or Miſery: For the Mind is above Fortune; if That be Evil, it makes every thing elſe ſo too: But if it be Right, and Sincere, it corrects what is wrong, and mollifies what is hard, with Modeſty and Courage. There's a Great Difference among thoſe that the World calls Wiſe Men. Some take up private Reſolutions of Oppoſing Fortune, but they cannot go through with them; for they are either dazzled with Splendor on the One hand, or affrighted with Terrors on the Other:

* *The Works of Fortune are neither Good nor Evil.*

But there are Others that will cloſe, and grapple with Fortune, and ſtill come off Victorious. *Mucius* overcame the Fire; *Regulus* the Gibbet; *Socrates*, Poiſon; *Rutilius*, Baniſhment; *Cato*, Death; *Fabricius*, Riches; *Tubero*, Poverty; and *Sextius*, Honours. But there are ſome again ſo Delicate, that they cannot ſo much as bear a Scandalous Report; which is the ſame thing as if a Man ſhould quarrel for being juſtled in a Crowd, or daſh'd as he walks in the Streets. He that has a great way to Go, muſt expect a Slip, to Stumble, and to be Tir'd. To the Luxurious Man, Frugality is a Puniſhment; Labour and Induſtry, to the Sluggard; Nay, Study itſelf is a Torment to him: Not that theſe things are hard to us by Nature, but we ourſelves are Vain and Irreſolute: Nay, we wonder many of us, how any Man can live without Wine, or endure to riſe ſo early in a Morning.

* *Virtue is Glorious in Extremities.*

* A Brave Man muſt expect to be toſs'd; for he is to ſteer his Courſe in the Teeth of Fortune, and to work againſt Wind and Weather. In the Suffering of Torments, though there appears but one Virtue, a Man exerciſes many. That which is moſt Eminent is Patience (which is but a Branch of Fortitude.) But there is Prudence alſo in the Choice of the Action, and in the Bearing what we cannot avoid: and there is Conſtancy in Bearing it Reſolutely: And there is the ſame Concurrence alſo of ſeveral Virtues in other Generous Undertakings. When *Leonidas* was to carry his 300 Men into the Straits of *Thermopylæ*, to put a ſtop to *Xerxes* his huge Army: *Come, Fellow-Soldiers*, ſays he, *eat your Dinners here, as if you were to ſup in another World.* And they anſwer'd his Reſolution. How plain, and Imperious was that ſhort Speech of *Cæditius* to his Men upon a deſperate Action; and, how glorious a Mixture was there in it both of Bravery and Prudence? *Soldiers*, ſays he, *It is neceſſary for us to Go, but it is not neceſſary for us to Return.* This Brief and pertinent Harangue, was worth ten thouſand of the frivolous Cavils, and Diſtinctions of the Schools, which rather break the Mind, than fortify it; and when

'tis

'tis once perplex'd, and prick'd with Difficulties and Scruples, there they leave it. Our Paſſions are Numerous, and Strong, and not to be maſter'd with Quirks, and Tricks, as if a Man ſhould undertake to defend the Cauſe of God, and Men, with a Bulruſh. It was a Remarkable piece of Honour, and Policy together, that Action of *Cæſar*'s, upon the taking of *Pompey*'s Cabinet at the Battle of *Pharſalia:* 'Tis probable that the Letters in it might have diſcover'd who were his Friends, and who his Enemies; and yet he burnt it without ſo much as opening it: Eſteeming it the Nobleſt way of Pardoning, to keep himſelf Ignorant both of the Offender, and of the Offence. It was a brave Preſence of Mind alſo in *Alexander*, who, upon Advice that his Phyſician *Philip* intended to Poiſon him, took the Letter of Advice in one Hand, and the Cup in the Other; delivering *Philip* the Letter to Read, while he himſelf drank the Potion.

Virtue is invincible.

Some are of Opinion, that Death gives a Man Courage to ſupport Pain, and that Pain fortifies a Man againſt Death: But I ſay rather, that a Wiſe Man depends upon himſelf againſt Both, and that he does not either ſuffer with Patience in hopes of Death, or Die willingly becauſe he is weary of Life; but he Bears the One, and Waits for the Other; and carries a Divine Mind through all the Accidents of Human Life. He looks upon Faith and Honeſty, as the moſt Sacred Good of Mankind, and neither to be forc'd by Neceſſity, nor corrupted by Reward: Kill, Burn, Tear him in Pieces, he will be true to his Truſt: And the more any Man labours to make him diſcover a Secret, the deeper he will hide it. Reſolution is the Inexpugnable Defence of Human Weakneſs, and it is a wonderful Providence that attends it. *Horatius Cocles* oppos'd his ſingle Body to the whole Army, 'till the Bridge was cut down behind him, and then leap'd into the River, with his Sword in his Hand, and came off ſafe to his Party. There was a Fellow Queſtion'd about a Plot upon the Life of a Tyrant, and put to the Torture to declare his Confederates: He nam'd, by one, and

one, all the Tyrant's Friends that were about him; and ſtill as they were named, they were put to Death: The Tyrant ask'd him at laſt, if there were any more. Yes, ſays he, you yourſelf were in the Plot; and now you have never another Friend left you in the World: Whereupon the Tyrant cut the Throats of his own Guards. *He is the Happy Man that is the Maſter of Himſelf, and triumphs over the Fear of Death, which has overcome the Conquerors of the World.*

CHAP. XVII.

Our Happineſs depends in a great Meaſure upon the Choice of our Company.

THE Comfort of Life depends upon Converſation. Good Offices and Concord, and Human Society, is like the Working of an Arch of Stone; all would fall to the Ground, if one Piece did not ſupport another. Above all things, let us have a tenderneſs for Blood; and it is yet too little not to hurt, unleſs we profit one another. We are to Relieve the Diſtreſſed; to put the Wanderer into his Way; and to divide our Bread with the Hungry: Which is but the doing of Good to ourſelves; for we are only ſeveral Members of one Great Body. Nay, we are all of a Conſanguinity; form'd of the ſame Materials, and Deſigned to the ſame End: This obliges us to a mutual Tenderneſs, and Converſe; and the Other, to live with a Regard to Equity, and Juſtice. The Love of Society is Natural; but the Choice of our Company is matter of Virtue and Prudence. Noble Examples ſtir us up to Noble Actions; and the very Hiſtory of large and Publick Souls, inſpires a Man with Generous Thoughts. It makes a Man long to be in Action; and doing of ſomething that the World may be the better for; as protecting the Weak, Delivering the Oppreſs'd, Puniſhing the Inſolent.

lent. It is a great Bleſſing, the very Conſcience of giving a good Example; beſide that it is the greateſt Obligation any Man can Lay upon the Age he lives in. He that Converſes with the Proud, ſhall be puffed up; a Luſtful Acquaintance makes a Man Laſcivious; and the way to ſecure a Man from Wickedneſs, is to withdraw from the Examples of it. 'Tis too much to have them *Near* us, but more to have them *Within* us: Ill Examples, Pleaſure, and Eaſe, are, no doubt of it, great Corrupters of Manners. A Rocky Ground hardens the Horſes Hoof: The Mountaineer makes the beſt Soldier; the Miner makes the beſt Pionier; and Severity of Diſcipline fortifies the Mind. In all Exceſſes, and Extremities of Good, and of ill Fortune, let us have recourſe to Great Examples, that have contemn'd both. *Thoſe are the beſt Inſtructors that Teach in their Lives, and prove their Words by their Actions.*

AS an ill Air may endanger a Good Conſtitution, ſo may a * Place of Ill Example endanger a Good Man. Nay, there are ſome Places that have a kind of Privilege to be Licentious, and where Luxury, and Diſſolution of Manners ſeem to be Lawful; for Great Examples Give both Authority, and Excuſe to Wickedneſs. Thoſe Places are to be avoided as Dangerous to our Manners. *Hannibal* himſelf was unman'd by the Looſeneſs of *Campania*, and though a Conqueror by his Arms, he was Overcome by his Pleaſures. I would as ſoon live among Butchers, as among Cooks; not, but that a Man may be Temperate in any Place; but, to ſee Drunken Men Staggering up and down every where; and only the Spectacles of Luſt, Luxury, and Exceſs, before our Eyes, it is not ſafe to expoſe ourſelves to the Temptation. If the Victorious *Hannibal* himſelf could not reſiſt it, What ſhall become of us then that are Subdu'd, and give Ground to our Luſts already? He that has to do with an Enemy in his Breaſt, has a harder Task upon him than he that is to encounter one in the Field: His Hazard is Greater if he loſes Ground, and his Duty is Perpetual; for he has no Place, or Time for Reſt. If I

* *Avoid even Diſſolute Places, as well as looſe Companions.*

give way to Pleaſure, I muſt alſo yield to Grief, to Poverty, to Labour, Ambition, Anger, 'till I am torn to Pieces by my Misfortunes, and my Luſts. But, againſt all This, Philoſophy propounds a Liberty, that is to ſay, a Liberty from the Service of Accidents, and Fortune. There is not any thing that does more Miſchief to Mankind, than Mercenary Maſters of Philoſophy, that do not live as they Teach; They give a Scandal to Virtue. How can any Man expect that a Ship ſhould Steer a Fortunate Courſe, when the Pilot lies wallowing in his own Vomit? 'Tis an uſual thing, firſt to Learn to do Ill ourſelves, and then to Inſtruct Others to do ſo: But that Man muſt needs be very Wicked, that has gather'd into himſelf the Wickedneſs of other People.

* *Practical Philoſophers are the beſt Company.*

The beſt Converſation is with the * Philoſophers: That is to ſay, with ſuch of them as teach us Matter, not Words: that Preach to us Things Neceſſary, and keep us to the Practice of them. There can be no Peace in Human Life, without the Contempt of all Events. There is nothing that either puts better Thoughts into a Man, or ſooner ſets him Right that is out of the way, than a good Companion. For, the Example has the Force of a Precept, and touches the Heart with an Affection to Goodneſs. And not only the frequent Hearing, and Seeing of a Wiſe Man delights us, but the very Encounter of him ſuggeſts profitable Contemplations; ſuch as a Man finds himſelf mov'd with, when he goes into a Holy Place. I will take more Care with *Whom* I Eat, and Drink, than *What*; for without a Friend, the Table is a Manger. Writing does well; but Perſonal Diſcourſe, and Converſation does better: For Men give great Credit to their Ears, and take ſtronger Impreſſions from Example than Precept. *Cleanthes* had never hit *Zeno* ſo to the Life, if he had not been with him at all his Privacies; if he had not watch'd, and obſerv'd him, whether or no he Practis'd as he Taught. *Plato* got more from *Socrates* his *Manners*, than from his *Words*; and it was not the *School*, but the *Company*, and *Familiarity* of *Epicurus*, that made *Metrodorus*, *Hermachus*, and *Polyænus* ſo famous.

Now

The more Company the more Danger.

Now though it be by Inſtinct that we Covet Society, and avoid Solitude, we ſhould yet take This along with us, that the more Acquaintance the more Danger. Nay, there is not One Man of an Hundred that is to be truſted with himſelf. If Company cannot Alter us, it may interrupt us; and he that ſo much as ſtops upon the Way, loſes a great deal of a ſhort Life; which we yet make ſhorter by our Inconſtancy. If an Enemy were at our Heels, what Haſte ſhould we make? But Death is ſo, and yet we never mind it. There is no venturing of Tender and Eaſy Natures among the People; for 'tis odds that they'll go over to the Major Party. It would perhaps ſhake the Conſtancy of *Socrates*, *Cato*, *Lælius*, or any of us all; even when our Reſolutions are at the Height, to ſtand the Shock of Vice that preſſes upon us with a kind of publick Authority. It is a World of Miſchief that may be done by one Single Example of Avarice and Luxury. One Voluptuous Palate makes a great many. A wealthy Neighbour ſtirs up Envy, and a Fleering Companion moves Ill Nature wherever he comes. What will become of thoſe People then, that expoſe themſelves to a Popular Violence? Which is ill both ways; either if they comply with the Wicked, becauſe they are many, or quarrel with the Multitude, becauſe they are not Principled alike. The beſt way is to retire, and aſſociate only with thoſe, that may be the better for Us, and we for Them. Theſe Reſpects are Mutual, for while we Teach, we Learn. To deal freely; I dare not truſt myſelf in the Hands of much Company: I never go Abroad, that I come Home again the ſame Man I went out. Some thing or other that I had put in Order is diſcompos'd: Some Paſſion that I had ſubdu'd, gets head again; and 'tis juſt with our Minds, as it is after a long Indiſpoſition with our Bodies; we are grown ſo Tender, that the leaſt Breath of Air expoſes us to a Relapſe. And it is no wonder, if a Numerous Converſation be Dangerous, where there is ſcarce any ſingle Man, but by his Diſcourſe, Example, or Behaviour, does either Recommend to us, or

imprint in us, or by a kind of Contagion, inſenſibly infect us with one Vice or other; and the more People the greater is the Peril. Eſpecially let us have a Care of Publick Spectacles, where Wickedneſs inſinuates itſelf with Pleaſure; and above all others, let us avoid Spectacles of Cruelty, and Blood; and have nothing to do with thoſe that are perpetually Whining and Complaining; there may be Faith and Kindneſs there, but no Peace. People that are either Sad, or Fearful, we do commonly, for their Own Sakes, ſet a Guard upon them, for fear they ſhould make an Ill Uſe of being alone: eſpecially the Imprudent, who are ſtill contriving of Miſchief, either for Others, or for Themſelves; in Cheriſhing their Luſts, or Forming their Deſigns. So much for the Choice of a *Companion*, we ſhall now proceed to that of a *Friend*.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Bleſſings of Friendſhip.

OF all Felicities, the moſt Charming is that of a *Firm* and *Gentle Friendſhip*. It ſweetens all our Cares; Diſpels our Sorrows, and Counſels us in all Extremities. Nay, if there were no other Comfort in't, than the bare Exerciſe of ſo Generous a Virtue, even for that ſingle Reaſon, a Man would not be without it. Beſide, That it is a Sovereign Antidote againſt all Calamities; even againſt the Fear of Death itſelf.

* *Every Man is not a Friend that makes us a Viſit.*

BUT, we are not yet to number our Friends * by the *Viſits* that are made us; and to confound the Decencies of *Ceremony* and *Commerce*, with the Offices of *United Affections*. *Caius Graccus*, and after him, *Livius Druſus* were the Men that introduced among the *Romans* the Faſhion of ſeparating their Viſitants: Some were taken into their *Cloſet*, others were only admitted into the *Anti-Chamber*; and ſome again were fain to wait in the

the *Hall* perhaps, or in the *Court*. So that they had their *Firſt*, their *Second*, and their *Third-rate* Friends; but none of them True: Only they are call'd ſo in Courſe, as we Salute Strangers with ſome Title or other of Reſpect at a Venture. There's no depending upon thoſe Men that only take their Compliment in their Turn, and rather ſlip through the Door, than enter at it: He will find himſelf in a great Miſtake, that either ſeeks for a Friend in a Palace, or tries him at a Feaſt.

THE great Difficulty reſts in the * Choice of him; that is to ſay, in the Firſt Place, let him be Virtuous; for Vice is Contagious, and there's no truſting of the Sound, and the Sick together: And he ought to be a Wiſe Man too, if a Body knew where to find him: But in this Caſe, he that is leaſt Ill, is Beſt; and the higheſt Degree of Human Prudence is only the moſt Venial Folly. That Friendſhip, where Men's Affections are Cemented by an Equal, and by a Common Love of Goodneſs; it is not either Hope, or Fear, or any Private Intereſt, that can ever diſſolve it; but we carry it with us to our Graves, and lay down our Lives for it with Satisfaction. *Paulina*'s Good, and Mine (ſays our Author) were ſo wrapt up together, that in Conſulting her Comfort, I provided for my Own: and when I could not prevail upon her to take leſs Care for Me, ſhe prevail'd upon Me to take more Care of Myſelf. Some People make it a Queſtion, Whether is the greater Delight, the Enjoying of an Old Friendſhip; or the Acquiring of a New one: but, it is in Preparing of a Friendſhip, and in the Poſſeſſion of it, as it is with a Husbandman, in Sowing, and Reaping: His Delight is the Hope of his Labour in the One Caſe, and the Fruit of it in the Other. My Converſation lies among my Books, but yet in the Letters of a Friend, methinks I have his Company; and when I anſwer them, I do not only Write, but Speak: And in effect, a Friend is an Eye, a Heart, a Tongue, a Hand, at all Diſtances. When Friends ſee one another perſonally, they do not ſee one another as they do when

* *The Choice of a Friend.*

they are divided, where the Meditation dignifies th Proſpect: But they are effectually in a great Meaſure Abſent, even when they are preſent. Conſider their Nights apart; their private Studies; their ſeparate Employments, and neceſſary Viſits, and they are almoſt as much together, Divided, as Preſent. True Friends are the whole World to one another; and he that is a Friend to himſelf, is alſo a Friend to Mankind. Even in my very Studies, the greateſt Delight I take in what I Learn, is the teaching of it to others: For there is no Reliſh, methinks, in the Poſſeſſing of any thing without a Partner: Nay, if Wiſdom itſelf were offer'd me, upon Condition only of keeping it to myſelf, I ſhould undoubtedly refuſe it.

LUCILIUS tells me, that he was Written to by a * Friend, but cautions me withal, not to ſay any thing to him of the Affair in Queſtion; for he himſelf ſtands upon the ſame Guard. What is this, but to Affirm, and to Deny the ſame thing, in the ſame Breath; in calling a Man a Friend, whom we dare not truſt as our own Soul? For there muſt be no Reſerves in Friendſhip: As much Deliberation as you pleaſe before the League is ſtruck: but no Doubtings, or Jealouſies after. 'Tis a prepoſterous Weakneſs to Love a Man before we Know him, and not to Care for him after. It requires Time to conſider of a Friendſhip; but, the Reſolution once taken, Entitles him to my very Heart: I look upon my Thoughts to be as ſafe in his Breaſt, as in my own; I ſhall, without any Scruple, make him the Confident of my moſt ſecret Cares and Counſels. It goes a great way toward making a Man Faithful, to let him underſtand, that you Think him ſo; and he that does but ſo much as Suſpect that I will deceive him, gives me a kind of Right to Cozen him. When I am with my Friend, methinks I am alone, and as much at Liberty to ſpeak any thing, as to Think it; And as our Hearts are One, ſo muſt be our Intereſts, and Convenience: For Friendſhip lays all things in Common, and nothing can be Good to the One, that is Ill to the Other. I do not

* *There muſt be no Reſerves in Friendſhips.*

not ſpeak of ſuch a Community as to deſtroy one another's Propriety; but as the Father, and the Mother have two Children, not one a Piece, but each of them Two.

But, let us have a Care above all things, that our Kindneſs * be rightfully founded; for where there is any other Invitation to Friendſhip itſelf, that Friendſhip will be Bought and Sold. He derogates from the Majeſty of it, that makes it only dependent upon Good Fortune. It is a Narrow Conſideration for a Man to pleaſe himſelf in the Thought of a Friend, becauſe, ſays he, *I ſhall have one to help me, when I am Sick, in Priſon, or in Want.* A Brave Man ſhould rather take Delight in the Contemplation of Doing the ſame Offices for another. He that loves a Man for his own Sake, is in an Error. A Friendſhip of Intereſt cannot laſt any longer than the Intereſt itſelf; and this is the Reaſon that Men in Proſperity are ſo much follow'd; and when a Man goes down the Wind, no Body comes near him. Temporary Friends will never ſtand the Teſt. One Man is forſaken for Fear or Profit; Another is Betray'd. 'Tis a Negotiation, not a Friendſhip, that has an Eye to Advantages: only through the Corruption of Times, that which was formerly a Friendſhip, is now become a Deſign upon a Booty: Alter your Teſtament, and you loſe your Friend. But, my End of Friendſhip, is to have one dearer to me than myſelf; and for the ſaving of whoſe Life, I would chearfully lay down my Own: taking this along with me; that only Wiſe Men can be Friends; others are but Companions; and that there's a great Difference alſo betwixt Love and Friendſhip; the One may ſometimes do us Hurt; the other always does us Good; for one Friend is Helpful to another in all Caſes, as well in Proſperity, as Affliction. We receive Comfort even at a Diſtance, from thoſe we Love, but then it is Light and Faint: whereas Preſence and Converſation touches us to the Quick; eſpecially if we find the Man we love to be ſuch a Perſon as we wiſh.

* *A Generous Friendſhip.*

The Loſs of a Friend is hardly to be Repaired.

IT is uſual with Princes to Reproach the Living, by Commending the Dead; and to Praiſe thoſe People for ſpeaking Truth, from whom there is no longer any Danger of Hearing it. This is *Auguſtus* his Caſe. He was forc'd to Baniſh his Daughter *Julia* for her Common and Proſtituted Impudence; and ſtill, upon Freſh Informations, he was often heard to ſay; *If* Agrippa, *or* Mecænas, *had been now alive, this would never have been.* But yet where the Fault lay, may be a Queſtion; for perchance it was his Own, that had rather comp'ain for the Want of them, than ſeek for others as Good. The *Roman* Loſſes by War, and by Fire, *Auguſtus* could quickly ſupply, and Repair; but for the Loſs of *Two Friends*, he lamented his whole Life after. *Xerxes*, (a Vain and Fooliſh Prince) when he made War upon *Greece*, One told him, *'Twould never come to a Battle.* Another, *That he would find only empty Cities, and Countries, for they would not ſo much as ſtand the very Fame of his Coming.* Others ſooth'd him in the Opinion of his *Prodigious Numbers*; and they all concurr'd to puff him up to his Deſtruction. Only *Demaratus* adviſed him, not to depend too much upon his Numbers, for he would rather find them a Burden to him, than an Advantage: And that three hundred Men in the Straits of the Mountains would be ſufficient to give a Check to his whole Army: And that ſuch an Accident would undoubtedly turn his Vaſt Numbers to his Confuſion. It fell out afterward as he foretold, and he had Thanks for his Fidelity. A miſerable Prince, that among ſo many Thouſand Subjects, had but one Servant to tell him Truth!

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

He that would be Happy, muſt take an Account of his Time.

IN the Diſtribution of Human Life, we find, that a great part of it paſſes away in *Evil-doing*; a greater yet, in doing juſt *Nothing at all*; and effectually the whole, in doing Things *beſide our Buſineſs*. Some Hours we beſtow upon Ceremony, and Servile Attendances; Some upon our Pleaſures, and the Remainder runs at Waſte. What a deal of Time is it that we ſpend in Hopes, and Fears; Love, and Revenge; in Balls, Treats, making of Intereſts; Suing for Offices, Solliciting of Cauſes, and Slaviſh Flatteries! The Shortneſs of Life, I know, is the Common Complaint both of Fools and Philoſophers; as if the Time we have, were not ſufficient for our Duties. But 'tis with our Lives as with our Eſtates, a good Husband makes a little go a great way; whereas let the Revenue of a Prince fall into the Hand of a Prodigal, 'tis gone in a Moment. So that the Time allotted us, if it were well employed, were abundantly enough to anſwer all the Ends, and Purpoſes of Mankind. But, we ſquander it away in Avarice, Drink, Sleep, Luxury, Ambition; Fawning Addreſſes, Envy, Rambling Voyages; Impertinent Studies, Change of Councils, and the like; and when our Portion is ſpent, we find the want of it, though we give no heed to it in the Paſſage: Inſomuch, that we have rather *made* our Life ſhort than *found* it ſo. You ſhall have ſome People perpetually playing with their Fingers, Whiſtling, Humming, and Talking to themſelves; and Others conſume their Days in the Compoſing, Hearing, or Reciting of Songs, and Lampoons. How many precious Mornings do we ſpend in Conſultation with Barbers, Taylors, and Tire-Women, Patching, and Painting, betwixt the Comb and the Glaſs? A Council muſt be call'd upon every Hair we cut,

and

and one Curl amiſs, is as much as a Body's Life is worth. The Truth is, we are more ſollicitous about our Dreſs, than our Manners; and about the Order of our Periwigs, than that of the Government. At this rate, let us but diſcount, out of a Life of a Hundred Years, that Time which has been ſpent upon Popular Negotiations, Frivolous Amours, Domeſtick Brawls, Santrings up and down to no Purpoſe; Diſeaſes that we have brought upon ourſelves; and this large Extent of Life will not amount perhaps to the Minority of another Man. It is a *Long Being*, but perchance a *Short Life*. And what's the Reaſon of all this? We Live as we ſhould never Die, and without any Thought of Human Frailty; when yet the very Moment we beſtow upon this Man, or Thing, may peradventure be our laſt. But the greateſt Loſs of Time, is Delay, and Expectation, which depends upon the Future. We let go the Preſent, which we have in our own Power, we look forward to that which depends upon Fortune, and ſo quit a Certainty for an Uncertainty. We ſhould do by Time, as we do by a Torrent, make uſe of it while we may have it, for it will not laſt always.

* *No Man can be Happy to whom Life is Irkſome, or Death Terrible.*

The Calamities of Human Nature, may be Divided into * the *Fear* of *Death*, and the *Miſeries*, and *Errors* of *Life*. And it is the great Work of Mankind, to Maſter the One, and to Rectify the Other: And ſo Live, as neither to make Life Irkſome to us, nor Death Terrible. It ſhould be our Care, before we are Old, to Live Well, and when we are ſo, to Die Well; that we may Expect our End without Sadneſs; For it is the Duty of Life to prepare Ourſelves for Death; and there is not an Hour we Live, that does not Mind us of our Mortality: Time Runs on, and all Things have their Fate, though it lies in the Dark; The Period is certain to Nature, but, What am I the better for it, if it be not ſo to me? We propound Travels, Arms, Adventures, without ever conſidering that Death lies in the Way: Our Time is ſet, and none of us Know how near it is; but we are all of us Agreed,

Agreed, that the Decree is Unchangeable. Why ſhould we Wonder to have That befall us To-day, which might have happened to us any Minute ſince we were born? Let us therefore Live as if every Moment were to be our Laſt; and ſet our Accounts Right, every Day that paſſes over our Heads. We are not ready for Death, and therefore we fear it, becauſe we do not know what will become of us when we are gone; and that Conſideration ſtrikes us with an Inexplicable Terror. The way to avoid this Diſtraction, is to contract our Buſineſs, and our Thoughts: when the Mind is once ſettled; a Day, or an Age, is all One to us; and the Series of Time, which is now our Trouble, will be then our Delight: For he that is ſteadily reſolv'd againſt all Uncertainties ſhall never be diſturb'd with the Variety of them. Let us make haſte therefore to Live, ſince every Day to a Wiſe Man is a New Life: For he has done his Buſineſs the Day before, and ſo prepar'd himſelf for the next, that if it be not his Laſt, he knows yet that it might have been ſo. No Man enjoys the true taſte of Life, but he that is Willing, and Ready to Quit it.

THE Wit of Man is not able to Expreſs the * Blindneſs of Human Folly, in taking ſo much more Care of our Fortunes, our Houſes, and our Mony, than we do of our Lives; every Body breaks in upon the One, *Gratis*, but we betake ourſelves to Fire, and Sword, if any Man invades the Other. There's no dividing in the Caſe of Patrimony, but People ſhare our Time with us at Pleaſure: So profuſe are we of that only thing, whereof we may be Honeſtly covetous. 'Tis a common Practice to ask an Hour or two of a Friend, for ſuch or ſuch a Buſineſs, and it is as eaſily granted; both Parties only conſidering the Occaſion, and not the Thing itſelf. They never put Time to Account, which is the moſt valuable of all precious Things: But becauſe they do not ſee it, they reckon upon it as Nothing; and yet theſe Eaſy Men, when they come to Die, would give the whole World for thoſe Hours again, which they ſo Incon-

* *We take more Care of our Fortunes, than of our Lives.*

Inconſiderately caſt away before; but there's no recovering of them. If they could number their Days that are yet to Come, as they can thoſe that are already Paſt, How would thoſe very People tremble at the Apprehenſion of Death, though a hundred Years hence, that never ſo much as think of it at preſent, though they know not but it may take them away the next immediate Minute? 'Tis an uſual Saying, *I would give my Life for Such or Such a Friend*, when at the ſame time we Do give it, without ſo much as thinking of it: Nay, when that Friend is never the better for it, and we our ſelves the worſe. Our Time is ſet, and Day and Night we Travel On; there's no Baiting by the Way, and 'tis not in the Power of either Prince, or People to prolong it. Such is the Love of Life, that even thoſe Decrepit Dotards that have loſt the uſe of it, will yet beg the Continuance of it, and make themſelves younger than they are, as if they could cozen even Fate itſelf. When they fall ſick, what Promiſes of Amendment if they eſcape that Bout: What Exclamations againſt the Folly of their Miſ-ſpent Time? And yet, if they Recover, they Relapſe. No Man takes Care to Live Well, but Long; When yet it is in every Body's Power to do the Former, and in no Man's to do the Latter. We conſume our Lives, in providing the very Inſtruments of Life, and Govern ourſelves ſtill with a Regard to the Future: So that we do not properly Live, but we are about to Live. How great a Shame is it, to be laying new Foundations of Life, at our laſt Gaſp; and for an Old Man (that can only prove his Age by his Beard) with one Foot in the Grave, to go to School again? while we are Young, we may Learn: Our Minds are Tractable, and our Bodies fit for Labour, and Study; but when Age comes on, we are ſeiz'd with Languor and Sloth, afflicted with Diſeaſes, and at laſt we leave the World as ignorant as we come into't: Only we *Die* worſe than we were *Born*; which is none of Nature's Fault, but Ours; for our Fears, Suſpicions, Perfidy, *&c.* are from ourſelves. I wiſh with all my Soul, that I had thought of my End ſooner, but I muſt make the more Haſte now, and ſpur on, like thoſe that ſet out Late upon

upon a Journey; it will be better to Learn Late than not at all, though it be but only to inſtruct me, how I may leave the Stage with Honour.

IN the Diviſion of Life, there is * Time *Preſent, Paſt, and to Come.* What we *Do*, is *Short*; what we *Shall do is Doubtful*; but what we *Have done*, is *Certain* and out of the Power of Fortune. The Paſſage of Time is wonderfully quick, and a Man muſt look backward to ſee it: And in that Retroſpect, he has all paſt Ages at a View. But the preſent gives us the Slip Unperceiv'd. 'Tis but a Moment that we Live, and yet we are Dividing it into *Childhood*, *Youth*, *Man's Eſtate*, and *Old Age*, all which Degrees we bring into that narrow compaſs. If we do not watch, we loſe our opportunities; if we do not make Haſte, we are left behind; our Beſt hours 'ſcape us, the worſt are to come. The Pureſt Part of our Life runs Firſt, and leaves only the Dregs at the Bottom; And *That time, which is good for nothing elſe, we dedicate to Virtue*; and only propound to begin to Live, at an Age that very few People arrive at. What greater Folly can there be in the World, than this Loſs of Time, the Future being ſo Uncertain, and the Damages ſo irreparable? If Death be Neceſſary, why ſhould any Man Fear it: And if the Time of it be Uncertain, Why ſhould not we always Expect it; We ſhould therefore firſt prepare ourſelves by a Virtuous Life, againſt the dread of an Inevitable Death: And it is not for us to put off being Good, 'till ſuch, or ſuch a Buſineſs is over: for One Buſineſs draws on Another, and we do as good as Sow it; one Grain produces more. 'Tis not enough to Philoſophize when we have nothing elſe to do; but we muſt attend Wiſdom, even to the Neglect of all things elſe; for we are ſo far from having time to ſpare, that the Age of the World would be yet too narrow for our Buſineſs; nor is it ſufficient not to Omit it, but we muſt not ſo much as Intermit it.

* *Time Preſent, Paſt, and to come.*

* *We can call nothing our Own, but our Time.*

THERE is nothing that we can * properly call our own, but our Time, and yet every Body fools us out of it, that has a mind to't. If a Man borrows a Paltry Sum of Mony, there muſt be Bonds and Securities, and every Common Civility is preſently charg'd upon Account: But, he that has my Time, thinks he owes me nothing for't, though it be a Debt, that Gratitude itſelf can never repay. I cannot call any Man Poor that has enough ſtill left, be it never ſo little: 'Tis good Advice yet to thoſe that have the World before them, to play the Good Husbands betimes, for 'tis too late to ſpare at the Bottom, when all is drawn out to the Lees. He that takes away a Day from me, takes away what he can never reſtore me. But our Time is either *Forc'd away* from us, or *Stolen* from us, or *Loſt*: Of which, the laſt is the foulеſt Miſcarriage. It is in Life, as in a Journey: a Book, or a Companion, brings us to our Lodging before we thought we were half way. Upon the whole Matter we conſume ourſelves one upon another, without any Regard at all to our own Particular. I do not ſpeak of ſuch as live in Notorious Scandal, but even thoſe Men themſelves, whom the World pronounces Happy, are ſmother'd in their Felicities; Servants to their Profeſſions and Clients, and drown'd in their Luſts. We are apt to complain of the Haughtineſs of *Great Men*, when yet there is hardly any of them all ſo proud, but that at ſome time or other a Man may yet have Acceſs to him, and perhaps a good Word, or Look into the Bargain. Why do we not rather Complain of *Ourſelves*, for being of all other, even to ourſelves, the moſt Deaf, and Inacceſſible?

* *Company and Buſineſs, are great Devourers of Time.*

COMPANY, and Buſineſs, are great * Devourers of Time, and our Vices deſtroy our Lives, as well as our Fortunes. The Preſent is but a Moment, and perpetually in Flux; the time paſt we call to mind when we pleaſe, and it will abide the Examination and Inſpection. But the Buſy Man has not Leiſure to look Back; or if he has,

'tis

'tis an unpleaſant thing to reflect upon a Life to be repented of: Whereas the Conſcience of a good Life puts a Man into a ſecure and perpetual Poſſeſſion of a Felicity never to be diſturb'd, or taken away: But he that has led a wicked Life, is afraid of his own Memory, and in the Review of himſelf he finds only Appetite, Avarice, or Ambition, inſtead of Virtue. But ſtill he that is not at leiſure many times to live, muſt, when his Fate comes, whether he will or no, be at leiſure to die. Alas! What is Time to Eternity? The Age of a Man, to the Age of the World? And how much of this little do we ſpend in Fears, Anxieties, Tears, Childhood? Nay, we ſleep away the one half. How great a Part of it runs away in Luxury, and Exceſs: The Ranging of our Gueſts, our Servants; and our Diſhes? As if we were to Eat, and Drink, not for Satiety but Ambition. The Nights may well ſeem ſhort that are ſo dear bought, and beſtowed upon Wine, and Women; The Day is loſt in Expectation of the Night, and the Night in the Apprehenſion of the Morning. There is a Terror in our very Pleaſures; and This Vexatious Thought in the very Height of them, that *They will not laſt always:* Which is a Canker in the Delights, even of the Greateſt, and the moſt Fortunate of Men.

CHAP. XX.

Happy is the Man that may chuſe his own Buſineſs.

OH! The Bleſſings of Privacy, and Leiſure! The Wiſh of the Powerful and Eminent, but the Privilege only of Inferiors; who are the only People that live to themſelves: Nay, the very Thought, and Hope of it, is a Conſolation, even in the middle of all the Tumults and Hazards, that attend Greatneſs. It was *Auguſtus* his Prayer that he might live to Retire, and deliver

deliver himſelf from Publick Buſineſs: His Diſcourſes were ſtill pointing that way, and the higheſt Felicity which this Mighty Prince had in Proſpect, was the diveſting himſelf of that Illuſtrious State, which how glorious ſoever in ſhew, had at the Bottom of it, only Anxiety and Care. But, it is One Thing to Retire for Pleaſure, and Another Thing for Virtue: Which muſt be Active, even in that Retreat, and give Proof of what it has learn'd: For a Good, and a Wiſe Man does in Privacy conſult the well-being of Poſterity. *Zeno* and *Chryſippus* did greater Things in their Studies, than if they had led Armies, born Offices, or given Laws: Which in Truth they did, not to one City alone, but to all Mankind: Their Quiet Contributed more to the Common Benefit, than the *Sweat* and *Labour* of other People. That Retreat is not worth the while, which does not afford a Man Greater and Nobler Work than Buſineſs. There's no ſlaviſh Attendance upon great Officers; no Canvaſſing for Places, no making of Parties; no Diſappointments in my Pretenſion to this Charge, to that Regiment; or to ſuch, or ſuch a Title; no Envy of any Man's Favour or Fortune: but a Calm Enjoyment of the General Bounties of Providence, in Company with a good Conſcience. A Wiſe Man is never ſo buſy, as in the Solitary Contemplation of God, and the Works of Nature. He withdraws himſelf to attend the Service of future Ages. And thoſe Counſels which he finds ſalutary to himſelf, he commits to Writing, for the Good of After times, as we do the Receipts of Sovereign Antidotes, or Balſams. He that is well employ'd in his Study, though he may ſeem to do nothing at all, does the greateſt things yet of all others, in Affairs both Human and Divine. To ſupply a Friend with a Sum of Mony, or give my Voice for an Office, theſe are only Private, and Particular Obligations; but he that lays down Precepts for the Governing of our Lives, and the Moderating of our Paſſions, obliges Human Nature, not only in the preſent, but in all ſucceeding Generations.

HE

HE that would be quiet, let him repair to his * Philoſophy, a Study, that has Credit with all ſorts of Men. The Eloquence of the Bar, or whatſoever elſe addreſſes to the People, is never without Enemies: But Philoſophy minds its own Buſineſs, and even the worſt have an Eſteem for't. There can never be ſuch a Conſpiracy againſt Virtue; the World can never be ſo wicked, but the very Name of a *Philoſopher* ſhall ſtill continue Venerable, and Sacred. And yet Philoſophy itſelf muſt be handled Modeſtly, and with Caution. But what ſhall we ſay of *Cato* then, for his meddling in the Broil of a Civil War, and interpoſing himſelf in the Quarrel betwixt two enraged Princes? He that when *Rome* was ſplit into *Two Factions*, betwixt *Pompey* and *Cæſar*, declar'd himſelf againſt *Both*. I ſpeak this of *Cato*'s laſt Part, for in his Former time the Commonwealth was made unfit for a Wiſe Man's Adminiſtration. All he could do then, was but Bawling; and Beating of the Air: One while he was Lugg'd, and Tumbled by the Rabble, Spit upon, and dragg'd out of the *Forum*, and then again hurry'd out of the Senate houſe to Priſon. There are ſome things which we propound Originally, and others that fall in as Acceſſary to another Propoſition. If a Wiſe Man Retire, 'tis no matter whether he does it, becauſe the Commonwealth was wanting to Him, or becauſe He was wanting to It. But, to what Republick ſhall a Man betake himſelf? Not to *Athens*, where *Socrates* was condemn'd, and whence *Ariſtotle* fled for fear he ſhould have been condemn'd too; and where Virtue was oppreſs'd by Envy. Not to *Carthage*, where there was nothing but Tyranny, Injuſtice, Cruelty, and Ingratitude. There is ſcarce any Government to be found, that will either endure a Wiſe Man, or which a Wiſe Man will endure: So that Privacy is made neceſſary, becauſe the only thing which is Better, is no where to be had. A Man may commend Navigation, and yet Caution us againſt thoſe Seas that are Troubleſome, and Dangerous: So that he does as good as command me not to weigh Anchor, that commends Sailing only

* *Philoſophy is a quiet Study.*

only upon theſe Terms. He that is a Slave to Buſineſs, is the moſt wretched of Slaves.

BUT how ſhall I get myſelf at Liberty? * We can run any Hazards for Mony; take any Pains for Honour; and why do we not venture ſomething alſo for Leiſure, and Freedom? without which we muſt expect to live and die in a Tumult: For, ſo long as we live in Publick, Buſineſs breaks in upon us, as one Billow drives on another; and there's no avoiding it with either Modeſty or Quiet. It is a kind of Whirlpool, that ſucks a Man in, and he can never diſengage himſelf. A Man of Buſineſs cannot in truth be ſaid to Live, and not one of a Thouſand underſtands how to do it: for how to Live, and how to Die, is the Leſſon of every Moment of our Lives: All other Arts have their Maſters. As a buſy Life is always a Miſerable Life, ſo is it the greateſt of all Miſeries, to be perpetually employ'd upon *Other People's Buſineſs*; For to Sleep, to Eat, to Drink at their Hours; to walk their Pace, and to Love, and Hate, as they do, is the vileſt of Servitudes. Now though Buſineſs muſt be quitted, let it not be done Unſeaſonably; the longer we defer it, the more we endanger our Liberty; and yet we muſt no more Fly before the Time, than linger when the Time comes; Or however, we muſt not love Buſineſs, for Buſineſs ſake; nor indeed do we, but for the Profit that goes along with it: For we love the Reward of Miſery, though we hate the Miſery itſelf. Many People, I know, ſeek Buſineſs without Chuſing it, and they are e'en weary of their Lives without it, for want of Entertainment in their own Thoughts: The Hours are Long, and Hateful to them when they are Alone, and they ſeem as ſhort on the other ſide in their Debauches. When they are no longer *Candidates*, they are *Suffragants:* When they give over Other Peoples Buſineſs, they do their Own; and pretend Buſineſs, but they make it, and value themſelves upon being thought Men of Employment. Liberty is the thing which they are perpetually a wiſhing, and never come to Obtain: A thing neither to be Bought, nor Sold; but a Man muſt Ask it of Himſelf, and give it

* *Liberty is to be Purchas'd at any Rate.*

it to Himſelf. He that has given proof of his Virtue in Publick, ſhould do well to make trial of it in Private alſo. It is not that Solitude, or a Country Life teaches Innocence, or Frugality; but Vice falls of itſelf, without Witneſſes, and Spectators; for the thing it Deſigns is to be taken notice of. Did ever any Man put on Rich Cloaths not to be ſeen? Or ſpread the Pomp of his Luxury where no body was to take Notice of it? If it were not for Admirers, and Spectators, there would be no Temptations to Exceſs; the very Keeping of us from Expoſing them, Cures us of Deſiring them, for Vanity and Intemperance are fed with Oſtentation.

HE that has lived at Sea in a Storm, let him * Retire, and Die in the Haven: But let his Retreat be without Oſtentation, and wherein he may enjoy himſelf with a good Conſcience, without the Want, the Fear, the Hatred, or the Deſire of any thing: Not out of a Malevolent Deteſtation of Mankind, but for Satisfaction, and Repoſe. He that ſhuns both Buſineſs and Men, either out of Envy, or any other Diſcontent, his Retreat is but to the Life of a Mole: Nor does he Live to himſelf, as a Wiſe Man does, but to his Bed, his Belly, and his Luſts. Many People ſeem to Retire out of a Wearineſs of Publick Affairs, and the Trouble of Diſappointments; and yet Ambition finds them out even in that Receſs, into which, Fear and Wearineſs had caſt them; and ſo does Luxury, Pride, and moſt of the Diſtempers of a Publick Life. There are many that Lie Cloſe, not that they may Live Securely, but that they may Tranſgreſs more Privately; It is their Conſcience, not their States, that makes them keep a Porter; for they live at ſuch a Rate, that to be ſeen before they be aware, is to be detected. *Crates* ſaw a young Man Walking by himſelf; *Have a Care*, ſays he, *of Lewd Company.* Some Men are Buſy in Idleneſs, and make Peace more Laborious and Troubleſome than War: Nay, and more Wicked too, when they beſtow it upon ſuch Luſts, and other Vices, which even the Licence of a Military Life would not endure. We cannot call theſe People Men of Leiſure,

* *Several People withdraw for ſeveral Ends.*

ſure, that are wholly taken up with their Pleaſures. A Troubleſome Life is much to be preferr'd before a Slothful one, and it is a ſtrange thing methinks, that any Man ſhould fear Death, that has bury'd himſelf alive; as Privacy, without Letters, is but the Burying of a Man Quick.

* *Some Men retire to be talk'd of.*

THERE are ſome that make a Boaſt of their * Retreat, which is but a kind of Lazy Ambition: They retire, to make People talk of them, whereas I would rather withdraw to ſpeak with myſelf. And what ſhall that be, but that which we are apt to ſpeak of one another? I will ſpeak ill of myſelf; I will Examine, Accuſe, and Puniſh my Infirmities. I have no Deſign to be cry'd up for a Great Man, that has renounced the World in a Contempt of the Vanity and Madneſs of Human Life; I blame no body but myſelf, and I addreſs only to myſelf. He that comes to me for Help, is miſtaken, for I am not a Phyſician but a Patient. And I ſhall be well enough content to have it ſaid, when any Man leaves me, *I took him for a Happy, and a Learned Man, and truly I find no ſuch matter.* I had rather have my Retreat Pardon'd, than Envy'd. There are ſome Creatures that Confound their Footing about their Dens, that they may not be found out, and ſo ſhould a Wiſe Man in the Caſe of his Retirement. When the Door is open, the Thief paſſes it by, as not worth his while; but when 'tis Bolted and Sealed, 'tis a Temptation for People to be prying. To have it ſaid, *That ſuch a one is never out of his Study; and ſees no body*, &c. this furniſhes Matter for Diſcourſe. He that makes his Retirement too ſtrict and ſevere, does as good as Call Company to take Notice of it.

Philoſophy requires Privacy, and Freedom.

EVERY Man knows his own Conſtitution. One Eaſes his Stomach by Vomit, Another ſupports it with good Nouriſhment: He that has the Gout forbears Wine and Bathing, and every Man applies to the Part that is moſt Infirm. He that ſhews a Gouty Foot, a Lame Hand, or Contracted Nerves, ſhall be permitted to lie ſtill, and attend his Cure.

Cure. And why not ſo in the Vices of his Mind? We muſt diſcharge all Impediments, and make way for Philoſophy, as a Study inconſiſtent with Common Buſineſs. To all other things we muſt deny ourſelves openly and frankly: When we are Sick, we refuſe Viſits, keep ourſelves Cloſe, and lay aſide all Publick Cares; and ſhall we not do as much when we Philoſophize? Buſineſs is the Drudgery of the World, and only fit for Slaves, but Contemplation is the Work of Wiſe Men. Not but that Solitude, and Company may be allow'd to take their Turns: The One Creates in us the Love of Mankind, the Other that of ourſelves: Solitude Relieves us when we are Sick of Company; and Converſation, when we are weary of being alone; ſo that the One Cures the Other. *There is no Man*, in fine, *ſo miſerable as he that is at a Loſs how to ſpend his Time.* He is Reſtleſs in his Thoughts; unſteady in his Counſels; Diſſatisfy'd with the Preſent; Sollicitous for the Future; whereas he that prudently computes his Hours and his Buſineſs, does not only fortify himſelf againſt the Common Accidents of Life, but improves the moſt Rigorous Diſpenſations of Providence to his Comfort; and ſtands firm under all the Trials of Human Weakneſs.

CHAP. XXI.

The Contempt of Death makes all the Miſeries of Life Eaſy to us.

IT is a hard Task to Maſter the Natural Deſire of Life, by a Philoſophical Contempt of Death; and to convince the World, that there is no hurt in't, and cruſh an Opinion, that was brought up with us from our Cradles. What Help? What Encouragement? What ſhall we ſay to Human Frailty, to carry it Fearleſs through the Fury of Flames, and upon the Points of Swords? What Rhetorick ſhall we uſe, to bear down the Univerſal Conſent of People to ſo dangerous an Error? The

Captious, and Superfine Subtilties of the Schools will never do the Work. Theſe ſpeak many Things ſharp, but utterly unneceſſary, and void of effect. The Truth of it is, there is but one Chain that holds all the World in Bondage, and that's the Love of Life. It is not that I propound the making of Death ſo indifferent to us, as it is whether a Man's Hairs be Even or Odd: For what with Self-Love, and an Implanted Deſire in every thing of Preſerving itſelf, and a long Acquaintance betwixt the Soul, and Body; Friends may be loth to part, and Death may carry an Appearance of Evil, though in truth it is itſelf no Evil at all. Beſide that, we are to go to a ſtrange Place, in the Dark; and under great Uncertainties of our Future ſtate; So that People Die in Terror, becauſe they do not know whither they are to go, and they are apt to Fancy the worſt of what they do not underſtand: Theſe Thoughts are indeed ſufficient to ſtartle a Man of great Reſolution, without a wonderful Support from above. And moreover, our Natural Scruples, and Infirmities are aſſiſted by the Wits and Fancies of all Ages, in their Infamous, and Horrid Deſcription of another World: Nay, taking it for granted, that there will be no Reward and Puniſhment, they are yet more afraid of an Annihilation, than of Hell itſelf.

BUT, What is it we fear? *Oh! 'Tis a terrible thing to die.* Well! and is it not better once to Suffer it, * than always to Fear it? The Earth itſelf ſuffers both *With* me, and *Before* me. How many Iſlands are ſwallow'd up in the Sea? How many Towns do we Sail over? Nay how many Nations are wholly Loſt, either by Inundations, or Earthquakes? And ſhall I be afraid of my little Body? Why ſhould I, that am ſure to Die, and that all other things are Mortal, be fearful of coming to my laſt Gaſp myſelf? It is the Fear of Death that makes us Baſe, and troubles and deſtroys the Life that we would preſerve: That Aggravates all Circumſtances, and makes them Formidable. We depend but upon a flying Moment. Die we muſt; but When? What's that to us? It is the Law of Nature; the Tribute of Mortals, and

* *'Tis a Folly to Fear Death.*

and the Remedy of all Evils. 'Tis only the Diſguiſe that Affrights us; as Children that are Terrify'd with a Vizor. Take away the Inſtruments of Death, the Fire, the Ax, the Guards, the Executioners, the Whips, and the Racks: Take away the Pomp, I ſay, and the Circumſtances that accompany it, and Death is no more than what my Slave yeſterday Contemn'd: The Pain is nothing to a Fit of the Stone; if it be Tolerable, it is not Great; and if Intolerable, it cannot laſt long. There is nothing that Nature has made Neceſſary, which is more Eaſy than Death: We are longer a-coming into the World, than going out of it; and there is not any Minute of our Lives, wherein we may not Reaſonably Expect it. Nay, 'tis but a Moment's Work, the parting of the Soul and Body. What a ſhame is it then to ſtand in Fear of any thing ſo long, that is over ſo ſoon?

Nor is it any great Matter to * overcome this Fear: For we have Examples as well of the *meaneſt* of Men, as of the *greateſt* that have done it. There was a Fellow to be expoſed upon the Theatre, who in diſdain, thruſt a Stick down his own Throat, and Chok'd himſelf: And another on the ſame Occaſion, pretending to nod upon the Chariot, as if he were aſleep, caſt his Head betwixt the Spokes of the Wheel, and kept his Seat 'till his Neck was broken. *Caligula*, upon a Diſpute with *Canius Julius*; *Do not flatter yourſelf*, ſays he, *for I have given Order to put you to Death. I thank your Moſt Gracious Majeſty for it*, ſays *Canius*, giving to underſtand perhaps, that under his Government, Death was a Mercy: For he knew, that *Caligula* ſeldom fail'd of being as good as his Word in that Caſe. He was at Play when the Officer carried him away to his Execution, and beckoning to the Centurion, *Pray*, ſays he, *will you bear me witneſs, when I am dead and gone, that I had the better of the Game.* He was a Man exceedingly beloved, and lamented: And for a Farewel, after he had Preach'd Moderation to his Friends: *You*, ſays he, *are here diſputing about the Immortality of the Soul, and I am now going to learn the Truth of it:*

* *The Fear of Death is eaſily overcome.*

if I diſcover any thing upon that Point, you ſhall hear on't. Nay, the moſt Timorous of Creatures, when they ſee there's no eſcaping, they oppoſe themſelves to all Dangers; the Deſpair gives them Courage, and the Neceſſity overcomes the Fear. *Socrates* was Thirty days in Priſon after his Sentence, and had time enough to have Starv'd himſelf, and ſo have prevented the Poiſon; but he gave the World the Bleſſing of his Life as long as he could, and took that Fatal Draught, in the Meditation, and Contempt of Death. *Marcellinus*, in a Deliberation upon Death, call'd ſeveral of his Friends about him: One was fearful, and Adviſ'd what he himſelf would have done in the Caſe: Another gave the Counſel which he thought *Marcellinus* would like beſt; but a Friend of his, that was a *Stoick*, and a ſtout Man, reaſon'd the Matter to him after this manner: *Marcellinus*, do not trouble yourſelf, as if it were ſuch a mighty Buſineſs that you have now in hand; 'tis Nothing to *Live*; all your Servants do it, nay, your very Beaſts too; but to *Die* Honeſtly, and Reſolutely, that's a great Point. Conſider with yourſelf, there's nothing pleaſant in Life, but what you have taſted already, and that which is to come is but the ſame over again; And how many Men are there in the World, that rather chuſe to Die, than to ſuffer the Nauſeous Tediouſneſs of the Repetition; Upon which Diſcourſe he faſted himſelf to Death. It was the Cuſtom of *Pacuvius* to Solemnize in a kind of Pageantry, every day, his own Funerals. When he had Swill'd and Gormandiz'd, to a Luxurious and Beaſtly Exceſs, he was carry'd away from Supper to Bed, with this Song and Acclamation, *He has liv'd, He has liv'd.* That which he did in Lewdneſs, would become us to do in Sobriety, and Prudence. If it ſhall pleaſe God to add another day to our Lives, let us thankfully receive it, but however, it is our Happieſt, and Sureſt Courſe, ſo to compoſe ourſelves To-night, that we may have no Anxious dependence upon To-morrow. *He that can ſay, I have Liv'd this Day, makes the next clear again,*

DEATH is the worſt that either the Severity of the Laws or the Cruelty of Tyrants can impoſe upon us; and it is the Utmoſt extent of the Dominion of Fortune. He that is fortified againſt That, muſt conſequently be Superior to all other Difficulties that are but in the Way to't. Nay, and on ſome Occaſions, it requires more Courage to Live than to Die. He that is not prepared for Death, ſhall be perpetually troubled, as well with vain Apprehenſions, as with real Dangers. It is not Death itſelf that is dreadful, but the Fear of it that goes before it. When the Mind is under a Conſternation, there is no ſtate of Life that can pleaſe us; for we do not ſo much endeavour to avoid Miſchiefs, as to run away from them: and the greateſt Slaughter is upon a flying Enemy. Had not a Man better breathe out his Laſt once for all, than lie Agonizing in Pains, Conſuming by Inches, loſing of his Blood by Drops; and yet how many are there, that are ready to betray their Country, and their Friends, and to proſtitute their very Wives, and Daughters, to preſerve a miſerable Carcaſe? Madmen and Children have no Apprehenſion of Death, and it were a Shame that Our Reaſon ſhould not do as much toward our Security as their Folly. But, the great Matter is to Die Conſiderately, and Cheerfully, upon the Foundation of Virtue; for Life, in itſelf, is irkſome; and only Eating, and Drinking, in a Circle.

He that deſpiſes Death, Fears nothing.

HOW many are there, that betwixt the * Apprehenſions of Death, and the Miſeries of Life, are at their Wits End what to do with themſelves? Wherefore let us fortify ourſelves againſt thoſe Calamities, from which the Prince is no more exempt than the Beggar. *Pompey* the Great had his Head taken off by a Boy, and an Eunuch, (young *Ptolemy*, and *Photinus.*) *Caligula* commanded the Tribune *Dæcimus* to kill *Lepidus*; and another Tribune *(Chæreus)* did as much for *Caligula*. Never was any Man ſo Great, but he was as Liable to ſuffer Miſchief, as he was able to do it. Has not a Thief, or an Enemy, your Throat at his Mercy? Nay, and the meaneſt

* *All Men muſt Die.*

of Servants has the Power of Life and Death over his Maſter, for whoſoever contemns his own Life, may be the Maſter of Another Body's. You will find in Story, that the Diſpleaſure of Servants has been as Fatal as that of Tyrants: And what matters it, the Power of him we Fear, when the thing we fear is in every Body's Power? Suppoſe I fall into the hands of an Enemy, and the Conqueror Condemns me to be led in triumph: It is but carrying me thither whither I ſhould have gone without him; that is to ſay toward Death, whither I have been marching ever ſince I was born. It is the Fear of our Laſt Hour that diſquiets all the Reſt. By the Juſtice of all Conſtitutions, Mankind is Condemn'd to a Capital Puniſhment: Now how deſpicable would that Man appear, who being Sentenc'd to Death in Common with the whole World, ſhould only Petition, that he might be the laſt Man brought to the Block? Some Men are particularly afraid of Thunder, and yet extremely careleſs of Other, and of greater Dangers: as if that were all they have to Fear. Will not a Sword, a Stone, a Fever, do the Work as well? Suppoſe the Bolt ſhould hit us, it were yet braver to die with a Stroke, than with the Bare Apprehenſion of it: Beſide the Vanity of Imagining, that Heaven and Earth ſhould be put into ſuch a Diſorder only for the Death of One Man. A Good, and a Brave Man is not mov'd with Lightning, Tempeſt, or Earthquakes: But perhaps he would voluntarily plunge himſelf into that Gulf, where otherwiſe he ſhould only fall: the cutting of a Corn, or the ſwallowing of a Fly, is enough to diſpatch a Man; and 'tis no matter how great That is, that brings me to my Death, ſo long as Death itſelf is but Little. Life is a ſmall matter; but 'tis a matter of Importance to Contemn it. Nature that Begat us, expells us, and a better, and a ſafer Place is provided for us. And what is Death, but a Ceaſing to be what we were before? We are kindled, and put out: To ceaſe to Be, and not to Begin to be, is the ſame thing. We die daily; and while we are growing, our Life decreaſes: every Moment that paſſes, takes away part of it: All that's paſt is loſt: Nay we divide with Death the very Inſtant that we Live. As

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the laſt Sand in the Glaſs does not Meaſure the Hour, but Finiſhes it; ſo the laſt Moment that we Live does not make up Death, but concludes. There are ſome that Pray more earneſtly for Death, than we do for Life; but it is better to receive it chearfully when it Comes, than to haſten it before the Time.

To what End ſhould we Covet Life?

BUT, What is it that we live any longer for? Not for our Pleaſures; for thoſe we have taſted over and over, even to Satiety: So that there's no Point of Luxury that's new to us; *But a Man would be loth to leave his Country, and his Friends behind him.* That is to ſay, he would have them go Firſt; for that's the leaſt part of his Care. *Well! But I would fain live to do more Good, and diſcharge myſelf in the Offices of Life:* As if to Die were not the Duty of every Man that Lives. We are loth to leave our Poſſeſſions; and no Man Swims well with his Luggage. We are all of us equally Fearful of Death, and Ignorant of Life: But, what can be more ſhameful, than to be Sollicitous upon the Brink of Security? If Death be at any time to be Fear'd, it is Always to be Fear'd; but, the way never to Fear it, is to be often thinking of it. To what end is it to put off, for a little while, that which we cannot avoid? He that dies, does but follow him that is dead. *Why are we then ſo long afraid of that which is ſo little a while a doing?* How miſerable are thoſe People that ſpend their Lives in the diſmal Apprehenſions of Death! For they are beſet on all hands, and every Minute in dread of a Surprize. We muſt therefore look about us, as if we were in an Enemy's Country; and Conſider our Laſt Hour, not as a Puniſhment, but as the Law of Nature: The Fear of it is a Continual Palpitation of the Heart, and he that overcomes that Terror, ſhall never be troubled with any Other. Life is a Navigation; we are perpetually wallowing, and daſhing one againſt another: Sometimes we ſuffer Shipwreck, but we are always in danger, and in Expectation of it. And what is it when it comes, but either the end of a Journey, or a Paſſage? It is as great a Folly to Fear *Death*, as to Fear *Old Age*, Nay, as to Fear *Life* itſelf; For he that would

not die, ought not to live, ſince Death is the Condition of Life. Beſide, that it is a Madneſs to fear a thing that is Certain; for where there is no Doubt, there is no Place for Fear.

We are ſtill chiding of * Fate, and even thoſe that exact the moſt rigorous Juſtice betwixt Man and Man, are yet themſelves Unjuſt to Providence. *Why was ſuch a One taken away in the Prime of his Years?* As if it were the Number of Years that makes Death eaſy to us, and not the Temper of the Mind. He that would live a little longer to Day, would be as loth to Die a Hundred Years hence. But, which is more Reaſonable, for Us to obey Nature, or for Nature to obey Us? Go we muſt at laſt, and no matter how ſoon. 'Tis the Work of Fate to make us live Long, but 'tis the Buſineſs of Virtue to make a ſhort Life ſufficient. Life is to be meaſur'd by Action, not by Time; a Man may die Old at Thirty, and Young at Fourſcore. Nay the One Lives after Death, and the Other periſh'd before he Dy'd. I look upon Age among the Effects of Chance. How long I ſhall live is in the Power of Others, but it is in my Own, how Well. The largeſt Space of Time, is to Live 'till a Man is Wiſe. He that Dies of Old Age, does no more than go to Bed, when he is weary. Death is the Teſt of Life, and it is that only which diſcovers what we are, and diſtinguiſhes betwixt Oſtentation and Virtue. A Man may Diſpute, Cite great Authorities, talk Learnedly, Huff it out, and yet be rotten at Heart. But let us Soberly attend our Buſineſs; and ſince it is Uncertain *When*, or *Where* we ſhall Die, let us look for Death in all Places, and at all Times: We can never Study that Point too much, which we can never come to Experiment, whether we know it or no. It is a bleſſed thing to diſpatch the Buſineſs of Life before we Die; and then to Expect Death in the Poſſeſſion of a Happy Life. He's the Great Man, that is willing to Die, when his Life is pleaſant to him. An Honeſt Life is not a Greater Good than an Honeſt Death. How many Brave young Men,

* *To die, is to obey Nature.*

Men, by an Inſtinct of Nature, are carry'd on to Great Actions, and even to the Contempt of all Hazards?

'Tis Childiſh to go out of the * World Groaning, and Wailing, as we came into't. Our Bodies muſt be thrown away, as the Secundine that wraps up the Infant, the other being only the Covering of the Soul. We ſhall then diſcover the Secrets of Nature; the Darkneſs ſhall be diſcuſs'd, and our Souls Irradiated with Light, and Glory: A Glory without a Shadow; a Glory that ſhall ſurround us, and from whence we ſhall look down, and ſee Day, and Night beneath us. If we cannot lift up our Eyes toward the Lamp of Heaven without dazzling, What ſhall we do when we come to behold the Divine Light in its Illuſtrious Original? That Death which we ſo much dread, and decline, is not a Determination, but the Intermiſſion of a Life, which will return again. All thoſe Things that are the very Cauſe of Life, are the way to Death: We fear it, as we do Fame; but it is a great Folly to Fear Words. Some People are ſo impatient of Life, that they are ſtill wiſhing for Death; but he that wiſhes to Die, does not deſire it; Let us rather wait God's Pleaſure, and Pray for Health, and Life. If we have a Mind to Live, why do we wiſh to Die? If we have a Mind to Die, we may do it without talking of it. Men are a great deal more Reſolute in the Article of *Death* itſelf, than they are about the Circumſtances of it. For it gives a Man Courage to Conſider, that his Fate is inevitable; the ſlow Approaches of Death are the moſt troubleſome to us; as we ſee many a Gladiator, who, upon his Wounds, will direct his Adverſaries Weapon to his very Heart; though but Timorous perhaps in the Combat. There are ſome that have not the Heart either to Live or Die, that's a ſad Caſe. But this we are ſure of, *The Fear of Death is a Continual Slavery, as the Contempt of it is Certain Liberty*

* *'Tis Childiſh to Die Lamenting.*

CHAP. XXII.

Conſolations againſt Death, *from the* Providence, *and the* Neceſſity *of it.*

THIS Life is only a Prelude to Eternity, where we are to expect another Original, and another ſtate of Things: We have no Proſpect of Heaven Here, but at a Diſtance; Let us therefore expect our Laſt, and Decretory Hour with Courage. The Laſt (I ſay) to our Bodies, but not to our Minds: Our Luggage we muſt leave behind us, and return as Naked out of the World, as we came into't. The Day which we fear as our Laſt, is but the Birth-day of our Eternity; and it is the only way to't: So that what we Fear as a Rock, proves to be but a Port; in many Caſes to be Deſir'd, never to be Refus'd; and he that dies Young, has only made a Quick Voyage on't. Some are Becalm'd; Others cut it away before Wind; and we Live juſt as we Sail: Firſt, we run our Childhood out of ſight; our Youth next; and then our middle Age: After that follows Old Age, and brings us to the Common End of Mankind. It is a great Providence that we have more ways out of the World, than we have into't. Our Security ſtands upon a Point, the very Article of Death. It draws a great many Bleſſings into a very narrow Compaſs: And although the Fruit of it does not ſeem to extend to the Defunct, yet the Difficulty of it is more than balanc'd by the Contemplation of the Future. Nay, ſuppoſe that all the Buſineſs of this World ſhould be forgotten; or my Memory traduc'd, What's all this to me? *I have done my Duty.* Undoubtedly that which puts an End to all other Evils cannot be a very great Evil itſelf; and yet it is no eaſy thing for Fleſh and Blood to deſpiſe Life. What if Death comes? If it does not ſtay with us, why ſhould we fear it? One hangs himſelf for a Miſtreſs; another Leaps the Garret Window

Window to avoid a Cholerick Maſter: a Third runs away; and Stabs himſelf, rather than he will be brought back again. We ſee the force even of our Infirmities, and ſhall we not then do greater things for the Love of Virtue? To ſuffer Death is but the Law of Nature; and it is a great Comfort that it can be done but Once; in the very Convulſions of it, we have this Conſolation, that our Pain is near an End, and that it frees us from all the Miſeries of Life. What it is we Know not; and it were raſh to Condemn what we do not underſtand: But this we Preſume, either that we ſhall paſs out of This into a Better Life, where we ſhall live with Tranquillity and Splendor in Diviner Manſions, or elſe return to our firſt Principles, free from the Senſe of any Inconvenience. There's Nothing Immortal, nor many things Laſting; but by divers ways every thing comes to an End. What an Arrogance is it then, when the World itſelf ſtands condemn'd to a Diſſolution, that Man alone ſhould expect to live for Ever? It is Unjuſt not to allow unto the Giver, the Power of diſpoſing of his Own Bounty; and a Folly, only to value the Preſent. Death is as much a Debt as Mony; and Life is but a Journey towards it. Some diſpatch it Sooner, others Later; but we muſt All have the ſame Period. The Thunder-bolt is undoubtedly juſt, that draws, even from thoſe that are ſtruck with it, a Veneration. A Great Soul takes no Delight in ſtaying with the Body, it conſiders whence it Came, and Knows whither it is to Go. The Day will come, that ſhall ſeparate this Mixture of Soul, and Body; of Divine, and Human: My Body I will leave where I found it; My Soul I will reſtore to Heaven, which would have been there already, but for the Clog that keeps it down: And beſide, how many Men have been the worſe for longer Living, that might have dy'd with Reputation, if they had been ſooner taken away? How many Diſappointments of Hopeful Youths, that have proved diſſolute Men? Over and above the Ruins, Shipwrecks, Torments, Priſons that attend long Life: A Bleſſing ſo deceitful, that if a Child were in Condition to Judge of it, and at Liberty to Refuſe it, he would not take it.

* *What God has made neceſſary, Man ſhould comply with Chearfully.*

* WHAT Providence has made Neceſſary, Human Prudence ſhould comply with Chearfully: As there is a Neceſſity of Death, ſo that Neceſſity is Equal, and Invincible. No Man has cauſe of Complaint for that which every Man muſt ſuffer as well as himſelf. When we *ſhould* die, we *Will not*, and when we *would not*, we *muſt*: But our Fate is Fixt, and Unavoidable is the Decree. Why do we then ſtand Trembling when the Time comes? Why do we not as well lament that we did not live a Thouſand Years ago, as that we ſhall not live a Thouſand Years hence? 'Tis but travelling the Great Road, and to the Place whither we muſt All go at laſt. 'Tis but ſubmitting to the Law of Nature, and to that Lot which the whole World has ſuffer'd, that is gone before us; and ſo muſt They too, that are to Come After us. Nay, how many Thouſands, when our Time comes, will Expire in the ſame Moment with us? He that will not follow, ſhall be drawn by Force: And, is it not much better now to do that willingly, which we ſhall otherwiſe be made to do in ſpite of our Hearts? The Sons of Mortal Parents muſt expect a Mortal Poſterity; Death is the End of Great and Small. We are born Helpleſs, and expos'd to the Injuries of all Creatures, and of all Weathers. The very Neceſſaries of Life are deadly to us. We meet with our Fate in our Diſhes, in our Cups, and in the very Air we Breathe; Nay our very Birth is Inauſpicious, for we come into the World Weeping; and in the middle of our Deſigns, while we are meditating great matters, and ſtretching of our Thoughts to After-Ages, Death cuts us off; and our longeſt date, is only the Revolution of a few Years. One Man dies at the Table; Another goes away in his Sleep; A Third in his Miſtreſs's Arms; A Fourth is Stabb'd; Another is Stung with an Adder, or Cruſh'd with the Fall of a Houſe. We have ſeveral ways to our End, but the End itſelf, which is Death, is ſtill the ſame. Whether we die by a Sword, by a Halter, by a Potion, or by a Diſeaſe, 'tis all but *Death*. A Child dies in the Clouts, and an Old

Old Man at a Hundred; they are both Mortal alike, though the One goes ſooner than the Other. All that lies betwixt the Cradle and the Grave, is uncertain. If we compute the *Troubles*, the Life even of a Child is long; if the *Sweetneſs* of the *Paſſage*, that of an Old Man is ſhort; The whole is Slippery and Deceitful, and only Death Certain; and yet all People Complain of That which never Deceived any Man. *Senecio* rais'd himſelf from a ſmall Beginning, to a Vaſt Fortune, being very well skill'd in the Faculties both of Getting and of Keeping, and either of them was ſufficient for the doing of his Buſineſs. He was a Man Infinitely Careful, both of his Patrimony, and of his Body. He gave me a Morning's Viſit (ſays our Author) and after that Viſit he went away, and ſpent the reſt of the Day with a Friend of his that was deſperately Sick. At Night he was Merry at Supper, and ſeiz'd immediately after with a Squinſy, which diſpatch'd him in a few Hours. This Man that had Mony at uſe in all Places, and in the very Courſe and Height of his Proſperity, was thus Cut off. How fooliſh a Thing is it then for a Man to flatter himſelf with long Hopes, and to pretend to diſpoſe of the Future? Nay, the very Preſent ſlips through our Fingers, and there is not that Moment which we can call our Own. How vain a thing is it for us to enter upon Projects? And to ſay to ourſelves, *Well, I'll go Build, Purchaſe, Diſcharge ſuch Offices, Settle my Affairs, and then retire.* We are all of us Born to the ſame Caſualties; all equally Frail, and uncertain of To-morrow. At the very Altar, where we pray for Life, we Learn to Die, by ſeeing the Sacrifices Kill'd before us. But There's no Need of a Wound, or ſearching the Heart for't, when the Nooſe of a Cord, or the Smothering of a Pillow will do the Work. All things have their Seaſons; they Begin, they Increaſe, and they Die. The Heavens and the Earth grow Old, and are appointed their Periods. That which we call Death, is but a Pauſe or Suſpenſion; and in truth a Progreſs to Life; only our Thoughts look downward upon the Body, and not forward upon things to Come. All things under the Sun

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are Mortal; Cities, Empires: And the time will come, when it ſhall be a Queſtion Where they Were, and perchance whether ever they had a Being, or no. Some will be deſtroy'd by War; Others by Luxury, Fire, Inundations, Earthquakes: Why ſhould it trouble me then to Die, as a Forerunner of an Univerſal Diſſolution? A great Mind ſubmits itſelf to God, and ſuffers willingly what the Law of the Univerſe will otherwiſe bring to paſs upon Neceſſity. That good Old Man *Baſſus* (though with one Foot in the Grave) how Chearful a Mind does he bear? He lives in the View of Death, and Contemplates his own End with leſs Concern of Thought or Countenance, than he would do another Man's. It is a hard Leſſon, and we are a long time a Learning of it, to receive our Death without Trouble, eſpecially in the Caſe of *Baſſus*. In other Deaths there's a Mixture of Hope; A Diſeaſe may be Cur'd, a Fire Quenched, a Falling Houſe either Propp'd or Avoided; the Sea may ſwallow a Man, and throw him up again. A Pardon may interpoſe betwixt the Ax and the Body; but in the Caſe of Old Age there is no Place for either Hope or Interceſſion. Let us live in our Bodies therefore as if we were only to lodge in them This Night, and to leave them Tomorrow. It is the frequent Thought of Death that muſt fortify us againſt the Neceſſity of it. He that has Arm'd himſelf againſt Poverty, may perhaps come to Live in Plenty. A Man may ſtrengthen himſelf againſt Pain and yet live in a ſtate of Health; Againſt the Loſs of Friends, and never loſe any: But he that fortifies himſelf againſt the Fear of Death, ſhall moſt certainly have Occaſion to employ that Virtue. It is the Care of a Wiſe and a Good Man to look to his Manners and Actions; and rather how Well he Lives, than how Long: For to Die Sooner or Later, is not the Buſineſs; but to Die Well, or Ill: For *Death brings us to Immortality*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

Againſt Immoderate Sorrow for the Death of Friends.

NEXT to the Encounter of Death in our own Bodies, the moſt ſenſible Calamity to an Honeſt Man is the Death of a Friend; and we are not in Truth, without ſome Generous Inſtances of thoſe that have prefer'd a Friend's Life before their own; and yet this Affliction, which by Nature is ſo Grievous to us, is by Virtue and Providence, made Familiar, and Eaſy.

TO Lament the Death of a Friend, is both * Natural and Juſt: A Sigh, or a Tear I would allow to his Memory; but no Profuſe or obſtinate Sorrow. Clamorous, and Publick Lamentations are not ſo much the Effects of Grief, as of Vain-Glory. He that is ſadder in Company than alone, ſhews rather the Ambition of his Sorrow, than the Piety of it. Nay, and in the Violence of his Paſſion, there fall out twenty things that ſet him a Laughing. At the long Run, Time Cures All, but it were better done by Moderation and Wiſdom. Some People do as good as ſet a Watch upon themſelves, as if they were afraid that their Grief would make an Eſcape. The Oſtentation of Grief is many times more than the Grief itſelf. When any Body is within hearing, what Groans, and Out-cries! When they are Alone, and Private, all is Huſh and Quiet: So ſoon as any Body comes in, they are at it again; and down they throw themſelves upon the Bed; fall to wringing of their Hands, and wiſhing of themſelves dead; which they might have Executed by themſelves; but their Sorrow goes off with the Company. We forſake Nature, and run over to the Practices of the People, that never were the Authors of any thing that is Good. If Deſtiny were to be wrought upon

* *Sorrow within bounds is allowable.*

upon by Tears, I would allow you to ſpend your Days and Nights in Sadneſs and Mourning; Tearing of your Hair, and Beating of your Breaſt; but if Fate be Inexorable, and Death will Keep what he has Taken, Grief is to no purpoſe. And yet I would not Adviſe Inſenſibility and Hardneſs; it were Inhumanity, and not Virtue, not to be mov'd at the ſeparation of Familiar Friends, and Relations: Now, in ſuch Caſes, we cannot command ourſelves; we cannot forbear weeping, and we Ought not to Forbear: But, let us not paſs the Bounds of Affection, and run into Imitation; within Theſe Limits it is ſome Eaſe to the Mind.

* *Sorrow is in ſome Caſes Allowable, and Inevitable in others.*

A wiſe Man gives Way to Tears * in ſome Caſes, and cannot Avoid them in Others, when one is ſtruck with the Surprize of ill News, as the Death of a Friend, or the like; or upon the Laſt Embrace of an Acquaintance under the Hand of an Executioner, he lies under a Natural Neceſſity of Weeping, and Trembling. In Another Caſe we may indulge our Sorrow, as upon the Memory of a Dead Friend's Converſation, or Kindneſs, one may let fall Tears of Generoſity, and Joy. We favour the One, and we are overcome by the Other; and this is well: but we are not upon any Terms to force them: They may flow of their Own accord, without derogating from the Dignity of a Wiſe Man; who at the ſame time both preſerves his Gravity, and obeys Nature. Nay, there is a certain *Decorum* even in Weeping; for Exceſs of Sorrow is as Fooliſh as Profuſe Laughter. Why do we not as well Cry, when our Trees that we took Pleaſure in ſhed their Leaves, as at the Loſs of Other Satisfactions; When the next Seaſon repairs them, either with the Same again, or Others in their Places. We may *accuſe* Fate, but we cannot *alter* it, for it is Hard and Inexorable, and not to be remov'd, either with Reproaches or Tears. They may carry *us* to the *Dead*, but never bring *them* back again to Us. If Reaſon does not put an End to our Sorrows, Fortune never will: One is pinch'd with Poverty; Another Sollicited with Ambition,

tion, and Fears the very Wealth that he Coveted. One is troubled for the Loſs of Children; Another for the Want of them: So that we ſhall ſooner want Tears than Matter for them; let us therefore ſpare that for which we have ſo much Occaſion. I do confeſs, that in the very parting of Friends there is ſomething of an Uneaſineſs and Trouble; but it is rather Voluntary than Natural; and it is Cuſtom more than Senſe, that affects us: We do rather Impoſe a Sorrow upon ourſelves, than Submit to it; as People Cry when they have Company; and when no body looks on, all's well again. To mourn without Meaſure, is Folly; and not to Mourn at all, is Inſenſibility. The beſt Temper is betwixt Piety and Reaſon; to be ſenſible, but neither Tranſported, nor Caſt down. He that can put a ſtop to his Tears and Pleaſures when he will, is ſafe. It is an equal Infelicity to be either too Soft, or too Hard. We are overcome by the One, and we are put to a ſtruggle with the Other. There is a certain Intemperance in that Sorrow that Paſſes the Rules of Modeſty; and yet great Piety is in many Caſes a Diſpenſation to good Manners. The Loſs of a Son, or of a Friend, cuts a Man to the Heart, and there's no oppoſing the firſt Violence of this Paſſion; but when a Man comes once to deliver himſelf wholly up to Lamentations, he is to underſtand, that though ſome Tears deſerve Compaſſion, Others are yet Ridiculous. A Grief that's Freſh, finds Pity, and Comfort; but when 'tis inveterate 'tis Laugh'd at, for 'tis either Counterfeit, or Fooliſh. Beſide, that to Weep exceſſively for the Dead, is an Affront to the Living. The moſt Juſtifiable Cauſe of Mourning is to ſee good Men come to Ill Ends, and Virtue Oppreſt by the Iniquity of Fortune. But in this Caſe too they either ſuffer Reſolutely, and yield us Delight in their Courage, and Example; or Meanly, and ſo give us the leſs Trouble for the Loſs. He that dies Cheerfully dries up my Tears, and he that dies Whiningly does not deſerve them. I would bear the Death of Friends and Children, with the ſame Conſtancy that I would expect my Own; and no more Lament the One, than Fear the Other. He that bethinks himſelf, how often

Friends

Friends have been Parted, will find more time loſt among the Living, than upon the Dead; and the moſt Deſperate Mourners are they that car'd leaſt for their Friends when they were Living; for they think to redeem their Credits for want of Kindneſs to the Living, by Extravagant Ravings after the Dead. Some (I know) will have Grief to be only the Perverſe Delight of a Reſtleſs Mind; and Sorrows, and Pleaſures to be near Akin: and there are, I'm Confident, that find Joy even in their Tears. But which is more barbarous, to be Inſenſible of Grief for the Death of a Friend, or to Fiſh for Pleaſure in Grief, when a Son perhaps is burning, or a Friend Expiring; To Forget one's Friend, to bury the Memory with the Body; to Lament out of Meaſure, is all Inhuman. He that is gone, either would not have his Friend tormented, or does not know that he is ſo: If he does not Feel it, 'tis Superfluous; If he does, 'tis unacceptable to him. If Reaſon cannot prevail, Reputation may; for Immoderate Mourning leſſens a Man's Character: 'Tis a ſhameful thing for a Wiſe Man to make the *Wearineſs* of Grieving the *Remedy* of it. In time, the moſt ſtubborn Grief will leave us, if in Prudence we do not leave That Firſt.

* *We Grieve more for Our own Sakes than for our Friends.*

But Do I grieve for my Friend's ſake, or for my * Own? Why ſhould I afflict myſelf for the Loſs of him that is either Happy, or not at all in Being? In the One Caſe, 'tis Envy; and in the Other, 'tis Madneſs. We are apt to ſay, *What would I give to ſee him again, and to enjoy his Converſation! I was never ſad in his Company; My Heart leap'd whenever I met him: I want him where-ever I go:* All that's to be ſaid is, *The Greater the Loſs, the Greater is the Virtue to overcome it.* If Grieving will do no Good, 'tis an Idle thing to Grieve; And if That which has befallen One Man remains to All, it is as Unjuſt to Complain. The whole World is upon the March towards the ſame Point; Why do we not Cry for ourſelves that are to follow, as well as for him that's gone Firſt? Why do we not as well lament before-hand, for That which we know will be, and cannot

not poſſibly but be? He is not *Gone*, but *Sent before*. As there are many things that he has Loſt, ſo there are many things that he does not Fear: As Anger, Jealouſy, Envy, *&c.* Is he not more Happy in Deſiring Nothing, than Miſerable in what he has loſt? We do not Mourn for the Abſent, why then for the Dead; who are effectually no Other? We have loſt one Bleſſing, but we have many Left; And ſhall not all theſe Satisfactions Support us againſt One Sorrow?

THE Comfort of having a Friend * may be taken away, but not That of having had one. As there is a Sharpneſs in ſome Fruits, and a Bitterneſs in ſome Wines that pleaſe us, ſo there is a Mixture in the Remembrance of Friends, where the Loſs of the Company is ſweeten'd again by the Contemplation of their Virtues. In ſome Reſpects I have loſt what I had; and in Others, I retain ſtill what I have loſt. 'Tis an ill Conſtruction of Providence, to reflect only upon my Friend's being taken away, without any Regard to the Benefit of his being once given me. Let us therefore make the beſt of our Friends, while we have them; for how long we ſhall keep them, is Uncertain. I have loſt a Hopeful Son, but, How many Fathers have been deceiv'd in their Expectations? and how many Noble Families have been deſtroy'd by Luxury, and Riot? He that grieves for the Loſs of a Son, What if he had loſt a Friend; And yet he that has loſt a Friend, has more Cauſe of Joy that he once had him, than of Grief that he is taken away. Shall a Man bury his Friendſhip with his Friend? We are ungrateful for that which is paſt, in hope of what's to come; as if that which is to come would not quickly be paſt too. That which is paſt we are ſure of. We may receive Satisfaction, 'tis true, both from the Future, and what's already paſt; the One by Expectation, and the Other by Memory; only the one may poſſibly not come to paſs, and it is impoſſible to make the Other not to have Been.

* *A Friend may be taken away, but not the Comfort of the Friendſhip.*

BUT

* *There's no Dealing with the first Transports of Sorrow.*

(But * there's no applying of Conſolation to freſh, and Bleeding Sorrow; the very Diſcourſe Irritates the Grief, and Inflames it. 'Tis like an Unſeaſonable Medicine in a Diſeaſe; when the firſt Violence is Over, it will be more Tractable, and endure the Handling. Thoſe People whoſe Minds are weaken'd by long Felicity, may be allow'd to Groan and Complain, but it is otherwiſe with thoſe that have led their days in Misfortunes. A long Courſe of Adverſity has this Good in't, that though it vexes a Body a great while, it comes to harden us at laſt: As a Raw Soldier ſhrinks at every Wound, and dreads the Surgeon more than an Enemy; whereas a *Veteran* ſees his own Body cut, and lam'd, with as little Concern as if it were Another's. With the ſame Reſolution ſhould we ſtand the Shock, and Cure of all Misfortunes; we are never the better for our Experience, if we have not yet learn'd to be Miſerable. And there's no thought of Curing us by the Diverſion of Sports, and Entertainments; we are apt to fall into Relapſes; wherefore we had better Overcome our Sorrow, than Delude it.)

CHAP. XXIV.

Conſolations againſt Baniſhment, and Bodily Pain.

IT is a Maſter-piece to draw Good out of Evil; and by the Help of Virtue to improve Misfortunes into Bleſſings. *'Tis a ſad Condition, you'll ſay, for a Man to be barr'd the Freedom of his own Country.* And is not this the Caſe of Thouſands that we meet every day in the Streets? Some, for Ambition; Others, to Negotiate, or for Curioſity, Delight, Friendſhip, Study, Experience, Luxury, Vanity, Diſcontent: Some, to Exerciſe their Virtues, Others, their Vices; and not a few

few to Proſtitute either their Bodies, or their Eloquence? To paſs now from pleaſant Countries into the worſt of Iſlands; Let them be never ſo Barren, or Rocky, the People never ſo Barbarous, or the Clime never ſo intemperate; he that is Baniſhed thither, ſhall find many Strangers to live there for their Pleaſure. The Mind of Man is Naturally Curious, and Reſtleſs; which is no Wonder, conſidering their Divine Original: for Heavenly things are always in Motion: Witneſs the Stars, and the Orbs which are perpetually Moving, Rolling, and Changing of Place, and according to the Law, and Appointment of Nature. But here are no Woods, you'll ſay, no Rivers; no Gold, nor Pearl; no Commodity for Traffick, or Commerce; nay, hardly Proviſion enough to keep the Inhabitants from ſtarving. 'Tis very Right; here are no Palaces, no Artificial Grotto's or Materials for Luxury, and Exceſs; but we lie under the Protection of Heaven; and a Poor Cottage for a Retreat, is more worth, than the moſt Magnificent Temple, when that Cottage is Conſecrated by an Honeſt Man under the Guard of his Virtue. Shall any Man think Baniſhment Grievous, when he may take ſuch Company along with him? Nor is there any Baniſhment, but yields enough for our Neceſſities, and no Kingdom is ſufficient for Superfluities. It is the Mind that makes us Rich in a Deſart; and if the Body be but kept Alive, the Soul Enjoys all Spiritual Felicities in Abundance. What ſignifies the being Baniſhed from one Spot of Ground to Another, to a Man that has his Thoughts Above, and can look Forward, and Backward, and where-ever he pleaſes; and that where-ever he is, has the ſame Matter to work upon? The Body is but the Priſon, or the Clog of the Mind; ſubjected to Puniſhments, Robberies, Diſeaſes; but the Mind is Sacred, and Spiritual, and Liable to no Violence. Is it that a Man ſhall want Garments, or Covering in Baniſhment? The Body is as eaſily Clothed, as Fed; and Nature has made nothing Hard that is Neceſſary. But if nothing will ſerve [illegible]but Rich Embroideries, and Scarlet, 'tis none of Fortune's Fault that we are Poor, but our Own. Nay, ſuppoſe a Man ſhould have All reſtor'd him back

again

again that he has Loſt; it will come to nothing, for he will want more after That, to ſatisfy his Deſires, than he did before, to ſupply his Neceſſities. Inſatiable Appetites are not ſo much a Thirſt, as a Diſeaſe.

* *Baniſhment is but Change of Place; in which ſenſe, All people, and Nations have been Baniſhed.*

TO come Lower now; Where's * That People, or Nation, that have not Chang'd their Place of Abode? Some by the Fate of War; Others have been caſt by Tempeſts, Shipwrecks, or Want of Proviſions upon unknown Coaſts. Some have been forced Abroad by Peſtilence, Sedition, Earthquakes, Surcharge of People at Home. Some travel to ſee the World; Others for Commerce; but, in fine, it is clear, that upon ſome Reaſon or other, the whole Race of Mankind have ſhifted their Quarters; Chang'd their very Names, as well as their Habitations; Inſomuch, that we have loſt the very Memorials of what they were. All theſe Tranſportations of People, what are they, but Publick Baniſhments? The very *Founder* of the *Roman Empire* was an *Exile:* Briefly, The whole World has been Tranſplanted, and one Mutation treads upon the Heel of another. That which one Man deſires, Turns another Man's Stomach; and he that Proſcribes me to To-day, ſhall himſelf be caſt out To-morrow. We have however this Comfort in our Misfortune; we have the ſame Nature, the ſame Providence, and we carry our Virtues along with us. And this Bleſſing we owe to the Almighty Power, call it what you will; either a *God* or an *Incorporeal Reaſon*, a *Divine Spirit*, or *Fate*, and the *Unchangeable Courſe* of *Cauſes*, and *Effects:* It is however ſo order'd, that nothing can be taken from us, but what we can well ſpare; and that which is moſt Magnificent, and Valuable, continues with us. Whereever we go we have the Heavens over our Heads, and no farther from us than they were before; and ſo long as we can entertain our Eyes, and Thoughts with thoſe Glories, what matter is it what Ground we tread upon?

IN

IN the Caſe of Pain, or Sickneſs, 'tis * only the Body that is affected: It may take off the Speed of a Footman, or Bind the Hands of a Cobler, but the Mind is ſtill at Liberty to Hear, Learn, Teach, Adviſe, and to do other good Offices. 'Tis an Example of Publick Benefit, a Man that is in Pain and Patient. Virtue may ſhew itſelf, as well in the Bed as in the Field; and he that cheerfully encounters the Terrors of Death, and Corporal Anguiſh, is as great a Man, as he that moſt Generouſly hazards himſelf in a Battle. A Diſeaſe, 'tis true, bars us of ſome Pleaſures, but procures others. Drink is never ſo grateful to us, as in a Burning Fever; nor Meat, as when we have faſted ourſelves ſharp, and hungry. The Patient may be forbidden ſome Senſual Satisfaction, but no Phyſician will forbid us the Delight of the Mind. Shall we call any Sick Man Miſerable, becauſe he muſt give over his Intemperance of Wine and Gluttony, and betake himſelf to a Diet of more Sobriety, and leſs Expence; and abandon his Luxury, which is the Diſtemper of the Mind, as well as of the Body? 'Tis Troubleſom, I know, at firſt, to abſtain from the Pleaſures we have been us'd to, and to endure Hunger and Thirſt; but in a little time we loſe the very Appetite, and 'tis no Trouble then, to be without That which we do not deſire. In Diſeaſes, there are great Pains; but if they be Long, they Remit, and give us ſome Intervals of Eaſe; if ſhort and violent, either they Diſpatch *Us*, or Conſume *Themſelves*; So that either their Reſpites make them Tolerable, or the Extremity makes them Short. So merciful is Almighty God to us, That our Torments cannot be very Sharp, and Laſting. The Acuteſt Pains are thoſe that Affect the Nerves, but there's this Comfort in them too, that they will quickly make us ſtupid, and Inſenſible. In Caſes of Extremity, let us call to mind the moſt Eminent Inſtances of Patience and Courage, and turn our Thoughts from our Afflictions to the Contemplation of Virtue. Suppoſe it be the Stone, the Gout, nay, the Rack itſelf: how many have endur'd it without ſo much as

* *Pain only affects the Body, not the Mind.*

as a Groan, or Word ſpeaking; without ſo much as Asking for Relief, or giving an Anſwer to a Queſtion? Nay, they have Laugh'd at the Tormentors upon the very Torture, and provok'd them to New Experiments of their Cruelty, which they have had ſtill in Deriſion. The *Aſthma* I look upon, as of all Diſeaſes, the moſt Importune: the Phyſicians call it *The Meditation of Death*, as being rather an Agony than a Sickneſs: The Fit holds not above an Hour, as no body is long in expiring. There are Three Things Grievous in Sickneſs, the Fear of Death, Bodily Pain, and the Intermiſſion of our Pleaſures. The firſt is to be imputed to Nature, not to the Diſeaſe; for we do not die becauſe we are Sick, but becauſe we Live. Nay, Sickneſs itſelf has preſerv'd many a Man from Dying.

CHAP. XXV.

Poverty to a Wiſe Man, is rather a Bleſſing, than a Misfortune.

NO Man ſhall ever be Poor, that goes to himſelf for what he wants; and that's the readieſt way to Riches: Nature indeed will have her due, but yet whatſoever is beyond Neceſſity, is Precarious, and not Neceſſary. It is not her Buſineſs to gratify the Palate, but to ſatisfy a Craving Stomach: Bread, when a Man is Hungry, does his Work, let it be never ſo coarſe; and Water when he is a-dry; let his Thirſt be Quenched, and Nature is ſatisfy'd; no matter whence it comes, or whether he drinks in Gold, Silver, or in the Hollow of his Hand. To promiſe a Man Riches, and to Teach him Poverty, is to Deceive him: But ſhall I call him Poor, that wants nothing; though he may be beholden for it to his Patience, rather than to his Fortune? or ſhall any Man deny him to be Rich, whoſe Riches can never be taken away? Whether is it better to have

Much

Much, or Enough? He that has Much desires More, which shews, that he has not yet Enough; but he that has Enough, is at Rest. Shall a Man be reputed the less Rich, for not having That, for which he shall be Banish'd; for which his very Wife, or Son, shall Poison him: That which gives him Security in War, and Quiet in Peace; which he possesses without Danger, and disposes of without Trouble? No Man can be Poor that has enough; nor Rich, that Covets more than he has. *Alexander*, after all his Conquests, complain'd that he wanted more Worlds; he desir'd Something More, even when he had gotten All: and that which was sufficient for Human Nature, was not enough for One Man. Mony never made any Man Rich; for the more he had, the more he still Coveted. The Richest Man that ever liv'd is Poor, in my Opinion, and in any Man's may be so: but he that keeps himself to the stint of Nature, does neither feel Poverty, nor fear it; nay, even in Poverty itself, there are some things superfluous. Those which the World calls happy, their Felicity is a false Splendor, that dazzles the Eyes of the Vulgar; but our Rich Man is Glorious, and Happy within. There's no Ambition in Hunger, or Thirst: Let there be Food, and no matter for the Table, the Dish, and the Servants; nor with what Meats Nature is satisfied. Those are the Torments of Luxury, that rather stuff the Stomach than fill it: It studies rather to cause an Appetite, than to allay it. 'Tis not for us to say, *This is not Handsom*; *That's Common*; *T'other offends my Eye.* Nature provides for Health, not Delicacy. When the Trumpet sounds a Charge, the Poor Man knows that he's not aim'd at; When they cry out *Fire*, his Body is all he has to look after; if he be to take a Journey, there's no blocking up of Streets, and Thronging of Passages for a Parting Compliment: A small matter fills his Belly, and contents his Mind; he lives from Hand to Mouth, without Carking or Fearing for to-morrow. The Temperate Rich Man is but his Counterfeit; his Wit is quicker, and his Appetite calmer.

* *Poverty is only Troubleſom in Opinion.*

No Man finds Poverty a Trouble to * him, but he that thinks it ſo: and he that thinks it ſo, makes it ſo: Does not a Rich Man Travel more at Eaſe, with Leſs Luggage, and fewer Servants? Does he not Eat, many times, as Little, and as Coarſe in the Field, as a Poor Man? Does he not, for his Own Pleaſure, ſometimes, and for Variety, feed upon the Ground, and uſe only Earthen Veſſels? Is not he a Mad man then, that always fears what he often deſires, and dreads the Thing that he takes delight to imitate? He that would know the worſt of Poverty, let him but compare the Looks of the Rich, and of the Poor, and he ſhall find the Poor Man to have a ſmoother Brow, and to be more merry at Heart; or if any Trouble befals him, it paſſes over like a Cloud: Whereas the other, either his Good-Humour is Counterfeit, or his Melancholy Deep, and Ulcerated, and the Worſe, becauſe he dares not publickly own his Misfortune; but he is Forc'd to play the Part of a Happy Man, even with a Cancer in his Heart. His Felicity is but Perſonated, and if he were but ſtripp'd of his Ornaments, he would be Contemptible. In buying of a Horſe, we take off his Clothes and his Trappings, and examine his Shape and Body for fear of being Cozen'd: And ſhall we put an Eſtimate upon a Man for being ſet off by his Fortune, and Quality? Nay, if we ſee any thing of Ornament about him, we are to ſuſpect him the more for ſome Infirmity under it. He that is not Content in Poverty, would not be ſo neither in Plenty; for the Fault is not in the Thing, but in the Mind. If that be Sickly, remove him from a Kennel to a Palace, he is at the ſame Paſs; for he carries his Diſeaſe along with him. What can be Happier than That Condition, both of Mind, and of Fortune, from which we cannot Fall? What can be a greater Felicity, than in a Covetous Deſigning Age, for a Man to live ſafe among Informers, and Thieves? It puts a Poor Man into the very Condition of Providence, that Gives All, without Reſerving any thing to itſelf. How happy is he that Owes nothing, but to himſelf, and only that which he

he can eaſily Refuſe, or eaſily Pay! I do not reckon him Poor, that has but a Little! but he is ſo, that Covets more; It is a Fair Degree of Plenty, to have what's Neceſſary. Whether had a Man better find Saturity in Want, or Hunger in Plenty? It is not the Augmenting of our Fortunes, but the Abating of our Appetites that makes us Rich. Why may not a Man as well Contemn Riches in his own Coffers, as in Another Man's? And rather Hear that they are His, than Feel them to be ſo? Though it is a great matter not to be Corrupted, even by having them under the ſame Roof. He is the Greater Man that's Honeſtly Poor in the middle of Plenty; but he is the moſt ſecure, that is Free from the Temptation of that Plenty; and has the leaſt Matter for another to Deſign upon. It is no great Buſineſs for a Poor Man to Preach the Contempt of Riches, or for a Rich Man to extol the Benefits of Poverty, becauſe we do not know how either the One, or the Other would behave himſelf in the Contrary Condition. The beſt Proof is, the doing of it by Choice, and not by Neceſſity; for the Practice of Poverty in Jeſt, is a Preparation toward the Bearing of it in Earneſt. But it is yet a Generous Diſpoſition ſo to provide for the worſt of Fortunes, as what may be eaſily born: The Premeditation makes them not only Tolerable, but Delightful to us; for there's That in them, without which nothing can be Comfortable, that is to ſay, Security. If there were nothing elſe in Poverty, but the Certain Knowledge of our Friends, it were yet a moſt deſirable Bleſſing, when every Man leaves us but thoſe that love us. It is a Shame to place the Happineſs of Life in Gold and Silver, for which, Bread and Water is ſufficient; Or, at the Worſt, Hunger puts an end to Hunger. For the Honour of *Poverty*, it was both the *Foundation* and the *Cauſe of the Roman Empire*; and no Man was ever yet ſo poor, but he had enough to carry him to his Journey's end.

*ALL I deſire is, that my Poverty may not be a burden to myſelf, or make me ſo to others; and That is the beſt State of Fortune, that is neither directly neceſſitous, nor far from it. A

* *Mediocrity is the Beſt State of Fortune.*

Mediocrity of Fortune, with a Gentleneſs of Mind, will preſerve us from Fear or Envy; which is a Deſirable Condition, for no Man wants Power to do Miſchief. We never conſider the Bleſſing of coveting nothing, and the Glory of being full in ourſelves, without depending upon Fortune. With Parſimony a Little is ſufficient; and without it, Nothing; whereas Frugality makes a Poor Man Rich. If we loſe an Eſtate, we had better never have had it: He that has Leaſt to Loſe, has Leaſt to Fear; and thoſe are better ſatisfied whom Fortune never favoured, than thoſe whom ſhe has forſaken. The State is moſt Commodious, that lies betwixt Poverty and Plenty. *Diogenes* underſtood this very well, when he put himſelf into an Incapacity of loſing any thing. That Courſe of Life is moſt Commodious, which is both ſafe and wholſom; the Body is to be indulg'd no farther than for Health; and rather Mortify'd than not kept in Subjection to the Mind. It is neceſſary to provide againſt Hunger, Thirſt, and Cold; and ſomewhat for a Covering to ſhelter us againſt other Inconveniencies; but not a Pin matter whether it be of Turf, or of Marble. A Man may lie as Warm, and as Dry under a Thatch'd, as under a Gilded Roof. Let the Mind be Great and Glorious, and all other things are Deſpicable in Compariſon. *The Future is Uncertain; and I had rather beg of myſelf not to deſire any thing, than of Fortune to beſtow it.*

SENECA

OF

ANGER.

CHAP. I.

Anger *deſcribed*; *It is againſt Nature, and only to be found in Man.*

WE are here to Encounter the moſt Outragious, Brutal, Dangerous, and Intractable of all Paſſions; the moſt Loathſome, and Unmannerly; nay, the moſt Ridiculous too; and the ſubduing of this Monſter will do a great deal toward the Eſtabliſhment of Human Peace. It is the Method of *Phyſicians*, to begin with a Deſcription of the Diſeaſe, before they meddle with the Cure: And I know not why this may not do as well in the Diſtempers of the Mind, as in thoſe of the Body.

Anger deſcribed, What it is.

THE *Stoicks* will have *Anger* to be, *A Deſire of Puniſhing another for ſome Injury done.* Againſt which it is Objected, that we are many times Angry with thoſe that never did hurt us, but poſſibly may, though the Harm be not as yet done. But, I ſay, that they hurt us already in Conceit: and the very Purpoſe of it is an Injury in Thought, before it breaks out into an Act. It is oppoſed again, That if Anger were a *Deſire of Puniſhing*, Mean People would not be angry with Great Ones, that are out of their Reach; For, no Man can be ſaid to Deſire any thing, which he judges impoſſible to Compaſs. But, I anſwer to this; That *Anger* is the *Deſire*, not the *Power*, and *Faculty* of *Revenge*: Neither is any Man ſo low, but that the greateſt Man alive, may, peradventure, lie at his Mercy.

ARISTOTLE takes *Anger* to be, *A Deſire of paying Sorrow for Sorrow*; and of Plaguing thoſe that have Plagued us. It is argu'd againſt both, that Beaſts are Angry; though neither provok'd by any Injury, nor mov'd with a Deſire of any Body's Grief, or Puniſhment. Nay, though they cauſe it, they do not deſign or ſeek it. Neither is *Anger*, (how unreaſonable ſoever in itſelf) found any where but in Reaſonable Creatures. It is true, that Beaſts have an Impulſe of Rage, and Fierceneſs; as they are more affected alſo than Men, with ſome Pleaſures: But we may as well call them Luxurious, and Ambitious, as Angry. And yet they are not without certain Images of Human Affections. They have their Likings, and their Loathings; but neither the Paſſions of Reaſonable Nature, nor their Virtues, nor their Vices. They are mov'd to Fury by ſome Objects; they are quieted by others; they have their Terrors and their Diſappointments; but, without Reflexion: And let them be never ſo much Irritated or Affrighted, ſo ſoon as ever the Occaſion is remov'd, they fall to their Meat again, and lie down, and take their Reſt. Wiſdom, and Thought are the Goods of the Mind; whereof Brutes are wholly Incapable; and, we are as unlike them within, as we are without: They have an odd Kind of Fancy, and they have a Voice too; but Inarticulate

culate and Confus'd, and Incapable of thoſe Variations which are Familiar to us.

It is againſt Nature.

ANGER is not only a Vice, but a Vice point blank againſt Nature, for it Divides, inſtead of Joining; and, in ſome meaſure, fruſtrates the End of Providence in Human Society. One Man was born to help another: Anger makes us deſtroy one another; the one Unites, the other Separates; the one is Beneficial to us, the other Miſchievous; the one Succours even Strangers, the other Deſtroys even the moſt intimate Friends; the one Ventures all to Save another, the other Ruins himſelf to Undo another. Nature is Bountiful, but Anger is Pernicious: For it is not Fear, but mutual Love that binds up Mankind.

THERE are ſome Motions that look like Anger, which cannot properly be call'd ſo; as the Paſſion of the People againſt the *Gladiators*, when they hang off, and will not make ſo quick a Diſpatch as the Spectators would have them: There is ſomething in it of the Humour of Children, that if they get a Fall, will never leave Bawling, 'till the naughty Ground is Beaten, and then all is well again. They are Angry without any Cauſe, or Injury; they are deluded by an Imitation of Strokes, and Pacify'd with Counterfeit Tears. A Falſe, and a Childiſh Sorrow, is appeas'd with as Falſe and as Childiſh a Revenge. They take it for a Contempt, if the *Gladiators* do not immediately caſt themſelves upon the Swords Point. They look preſently about them from one to another, as who ſhould ſay; *Do but ſee, my Maſters, how theſe Rogues abuſe us.*

Several ſorts of Anger.

TO deſcend to the particular Branches, and Varieties, would be unneceſſary, and endleſs. There is a Stubborn, a Vindictive, a Quarrelſome, a Violent, a Froward, a Sullen, a Moroſe kind of Anger; and then we have this Variety in Complication too. One goes no farther than Words; Another proceeds immediately to Blows, without a Word ſpeaking; a Third ſort breaks out into Curſing and Reproachful Language: And there are, that content themſelves with Chiding

and Complaining. There's a Conciliable Anger, and there's an Implacable; but in what Form or Degree ſoever it appears, all Anger without Exception, is vicious.

CHAP. II.

The Riſe of Anger.

THE Queſtion will be here, Whether *Anger* takes its Riſe from Impulſe, or Judgment? That is, whether it be mov'd of its own accord, or as many other things are, from within us, that ariſe we know not how? The Clearing of this Point will lead us to greater Matters.

The firſt Motion of Anger.

THE *firſt* Motion of *Anger*, is, in truth, Involuntary, and only a kind of Menacing preparation towards it. The *ſecond* deliberates; as who ſhould ſay, *This Injury ſhould not paſs without a Revenge*, and there it ſtops. The *Third* is impotent; and, Right or Wrong, reſolves upon Vengeance. The *Firſt Motion* is not to be avoided, nor indeed the *Second*, any more than Yawning for Company: Cuſtom and Care may leſſen it, but Reaſon itſelf cannot overcome it. The *Third*, as it riſes upon Conſideration, it muſt fall ſo too; for, that Motion which proceeds with Judgment, may be taken away with Judgment. A Man thinks himſelf Injur'd, and hath a Mind to be reveng'd, but for ſome Reaſon, lets it reſt. This is not properly *Anger*, but an *Affection over-rul'd by Reaſon:* A kind of Propoſal diſapprov'd. And, What are Reaſon and Affection; but only Changes of the Mind for the better, or for the worſe? Reaſon Deliberates before it Judges; but Anger paſſes Sentence without Deliberation. Reaſon only attends the Matter in hand; but, Anger is ſtartled at every Accident: It paſſes the Bounds of Reaſon; and carries it away with it. In ſhort, *Anger is an Agitation of the Mind that proceeds to the Reſolution of a Revenge, the Mind aſſenting*

ing

ing to it. There is no doubt but Anger is mov'd by the Species of an Injury, but whether that Motion be Voluntary, or Involuntary, is the Point in debate; though it ſeems manifeſt to me, that *Anger* does nothing but where the Mind goes along with it. For, firſt, to take an Offence, and then to meditate a Revenge; and, after that, to lay both Propoſitions together, and ſay to myſelf, *This Injury ought not to have been done; but as the Caſe ſtands, I muſt do myſelf Right.* This Diſcourſe can never proceed without the Concurrence of the Will. The firſt Motion indeed is ſingle; but, all the Reſt is Deliberation, and Superſtructure: There is ſomething underſtood, and condemn'd; an Indignation conceiv'd, and a Revenge propounded. This can never be without the Agreement of the Mind to the Matter in Deliberation. The End of this Queſtion is, to know the Nature and Quality of *Anger*. If it be bred in us, it will never yield to Reaſon, for all Involuntary Motions are Inevitable and Invincible; as a kind of Horror and ſhrugging upon the Sprinkling of Cold Water; the Hair ſtanding on end at ill News; Giddineſs at the ſight of a Precipice; Bluſhing at lewd Diſcourſe. In theſe Caſes, Reaſon can do no good; but *Anger* may undoubtedly be overcome by Caution, and good Counſel; for it is *a Voluntary Vice*, and not of the Condition of thoſe Accidents that befall us as Frailties of our Humanity: Amongſt which muſt be reckon'd the firſt Motions of the Mind, after the Opinion of an Injury receiv'd, which it is not in the Power of Human Nature to avoid: And this is it that affects us upon the Stage, or in a Story. Can any Man read the Death of *Pompey*, and not be touched with an Indignation? The ſound of a Trumpet rouſes the Spirits and provokes Courage. It makes a Man ſad to ſee the Shipwreck even of an Enemy; and we are much ſurpriz'd by Fear in other Caſes: All theſe Motions are not ſo much Affections, as Preludes to them. The Claſhing of Arms, or the Beating of a Drum, excites a War-horſe. Nay, a Song from *Xenophanter* would make *Alexander* take his Sword in his Hand. In all theſe Caſes, the Mind rather Suffers than Acts; and therefore it is not an Affection, *to be Mov'd*, but to *give*

way to that Motion, and to follow willingly what was ſtarted by Chance. Theſe are not Affections, but Impulſes of the Body. The braveſt Man in the World may look pale when he puts on his Armour, his Knees knock, and his Heart work before the Battle is join'd; but, theſe are only *Motions:* whereas *Anger* is an *Excurſion*, and propoſes Revenge or Puniſhment, which cannot be without the Mind. As Fear flies, ſo Anger Aſſaults; and, it is not poſſible to reſolve, either upon Violence or Caution, without the Concurrence of the Will.

CHAP. III.

Anger may be Suppreſs'd.

IT is an idle thing to pretend, that we cannot Govern our *Anger:* for, ſome things that we do, are much harder than others that we ought to do; the wildeſt Affections may be tam'd by Diſcipline, and there is hardly any thing which the Mind will do, but it may do. There needs no more Argument in this Caſe, than the Inſtances of ſeveral Perſons, both Powerful and Impatient, that have gotten the Abſolute Maſtery of themſelves in this Point.

Piſiſtratus *Maſter'd his Anger.*

THRASIPPUS in his Drink fell foul upon the Cruelties of *Piſiſtratus*; who, when he was urged by ſeveral about him to make an Example of him, return'd this Anſwer, *Why ſhould I be Angry with a Man that ſtumbles upon me blindfold?* In effect, moſt of our Quarrels are of our own making, either by Miſtake, or by Aggravation. Anger comes ſometimes upon us, but we go oftner to it, and inſtead of Rejecting it, we Call it.

The Gentleneſs of Auguſtus.

AUGUSTUS was a great Maſter of his Paſſion: for *Timagenus* an Hiſtorian, wrote ſeveral bitter things againſt his Perſon, and his Family; which paſs'd among the

the People plauſible enough, as Pieces of Raſh Wit commonly do. *Cæſar* advis'd him ſeveral times to forbear, and when that would not do, forbad him his Roof. After this, *Aſinius Pollio* gave him Entertainment; and he was ſo well belov'd in the City, that every Man's Houſe was open to him. Thoſe things that he had written in the Honour of *Auguſtus*, he recited, and burnt; and publickly profeſs'd himſelf *Cæſar*'s Enemy: *Auguſtus*, for all this, never fell out with any Man that receiv'd him; only once he told *Pollio*, that he had taken a *Snake* into his Boſom: And as *Pollio* was about to excuſe himſelf; *No* (ſays *Cæſar*, interrupting him) *make your beſt of him*; and, offering to caſt him off at that very Moment, if *Cæſar* pleas'd: *Do you think* (ſays *Cæſar*) *that I will ever contribute to the Parting of you, that made you Friends?* for *Pollio* was angry with him before, and only entertain'd him now, becauſe *Cæſar* had diſcarded him.

The Moderation of Antigonus.

THE Moderation of *Antigonus* was remarkable; ſome of his Soldiers were railing at him one Night, where there was but a Hanging betwixt them: *Antigonus* over-hea'd them, and putting it gently aſide; *Soldiers*, ſays he, *ſtand a little farther off, for fear the King ſhould hear you.* And we are to conſider, not only violent Examples, but moderate, where there wanted neither Cauſe of Diſpleaſure, nor Power of Revenge: As in the Caſe of *Antigonus*, who the ſame Night hearing his Soldiers Curſing him for bringing them into ſo foul a way, he went to them, and, without telling them who he was, help'd them out of it. *Now*, ſays he, *you may be allow'd to Curſe him that brought you into the Mire, provided you Bleſs him that took you out of it.*

A predominant Fear maſters Anger.

IT was a notable Story, that of *Pedius Pallio*, upon his inviting of *Auguſtus* to Supper. One of his Boys happen'd to break a Glaſs; and his Maſter, in a Rage, commanded him to be thrown into a Pond to feed his Lampreys. This Action of his might be taken for *Luxury*, though, in truth,

truth, it was Cruelty. The Boy was ſeiz'd, but brake looſe, and threw himſelf at *Auguſtus* his Feet, only deſiring that he might not die that Death! *Cæſar*, in abhorrence of the Barbarity, preſently order'd all the reſt of the Glaſſes to be broken; the Boy to be releas'd, and the Pond to be fill'd up, that there might be no farther Occaſion for an Inhumanity of that Nature. This was an Authority well employ'd. Shall the breaking of a Glaſs coſt a Man his Life? Nothing but a Predominant Fear could ever have maſter'd his Cholerick, and Sanguinary Diſpoſition. This Man deſerv'd to die a Thouſand Deaths, either for eating Human Fleſh at Second Hand, in his Lampreys, or for keeping of his Fiſh to be ſo fed.

IT is written of *Præxaſpes* (a Favourite of *Cambyſes*, who was much given to Wine) that he took the Freedom to tell his Prince of his hard Drinking, and to lay before him the Scandal, and the Inconvenience of his Exceſſes; and how that in thoſe Diſtempers, he had not the Command of himſelf. *Now* (ſays *Cambyſes*) *to ſhew you your Miſtake; you ſhall ſee me drink deeper than ever I did, and yet keep the uſe of my Eyes, and of my Hands, as well as if I were Sober.* Upon this, he drank to a higher pitch than ordinary, and order'd *Præxaſpes* his Son to go out, and ſtand on the other ſide of the Threſhold, with his Left-arm over his Head; *And* (ſays he) *If I have a good aim, have at the Heart of him.* He ſhot, and upon cutting up the Young Man, they found indeed that the Arrow had ſtruck him thro' the middle of the Heart. *What do you think now* (ſays *Cambyſes*) *Is my Hand ſteady or no?* Apollo *himſelf* (ſays *Præxaſpes*) *could not have out-done it.* It may be a Queſtion now, which was the greater Impiety, the Murder itſelf, or the Commendation of it; for him to take the Heart of his Son, while it was yet reeking, and panting under the Wound, for an Occaſion of Flattery: Why was there not another Experiment made upon the Father, to try if *Cambyſes* could not have yet mended his ſhot? This was a moſt unmanly Violation of Hoſpitality, but the Approbation of the Fact was ſtill worſe than the Crime itſelf. This Example of *Præxaſpes* proves

proves ſufficiently that a Man may repreſs his Anger; for he return'd not one ill Word, no not ſo much as a Complaint; but he paid dear for his good Counſel. He had been wiſer perhaps, if he had let the King alone in his Cups, for he had better have drunk Wine than Blood. 'Tis a dangerous Office to give good Advice to Intemperate Princes.

An Inſtance of Anger ſuppreſt in Harpagus.

ANOTHER Inſtance of Anger ſuppreſs'd we have in *Harpagus*, who was commanded to expoſe *Cyrus* upon a Mountain, but the Child was preſerv'd; which when *Aſtyages* came afterwards to underſtand, he invited *Harpagus* to a Diſh of Meat; and when he had eaten his fill, he told him it was a Piece of his Son, and asked him how he liked the Seaſoning. *Whatever pleaſes your Majeſty*, ſays *Harpagus*, *muſt pleaſe me*: And he made no more Words on't. It is moſt certain that we might govern our Anger if we would; for the ſame thing that Galls us at home, gives us no Offence at all abroad; and what's the Reaſon of it, but that we are Patient in one Place, and Froward in another?

The Moderation of Philip *of* Macedon.

IT was a ſtrong Provocation, that which was given to *Philip* of *Macedon*, the Father of *Alexander*: The *Athenians* ſent their Ambaſſadors to him, and they were receiv'd with this Compliment, *Tell me, Gentlemen*, ſays *Philip*, *What is there that I can do to oblige the* Athenians? *Democharas*, one of the Ambaſſadors told him, that they would take it for a great Obligation if he would be pleas'd to hang himſelf. This Inſolence gave an Indignation to the By-ſtanders; but *Philip* bad them not to meddle with him, but e'en to let that foulmouth'd Fellow go as he came. And, *for you, the reſt of the Ambaſſadors*, ſays he, *pray tell the* Athenians, *that it is worſe to ſpeak ſuch things, than to hear, and forgive them.* This wonderful Patience under Contumelies was a great means of *Philip*'s Security.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

It is a ſhort Madneſs, and a deformed Vice.

HE was much in the right, whoever it was, that firſt call'd *Anger, a ſhort Madneſs*; for they have both of them the ſame Symptoms; and there is ſo wonderful a Reſemblance betwixt the tranſports of *Choler* and thoſe of *Phrenſy*, that 'tis a hard matter to know the One from the Other. A Bold, Fierce, and Threatning Countenance, as Pale as Aſhes, and in the ſame Moment as Red as Blood; a Glaring Eye, a Wrinkled Brow, Violent Motions, the Hands Reſtleſs, and perpetually in Action, Wringing and Menacing, Snapping of the Joints, Stamping with the Feet, the Hair Staring, Trembling Lips, a Forced and Squeaking Voice; the Speech Falſe and Broken, Deep, and frequent Sighs, and Ghaſtly Looks; the Veins ſwell, the Heart pants, the Knees knock; with a hundred diſmal Accidents that are common to both Diſtempers. Neither is *Anger* a bare Reſemblance only of Madneſs, but many times an Irrevocable Tranſition into the thing itſelf. How many Perſons have we known, read, and heard of, that have loſt their Wits in a Paſſion, and never came to themſelves again? It is therefore to be avoided, not only for Moderation ſake, but alſo for Health. Now if the outward Appearance of Anger be ſo foul, and hideous, How deformed muſt that miſerable Mind be that is harraſs'd with it? for it leaves no place either for Counſel, or Friendſhip, Honeſty, or Good Manners; No place either for the Exerciſe of Reaſon, or for the Offices of Life. If I were to deſcribe it, I would draw a Tiger bath'd in Blood; ſharp ſet, and ready to take a Leap at his Prey: or dreſs it up as the Poets repreſent the Furies, with Whips, Snakes, and Flames; It ſhould be Sour, Livid, full of Scars, and wallowing in Gore, Raging up and down, Deſtroying, Grinning, Bellowing, and Purſuing: Sick of all other things, and

moſt

moſt of all of itſelf. It turns Beauty into Deformity, and the Calmeſt Counſels into Fierceneſs: It diſorders our very Garments, and fills the Mind with Horror. How abominable is it in the Soul then, when it appears ſo hideous even through the Bones, the Skin, and ſo many Impediments? Is not he a Mad-man that has loſt the Government of himſelf, and is toſs'd hither and thither by his Fury, as by a Tempeſt? The Executioner of his own Revenge, both with his Heart and Hand; and the Murderer of his neareſt Friends? The ſmalleſt matter moves it, and makes us Inſociable, and Inacceſſible. It does all things by Violence, as well upon itſelf, as others; and it is, in ſhort, the Maſter of all Paſſions.

THERE is not any Creature ſo * Terrible, and Dangerous by Nature, but it becomes fiercer by Anger. Not that Beaſts have human Affections, but certain Impulſes they have which come very near them. The Boar foams, champs, and whets his Tuſks; the Bull toſſes his Horns in the Air, Bounds, and Tears up the Ground with his Feet. The Lion Roars, and Swinges himſelf with his Tail; the Serpent Swells, and there is a Ghaſtly kind of Felneſs in the Aſpect of a Mad Dog. How great a Wickedneſs is it now to indulge a Violence, that does not only turn a Man into a Beaſt but makes even the moſt outragious of Beaſts themſelves to be more Dreadful and Miſchievous! A Vice that carries along with it neither Pleaſure nor Profit; neither Honour nor Security; but on the contrary, deſtroys us to all the Comfortable, and Glorious Purpoſes of our Reaſonable Being. Some there are, that will have the Root of it to be Greatneſs of Mind. And why may we not as well entitle *Impudence* to *Courage*, whereas the One is Proud, the Other Brave; the One is Gracious and Gentle, the Other Rude, and Furious? At the ſame rate we may aſcribe Magnanimity to Avarice, Luxury, and Ambition, which are all but ſplendid Impotencies, without Meaſure and without Foundation. There is nothing Great, but what is Virtuous, nor indeed truly Great, but what is alſo Compos'd, and Quiet.

* *All Creatures are made more Terrible by Anger.*

Anger,

Anger, alas! is but a Wild, Impetuous Blaſt, an empty Tumor, the very Infirmity of Women and Children; a Brawling, Clamorous Evil: And the more Noiſe the leſs Courage; as we find it commonly, that the Boldeſt Tongues have the Fainteſt Hearts.

CHAP. V.

Anger is neither Warrantable, nor Uſeful.

IN the firſt place, Anger is *Unwarrantable*, as it is *Unjuſt*: For it falls many times upon the wrong Perſon, and diſcharges itſelf upon the Innocent, inſtead of the Guilty: beſide the Diſproportion of making the moſt trivial Offences to be Capital, and puniſhing an Inconſiderate Word perhaps with Torments, Fetters, Infamy, or Death. It allows a Man neither Time, nor Means for Defence, but judges a Cauſe without Hearing it, and admits of no Mediation. It flies into the Face of Truth itſelf, if it be of the Adverſe Party; and Turns Obſtinacy in an Error, into an Argument of Juſtice. It does every thing with Agitation, and Tumult: Whereas Reaſon and Equity, can deſtroy whole Families, if there be Occaſion for't, even to the Extinguiſhing of their Names, and Memories, without any Indecency, either of Countenance, or Action.

SECONDLY, It is inſociable to the higheſt Point; for it ſpares neither Friend, nor Foe; but tears all to Pieces, and caſts Human Nature into a perpetual State of War. It diſſolves the Bond of Mutual Society, inſomuch that our very Companions, and Relations, dare not come near us; it renders us unfit for the Ordinary Offices of Life, for we can neither govern our Tongues, our Hands, nor any part of our Body. It tramples upon the Laws of Hoſpitality, and of Nations, leaves every Man to be his own Carver, and all things Publick, and Private, Sacred and Profane, ſuffer Violence.

* *Anger is Inſociable.*

THIRDLY,

THIRDLY, It is to no purpoſe. * *'Tis a ſad thing*, we cry, *to put up theſe Injuries, and we are not able to bear them*; as if any Man that can bear *Anger*, could not bear an *Injury*, which is much more ſupportable. You'll ſay, that Anger does ſome good yet, for it keeps People in Awe, and ſecures a Man from Contempt; never conſidering, that it is more dangerous to be fear'd, than deſpis'd. Suppoſe that an Angry Man could do as much as he threatens; the more Terrible, he is ſtill the more odious; and on the other ſide, if he wants Power, he is the more deſpicable for his Anger; for there is nothing more wretched than a Cholerick Huff, that makes a Noiſe, and no body cares for't. If Anger ſhould be Valuable becauſe Men are afraid of it; Why not an Adder, a Toad, or a Scorpion as well? It makes us lead the Life of Gladiators; we Live, and we Fight together. We hate the Happy, deſpiſe the Miſerable, envy our Superiors, inſult upon our Inferiors, and there is nothing in the World which we will not do, either for Pleaſure, or Profit. To be Angry at Offenders, is to make ourſelves the common Enemies of Mankind, which is both weak and wicked; and we may as well be Angry that our Thiſtles do not bring forth Apples; or that every Pebble in our Ground is not an Oriental Pearl. If we are Angry both with Young Men, and with Old, becauſe they *do* offend; why not with Infants too, becauſe they *will offend?* It is Laudable to rejoice for any thing that is Well done; but, to be tranſported for another Man's doing Ill, is narrow and ſordid. Nor is it for the Dignity of Virtue to be either Angry, or Sad. It is with a Tainted Mind as with an Ulcer, not only the Touch, but the very Offer at it makes us ſhrink, and Complain; when we come once to be carry'd off from our Poize, we are loſt. In the Choice of a Sword, we take care that it be wieldy, and well mounted; and it concerns us as much to be wary of engaging in the Exceſſes of Ungovernable Paſſions. It is not the Speed of a Horſe altogether that pleaſes us, unleſs we find that he can ſtop, and turn, at Pleaſure. 'Tis a Sign of Weakneſs, and a kind

* *It is Unprofitable.*

kind of Stumbling, for a Man to Run, when he intends only to Walk; and it behoves us to have the ſame Command of our Mind that we have of our Bodies. Beſides that, the greateſt Puniſhment of an Injury, is the Conſcience of having done it; and no Man ſuffers more, than he that is turn'd over to the Pain of a Repentance. How much better is it to compoſe Injuries, than to revenge them; For it does not only ſpend time, but the Revenge of one Injury expoſes us to more. In fine, as it is unreaſonable to be Angry at a Crime, it is as fooliſh to be Angry without one.

BUT * *May not an honeſt Man then be allow'd to be Angry at the Murder of his Father, or the Raviſhing of his Siſter, or Daughter, before his Face?*

* *And in no Caſe allowable.*

No, not at all; I will defend my Parents, and I will repay the Injuries that are done them; but it is my Piety, and not my Anger that moves me to it. I will do my Duty without Fear or Confuſion; I will not Rage, I will not Weep; but diſcharge the Office of a good Man, without forfeiting the Dignity of a Man. If my Father be aſſaulted, I'll endeavour to reſcue him; If he be killed, I'll do right to his Memory; and all this, not in any Tranſport of Paſſion; but in Honour, and Conſcience. Neither is there any need of Anger where Reaſon does the ſame thing. A Man may be Temperate, and yet Vigorous, and raiſe his Mind according to the Occaſion, more or leſs, as a Stone is thrown according to the Diſcretion, and Intent of the Caſter. How outragious have I ſeen ſome People for the Loſs of a Monkey, or a Spaniel? And were it not a ſhame to have the ſame Senſe for a Friend that we have for a Puppy; and to cry like Children, as much for a Bauble, as for the Ruin of our Country? This is not an Effect of Reaſon, but of Infirmity. For a Man indeed to expoſe his Perſon for his Prince, or for his Parents, or his Friends, out of a Senſe of Honeſty, and a Judgment of Duty, it is, without Diſpute, a Worthy, and a Glorious Action; but it muſt be done then with Sobriety, Calmneſs, and Reſolution. It is high time to convince the World of the Indignity, and Uſeleſsneſs

leſsneſs of this Paſſion, when it has the Authority, and Recommendation of no leſs than *Ariſtotle* himſelf, as an Affection very much conducing to all Heroick Actions, that require Heat and Vigour: Now, to ſhew on the other ſide, that it is not in any Caſe Profitable, we ſhall lay open the Obſtinate, and Unbridled Madneſs of it: A Wickedneſs, neither ſenſible of Infamy, nor of Glory; without either Modeſty, or Fear; and if it paſſes once from Anger into a harden'd Hatred, it is incurable. It is either ſtronger than Reaſon, or it is weaker. If ſtronger, there is no contending with it; if weaker, Reaſon will do the Buſineſs without it. Some will have it that an Angry Man is Good-natur'd, and Sincere; whereas in truth, he only lays himſelf open out of Heedleſsneſs, and want of Caution. If it were in itſelf Good, the more of it the better; but in this Caſe, the more, the worſe; and a wiſe Man does his Duty, without the Aid of any thing that is ill. 'Tis objected by ſome, that thoſe are the moſt Generous Creatures, which are the moſt prone to Anger. But firſt, *Reaſon* in *Man*, is *Impetuous* in *Beaſts*. Secondly, without Diſcipline it runs into Audaciouſneſs, and Temerity; over and above that the ſame thing does not help all. If Anger helps the Lion, 'tis Fear that ſaves the Stag, Swiftneſs the Hawk, and Flight the Pigeon: but Man has *God* for his Example (who is never Angry) and not the *Creatures*. And yet it is not amiſs ſometimes to counterfeit Anger; as upon the Stage: Nay, upon the Bench, and in the Pulpit, where the Imitation of it is more effectual, than the thing itſelf. But it is a great Error, to take this Paſſion either for a Companion, or for an Aſſiſtant to Virtue; that makes a Man incapable of thoſe Neceſſary Counſels, by which Virtue is to govern herſelf. Thoſe are falſe, and inauſpicious Powers, and Deſtructive of themſelves, which ariſe only from the Acceſſion, and Fervour of a Diſeaſe. Reaſon Judges according to Right; Anger will have every thing ſeem right whatever it does, and when it has once pitched upon a Miſtake it is never to be convinced; but prefers a Pertinacy even in the greateſt Evil, before the moſt neceſſary Repentance.

* *It is more miſchievous in Peace.*

Some People are of Opinion, that Anger * Inflames and Animates the Soldier; that it is a Spur to bold and arduous Undertakings, and that it were better to Moderate, than wholly to Suppreſs it, for fear of diſſolving the Spirit and Force of the Mind. To this I anſwer, That Virtue does not need the Help of Vice, but where there is any Ardour of Mind Neceſſary, we may rouſe ourſelves, and be more or leſs brisk, and vigorous, as there is occaſion: But all without Anger ſtill. 'Tis a miſtake to ſay, that we may make uſe of Anger as a Common Soldier, but not as a Commander; for if it hears Reaſon, and follows Orders, it is not properly Anger; and if it does Not, it is Contumacious, and Mutinous. By this Argument a Man muſt be Angry to be Valiant; Covetous to be Induſtrious; Timorous to be Safe, which makes our Reaſon confederate with our Affections. And 'tis all one whether Paſſion be Inconſiderate without Reaſon, or Reaſon Ineffectual without Paſſion; ſince the one cannot be without the other. 'Tis true, the leſs the Paſſion, the leſs is the Miſchief; for a little Paſſion, is the ſmaller Evil. Nay, ſo far is it from being of Uſe or Advantage in the Field, that 'tis the place of all others where 'tis the moſt dangerous; for the Actions of War are to be managed with Order and Caution, not Precipitation and Fancy: Whereas Anger is heedleſs, and heady, and the Virtue only of *barbarous Nations*; which though their Bodies were much ſtronger, and more harden'd, were ſtill worſted by the Moderation, and Diſcipline of the *Romans*. There is not upon the Face of the Earth, a Bolder, or a more Indefatigable Nation than the *Germans*; not a Braver upon a Charge, nor a hardier againſt Colds and Heats; their only Delight and Exerciſe is in Arms, to the Utter Neglect of all things elſe: and yet upon the Encounter, they are broken and deſtroyed through their own Undiſciplin'd Temerity, even by the moſt Effeminate of Men. The Huntſman is not Angry with the wild Boar, when he either purſues, or receives him; a good Sword-man watches his Opportunity, and keeps himſelf upon his Guard,

Guard, whereas Paſſion lays a Man open: Nay, it is one of the Prime Leſſons in a Fencing School, to learn not to be Angry. If *Fabius* had been *Cholerick*, *Rome* had been *loſt*: and before he conquer'd *Hannibal*, he overcame *Himſelf*. If *Scipio* had been *Angry*, he would never have left *Hannibal*, and his Army (who were the proper Objects of his Diſpleaſure) to carry the War into *Africk*, and ſo compaſs his End by a more temperate way. Nay, he was ſo ſlow, that it was charged upon him for want of Mettle and Reſolution. And what did the *Other Scipio? (Africanus* I mean.) How much time did he ſpend before *Numantia*, to the Common Grief both of his Country, and himſelf? Though he reduced it at laſt, by ſo miſerable a Famine, that the Inhabitants laid violent Hands upon themſelves, and left neither Man, Woman, nor Child, to ſurvive the Ruins of it. If Anger makes a Man fight better; ſo does Wine, Phrenſy, nay, and Fear itſelf; For the greateſt Coward in Deſpair does the greateſt Wonders. No Man is Couragious in his Anger, that was not ſo without it. But put the Caſe that Anger, by Accident, may have done ſome good, and ſo have Fevers removed ſome Diſtempers; but it is an odious kind of Remedy, that makes us indebted to a Diſeaſe for a Cure. How many Men have been preſerv'd by Poiſon; by a Fall from a Precipice; by a Shipwreck; by a Tempeſt? Does it therefore follow, that we are to recommend the Practice of theſe Experiments?

BUT in Caſe of an Exemplary, and Proſtitute Diſſolution of Manners when Clodius *ſhall be preferr'd and* Cicero *rejected; when Loyalty ſhall be broken upon the Wheel, and Treaſon ſit Triumphant upon the Bench; Is not this a Subject to move the Choler of any Virtuous Man?* No, by no Means, Virtue will never allow of the Correcting of one Vice by another; or that Anger, which is the Greater Crime of the two, ſhould preſume to puniſh the Leſs. It is the Natural Property of Virtue to make a Man Serene, and Cheerful; and it is not for the Dignity of a Philoſopher, to be Tranſ-

* *He that's Angry at Publick Wickedneſs, ſhall never be at Peace.*

ported

ported either with Grief, or Anger; and then the End of Anger is Sorrow, the conſtant Effect of Diſappointment, and Repentance. But to my Purpoſe. If a Man ſhould be Angry at Wickedneſs, the Greater the Wickedneſs is, the Greater muſt be his Anger; and ſo long as there is Wickedneſs in the World, he muſt never be pleas'd. Which makes his Quiet dependent upon the Humour or Manners of Others. There paſſes not a Day over our Heads, but he that is Cholerick, ſhall have ſome Cauſe or other of Diſpleaſure, either from Men, Accidents, or Buſineſs. He ſhall never ſtir out of his Houſe, but he ſhall meet with Criminals of all ſorts; Prodigal, Impudent, Covetous, Perfidious, Contentious; Children perſecuting their Parents; Parents curſing their Children; the Innocent accuſed, the Delinquent acquitted, and the Judge practiſing that in his Chamber, which he condemns upon the Bench: In fine, wherever there are Men, there are Faults; and upon theſe Terms, *Socrates* himſelf ſhould never bring the ſame Countenance home again that he carry'd out with him.

IF Anger were ſufferable in any Caſe, it might be allow'd againſt an Incorrigible Criminal under the Hand of * Juſtice: But Puniſhment is not Matter of Anger, but of Caution. The Law is without Paſſion, and ſtrikes Malefactors as we do Serpents and Venomous Creatures, for fear of greater Miſchief. It is not for the Dignity of a Judge, when he comes to pronounce the fatal Sentence, to expreſs any Motions of Anger in his Looks, Words, or Geſtures: For he condemns the Vice, not the Man; and looks upon the Wickedneſs without Anger, as he does upon the Proſperity of Wicked Men without Envy. But though he be not Angry, I would have him a little mov'd, in point of Humanity; but yet without any Offence either to his Place, or Wiſdom. Our Paſſions vary, but Reaſon is equal; and it were a great Folly for that which is Stable, Faithful, and Sound, to repair for Succour to that which is Uncertain, Falſe, and Diſtemper'd. If the Offender be Incurable, take him out of the World, that if he will not

* *Juſtice is Calm and Temperate.*

not be Good, he may ceaſe to be Evil; but this muſt be without Anger too. Does any Man hate an Arm, or a Leg, when he cuts it off? or reckon *That* a Paſſion, which is only a miſerable Cure? We knock mad Dogs on the head, and remove Scabbed Sheep out of the Fold: and this is not Anger ſtill, but Reaſon; to ſeparate the Sick from the Sound. Juſtice cannot be Angry; nor is there any need of an Angry Magiſtrate, for the Puniſhment of Fooliſh, and Wicked Men. The Power of Life and Death, muſt not be managed with Paſſion. We give a Horſe the Spur, that is reſtiff, or Jadiſh, and tries to caſt his Rider. But this is without Anger too, and only to take down his Stomach, and bring him, by Correction, to Obedience.

'Tis true, that Correction is Neceſſary, * yet within Reaſon, and Bounds; for it does not Hurt, but Profit us under an Appearance of Harm. Ill Diſpoſitions in the Mind are to be dealt with as thoſe in the Body; The Phyſician firſt tries Purging, and Abſtinence; if This will not do, he proceeds to Bleeding, nay to Diſmembring rather than fail; for there's no Operation too ſevere that ends in Health. The Publick Magiſtrate begins with Perſuaſion, and his Buſineſs is, to beget a Deteſtation for Vice and a Veneration for Virtue: From thence, if need be, he advances to Admonition, and Reproach, and then to Puniſhments; but Moderate, and Revocable, unleſs the Wickedneſs be incurable, and then the Puniſhment muſt be to too. There's only this Difference, the Phyſician, when he cannot ſave his Patient's Life, endeavours to make his Death Eaſy; but the Magiſtrate Aggravates the Death of the Criminal, with Infamy, and Diſgrace; not as Delighting in the Severity of it (for no Good Man can be ſo barbarous) but for Example, and to the End that they that will do no good Living, may do ſome Dead. The end of all Correction, is either the Amendment of Wicked Men, or to prevent the Influence of Ill Example: For Men are Puniſh'd with a Reſpect to the Future, not to expiate Offences committed, but for fear of worſe to come. Publick Offenders muſt be a Terror to Others;

* *Correction is neceſſary, but within Bounds.*

Others; but ſtill all this while, the Power of Life and Death muſt not be manag'd with Paſſion. The Medicine, in the mean time, muſt be ſuited to the Diſeaſe: Infamy cures One; Pain, Another; Exile cures a Third; Beggary a Fourth; but there are ſome that are only to be cur'd by the Gibbet. I would be no more Angry with a Thief, or a Traitor, than I am angry with myſelf when I open a Vein. All Puniſhment is but a Moral, or Civil Remedy. I do not do any thing that is very ill, but yet I Tranſgreſs Often. Try me firſt with a Private Reprehenſion, and then with a Publick; If that will not ſerve, ſee what Baniſhment will do; If not that neither, load me with Chains, lay me in Priſon; But if I ſhould prove Wicked even for Wickedneſs ſake, and leave no hope of Reclaiming me, it would be a kind of Mercy to deſtroy me. Vice is incorporated with me; and there's no Remedy, but the taking of both away together; but ſtill, without Anger.

CHAP. VI.

Anger in General, with the Danger and Effects of it.

THERE is no ſurer Argument of a Great Mind, than not to be tranſported to Anger by any Accident; The Clouds, and the Tempeſts, are form'd below, but all *Above* is Quiet and Serene: which is the Emblem of a brave Man, that ſuppreſſes all Provocations, and lives within himſelf, Modeſt, Venerable, and Compos'd: Whereas Anger is a Turbulent Humour, which at firſt daſh caſts off all Shame, without any regard to Order, Meaſure, or good Manners; tranſporting a Man into Misbecoming Violences, with his Tongue, his Hands, and every part of his Body. And whoever conſiders the Foulneſs, and the Brutality of this Vice, muſt acknowledge, that there is no ſuch Monſter in Nature, as one Man raging againſt another, and labouring to ſink that,

that, which can never be drowned, but with himſelf for Company. It renders us incapable, either of Diſcourſe, or of other common Duties. It is of all Paſſions the moſt Powerful: for it makes a Man that is in Love, to kill his Miſtreſs; The Ambitious Man to trample upon his Honours, and the Covetous to throw away his Fortune. There is not any Mortal that lives free from the Danger of it; for it makes even the Heavy, and the Good-natur'd to be fierce and outragious: It Invades us like a Peſtilence, the Luſty as well as the Weak; and 'tis not either ſtrength of Body, or a good Diet, that can ſecure us againſt it; nay, the Learnedeſt, and Men otherwiſe of exemplary Sobriety, are infeſted with it. It is ſo potent a Paſſion that *Socrates* durſt not truſt himſelf with it. *Sirrah*, (ſays he to his Man) *now would I beat you, if I were not Angry with you.* There is no Age, or Sect of Men that 'ſcapes it. Other Vices take us one by one; but This, like an *Epidemical Contagion*, ſweeps all: Men, Women, and Children; Princes, and Beggars are carry'd away with it in Shoals, and Troops, as one Man. It was never ſeen that a whole Nation was in Love with one Woman, or Unanimouſly bent upon one Vice: But here and there, ſome particular Men are tainted with ſome particular Crimes: whereas in Anger, a ſingle Word many times inflames the whole Multitude, and Men betake themſelves preſently to Fire, and Sword upon it; the Rabble take upon them to give Laws to their Governors; the Common Soldiers to their Officers, to the Ruin, not only of private Families, but of Kingdoms, turning their Arms againſt their own Leaders, and chuſing their own Generals. There's no publick Council; no putting of things to the Vote; but in a Rage, the Mutineers divide from the Senate, name their Head, force the Nobility in their own Houſes, and put them to Death with their own Hands. The Laws of Nations are violated, the Perſons of Publick Miniſters Affronted, whole Cities infected with a General Madneſs, and no Reſpite allow'd for the Abatement, or diſcuſſing of this Publick Tumour. The Ships are crowded with tumultuary Soldiers. And in this rude, and Ill-boding Manner they march, and act under the Conduct

only of their own Paſſions. Whatever comes next ſerves them for Arms, 'till at laſt they pay for their Licentious Raſhneſs, with the Slaughter of the whole Party: This is the Event of a heady, and inconſiderate War. When Mens Minds are ſtruck with the Opinion of an Injury, they fall on immediately whereſoever their Paſſion leads them, without either Order, Fear, or Caution; provoking their own Miſchief; never at Reſt, 'till they come to Blows; and purſuing their Revenge, even with their Bodies upon the Points of their Enemies Weapons. So that the Anger itſelf, is much more hurtful to us, than the Injury that provokes it; for the one is bounded, but where the other will ſtop, no Man living knows. There are no greater Slaves certainly, than thoſe that ſerve Anger, for they improve their Misfortunes by an Impatience more inſupportable than the Calamity that cauſes it.

NOR does it riſe by degrees, as other Paſſions, but flaſhes like Gun-powder, * blowing up all in a Moment. Neither does it only preſs to the Mark, but overbears every thing in the way to't. Other Vices drive us, but This hurries us headlong; other Paſſions ſtand firm Themſelves, though perhaps we cannot reſiſt them; but this conſumes, and deſtroys itſelf: It falls like Thunder, or a Tempeſt, with an Irrevocable Violence, that gathers Strength in the Paſſage, and then evaporates in the Concluſion. Other Vices are *Unreaſonable*, but this is *Unhealthful* too; Other Diſtempers have their Intervals, and Degrees, but in this we are thrown down, as from a Precipice: There is not any thing ſo amazing to others, or ſo deſtructive to itſelf; So Proud, and Inſolent if it ſucceeds; or ſo Extravagant, if it be diſappointed. No Repulſe diſcourages it, and for want of other Matter to work upon, it falls foul upon itſelf; and let the Ground be never ſo Trivial, it is ſufficient for the wildeſt Outrage imaginable. It ſpares neither Age, Sex, nor Quality. Some People would be Luxurious perchance, but that they are Poor; and others Lazy, if they were not perpetually kept at work. The Simplicity of a Country life keeps many Men in Ignorance

* *Anger blows up all in a Moment.*

rance of the Frauds and Impieties of Courts, and Camps: But, no Nation, or Condition of Men is exempt from the Impreſſions of Anger, and it is equally dangerous, as well in War, as in Peace. We find that Elephants will be made Familiar; Bulls will ſuffer Children to ride upon their Backs, and play with their Horns; Bears, and Lions, by good Uſage, will be brought to fawn upon their Maſters; How deſperate a Madneſs is it then for Men, after the reclaiming of the fierceſt of Beaſts, and the bringing of them to be tractable, and domeſtick, to become yet worſe than Beaſts one to another? *Alexander* had two Friends, *Clytus*, and *Lyſimachus*; the one he expoſed to a Lion, the other to himſelf; and he that was turn'd looſe to the Beaſt eſcap'd. Why do we not rather make the beſt of a ſhort Life, and render ourſelves Amiable to all while we Live, and Deſirable when we Die?

Let us bethink ourſelves of our Mortality, and not ſquander away the little * Time that we have upon Animoſities and Feuds, as if it were never to be at an end. Had we not better enjoy the Pleaſure of our own Life, than be ſtill contriving how to gall and torment another's? In all our Brawlings and Contentions, never ſo much as dreaming of our Weakneſs. Do we not know that theſe Implacable Enmities of ours lie at the mercy of a Fever, or any petty Accident to diſappoint? Our Fate is at Hand, and the very hour that we have ſet for another Man's Death, may peradventure be prevented by our own. What is it that we make all this Buſtle for, and ſo needleſly diſquiet our Minds? We are offended with our Servants, our Maſters, our Princes, our Clients: 'Tis but a little Patience, and we ſhall be all of us Equal; ſo that there's no need either of Ambuſhes, or of Combats. Our Wrath cannot go beyond Death; and Death will moſt undoubtedly come, whether we be peeviſh or quiet. 'Tis time loſt to take pains to do that, which will infallibly be done without us. But, ſuppoſe that we would only have our Enemy Baniſh'd, Diſgrac'd, or Damag'd, let his Puniſhment be more or leſs, it is yet too

* *Anger is Loſs of Time, as well as of Peace.*

long, either for him to be inhumanly Tormented, or for us ourſelves to be moſt barbarouſly Pleas'd with it. It holds in anger as in Mourning, it muſt, and will at laſt fall of itſelf; let us look to it then betimes, for when 'tis once come to an ill Habit, we ſhall never want matter to feed it; and 'tis much better to overcome our Paſſions, than to be overcome by them. Some Way or other, either our Parents, Children, Servants, Acquaintance, or Strangers will be continually vexing us. We are toſs'd hither, and thither, by our Affections, like a Feather in a Storm, and by freſh Provocations the Madneſs becomes perpetual. Miſerable Creatures! that ever our precious Hours ſhould be ſo ill employ'd! How prone and eager are we in our Hatred, and how backward in our Love! Were it not much better now to be making of Friendſhips; pacifying of Enemies; doing of Good Offices both Publick and Private, than to be ſtill meditating of Miſchief, and deſigning how to wound one Man in his Fame, Another in his Fortune, a Third in his Perſon? the one being ſo Eaſy, Innocent, and Safe; and the Other ſo Difficult, Impious, and Hazardous. Nay, take a Man in Chains, and at the Foot of his Oppreſſor; How many are there, who, even in this Caſe have maim'd themſelves in the heat of their Violence upon others?

* *Anger may be better kept out than Govern'd.*

THIS Untractable Paſſion is much more * eaſily kept out, than Govern'd when it is once Admitted; for the ſtronger will give Laws to the weaker; and make Reaſon a Slave to the Appetite. It carries us headlong, and in the Courſe of our Fury, we have no more Command of our Minds, than we have of our Bodies down a Precipice; when they are once in Motion there's no ſtop 'till they come to the bottom. Not but that it is poſſible for a Man to be warm in Winter, and not ſo ſweat in Summer, either by the Benefit of the Place, or the Hardineſs of the Body, and, in like manner, we may provide againſt Anger. But, certain it is, that Virtue and Vice can never agree in the ſame Subject; and one may be as well a Sick Man and a Sound at the ſame time, as a Good Man, and an Angry. Beſide, if we will needs be Quarrelſome, it muſt be

be either with our Superior, our Equal, or Inferior. To contend with our Superior is Folly, and Madneſs; with our Equals it is Doubtful, and Dangerous; and with our Inferiors 'tis Baſe. Nor does any Man know but that he that is now our Enemy, may come hereafter to be our Friend, over and above the Reputation of Clemency, and Good-nature. And what can be more Honourable, or Comfortable, than to exchange a Feud for a Friendſhip? The People of *Rome* never had more Faithful Allies, than thoſe that were at firſt the moſt obſtinate Enemies: Neither had the *Roman* Empire ever arriv'd at that height of Power, if Providence had not mingled the Vanquiſh'd with the Conquerors. There's an end of the Conteſt, when one ſide deſerts it: So that the Paying of Anger with Benefits puts a period to the Controverſy. But however, if it be our fortune to Tranſgreſs, let not our Anger deſcend to the Children, Friends, or Relations, even of our bittereſt Enemies. The very Cruelty of *Sylla* was heightned by that Inſtance of Incapacitating the Iſſue of the Proſcrib'd. It is inhuman to intail the Hatred we have for the Father upon his Poſterity. A Good, and a Wiſe Man is not to be an *Enemy* of Wicked Men, but a *Reprover* of them; and he is to look upon all the Drunkards, the Luſtful, the Thankleſs, Covetous, and Ambitious that he meets with, no otherwiſe than as a Phyſician looks upon his Patients; for he that will be Angry with *Any Man*, muſt be diſpleas'd with *All*; which were as ridiculous, as to quarrel with a Body for ſtumbling in the Dark: with one that's deaf, for not doing as you bid him: Or with a School-boy for loving his Play better than his Book. *Democritus laugh'd*, and *Heraclitus wept* at the Folly and Wickedneſs of the World, but we never read of an *Angry Philoſopher*.

* THIS is undoubtedly the moſt deteſtable of Vices, even compar'd with the worſt of them. Avarice ſcrapes and gathers together, that which ſome Body may be the better for: But Anger laſhes out, and no Man comes off *gratis*. An Angry Maſter makes one Servant run away, and another hang himſelf; and his

* *Anger the moſt Deteſtable of all Vices.*

Choler cauſes him a much greater loſs than he ſuffer'd in the Occaſion of it. 'Tis the Cauſe of Mourning to the Father, and of Divorce to the Husband: It makes the Magiſtrate Odious, and gives the Candidate a Repulſe. And it is worſe than Luxury too, which only aims at its proper Pleaſure; whereas the other is bent upon another Body's Pain. The Malevolent, and the Envious, content themſelves only to *wiſh* another Man Miſerable; but 'tis the Buſineſs of Anger to *make* him ſo: And to wreak the Miſchief itſelf, not ſo much deſiring the hurt of another, as to inflict it. Among the Powerful, it breaks out into open War, and into a private one with the Common People, but without Force, or Arms. It engages us in Treacheries, perpetual Troubles, and Contentions: It alters the very Nature of a Man, and puniſhes itſelf in the Perſecution of others. Humanity excites us to Love, This to Hatred; That to be beneficial to others, This to Hurt them: Beſide that though it proceeds from too high a Conceit of ourſelves, it is yet in effect, but a Narrow, and Contemptible Affection, eſpecially when it meets with a Mind that is hard, and impenetrable; and returns the Dart upon the Head of him that caſts it.

* *The Miſerable Effects of Anger.*

LET us take a farther view now of * the miſerable Conſequences, and Sanguinary Effects of this hideous Diſtemper; from hence come Slaughters, and Poiſons, Wars, and Deſolations, the Razing, and Burning of Cities; the Unpeopling of Nations, and the turning of Populous Countries into Deſarts; Publick Maſſacres and Regicides; Princes led in Triumph; ſome Murder'd in their Bed-Chambers; others ſtabb'd in the Senate, or cut off, in the Security of their Spectacles, and Pleaſures. Some there are that take Anger for a Princely Quality; as *Darius*, who in his Expedition againſt the *Scythians*, being beſought by a Noble Man that had Three Sons, that he would vouchſafe to accept of Two of them into his Service, and leave the third at home for a Comfort to his Father. *I will do more for you than that*, ſays *Darius*, *for you ſhall have them all three again*: So he order'd them to be ſlain

ſlain before his Face, and left him their Bodies. But *Xerxes* dealt a little better with *Pythius*, who had five Sons, and deſir'd only one of them for himſelf. *Xerxes* bad him take his Choice, and he nam'd the *Eldeſt*, whom he immediately Commanded to be cut in halves; and one half of the Body to be laid on each ſide of the way, when his Army was to paſs betwixt them: Undoubtedly a moſt Auſpicious Sacrifice; but he came afterward to the End that he deſerv'd; for he liv'd to ſee that Prodigious Power Scatter'd, and Broken; and inſtead of Military, and Victorious Troops, to be incompaſſed with Carcaſes. But theſe, you'll ſay, were only Barbarous Princes, that knew neither Civility, nor Letters: And theſe Salvage Cruelties will be imputed perchance to their rudeneſs of Manners, and want of Diſcipline. But what will you ſay then of *Alexander the Great*, that was trained up under the Inſtitution of *Ariſtotle* himſelf; and kill'd *Clytus*, his Favourite and School-fellow, with his *own hand*, under his *own Roof*, and *over the Freedom of a Cup of Wine?* And what was his Crime? He was loth to degenerate from a *Macedonian Liberty* into a *Perſian Slavery:* that is to ſay, he could not *Flatter*. *Lyſimachus*, another of his Friends, he expos'd to a Lion; and this very *Lyſimachus* after he had 'ſcap'd this Danger, was never the more Merciful, when he came to Reign himſelf; for he cut off the Ears and Noſe of his Friend *Teleſphorus*; and when he had disfigur'd him, that he had no longer the Face of a Man, he threw him into a Dungeon, and there kept him to be ſhew'd for a Monſter, as a ſtrange ſight. The Place was ſo low, that he was fain to creep upon all four, and his Sides were gall'd too with the ſtraitneſs of it. In this Miſery he lay half famiſh'd in his own Filth; ſo Odious, ſo Terrible, and ſo Loathſome a Spectaele, that the horror of his Condition had even extinguiſh'd all Pity for him. *Nothing was ever ſo unlike a Man, as the poor wretch that ſuffer'd this, ſaving the Tyrant that acted it.*

The Cruelty of Sylla.

Nor did this Mercileſs Hardneſs only exerciſe itſelf among Foreigners, but the fierceneſs of their Outrages and Puniſhments, as well as their Vices, brake in upon the

Romans. *C. Marius*, that had his Statue ſet up every where, and was adored as a God; *L. Sylla* commanded his Bones to be broken, his Eyes to be put out, his Hands to be cut off; and, as if every Wound had been a ſeveral Death, his Body to be torn to Pieces, and *Catiline* was the Executioner. A *Cruelty*, that was only fit for *Marius* to *Suffer*; *Sylla* to *Command*, and *Catiline* to *Act*; but moſt Diſhonourable and fatal to the Commonwealth, to fall indifferently upon the Swords Points both of Citizens, and of Enemies.

* *A Barbarous Severity of* Piſo.

IT was a ſevere Inſtance that of *Piſo*, * too. A Soldier that had leave to go abroad with his Comrade, came back to the Camp at his time, but without his Companion; *Piſo* condemns him to Die, as if he had kill'd him, and appoints a Centurion to ſee the Execution. Juſt as the Headſman was ready to do his Office the other Soldier appear'd, to the great Joy of the whole Field, and the Centurion bad the Executioner hold his hand: Hereupon *Piſo* in a Rage mounts the *Tribunal*, and Sentences all Three to Death: The *One*, becauſe he was *Condemn'd*; the *Other*, becauſe it was for his *ſake* that his Fellow-Soldier was *Condemn'd*; the *Centurion*, for not obeying the *Order* of his *Superior*. An Ingenious Piece of Inhumanity, to contrive how to make Three Criminals, where effectually there were none. There was a *Perſian* King that cauſed the Noſes of a whole Nation to be cut off, and they were to thank him that he ſpar'd their Heads. And this perhaps would have been the Fate of the *Macrobii* (if Providence had not hinder'd it) for the Freedom they us'd to *Cambyſes*'s Ambaſſadors in not accepting the ſlaviſh Terms that were offer'd them. This put *Cambyſes* into ſuch a Rage, that he preſently Liſted into his Service every Man that was able to bear Arms; and without either Proviſions or Guides, march'd immediately through dry and barren Deſarts, and where never any Man had paſs'd before him, to take his Revenge. Before he was a third Part of the way, his Proviſions fail'd him; his Men, at firſt, made ſhift with the Buds of Trees, Boil'd Leather, and the Like; but ſoon after there was not ſo much as a Root,

Root, or a Plant to be gotten, nor a living Creature to be ſeen; and then, by Lot, every Tenth Man was to Die, for a Nouriſhment to the Reſt; which was ſtill worſe than the Famine: But yet this Paſſionate King went on ſo far, 'till one part of his Army was loſt, and the other devoured, and 'till he fear'd that he himſelf might come to be ſerv'd with the ſame ſauce. So that at laſt he order'd a Retreat, wanting no Delicates all this while for himſelf; while his Soldiers were taking their Chance who ſhould Die miſerable, or Live worſe. Here was an Anger taken up againſt a whole Nation, that neither deſerv'd any Ill from him, nor was ſo much as known to him.

CHAP. VII.

The Ordinary Grounds and Occaſions of Anger.

IN this wandring ſtate of Life, we meet with many Occaſions of Trouble, and Diſpleaſure, both Great and Trivial; and not a Day paſſes, but from Men, or Things we have ſome Cauſe or other for Offence; as a Man muſt expect to be Juſtled, Daſh'd and Crowded in a Populous City. One Man deceives our Expectation; Another delays it; and if every thing does not ſucceed to our Wiſh, we preſently fall out either with the Perſon, the Buſineſs, the Place, our Fortune, or ourſelves. Some Men value themſelves upon their Wit, and will never forgive any one that pretends to leſſen it: Others are Inflam'd by Wine; and ſome are diſtemper'd by Sickneſs, Wearineſs, Watchings, Love, Care, *&c.* Some are prone to it by Heat of Conſtitution; but Moiſt, Dry, and Cold Complexions are more liable to other Affections, as Suſpicion, Deſpair, Fear, Jealouſy, *&c.* But moſt of our Quarrels are of our own Contriving. One while we ſuſpect upon Miſtake; and another while we make a greater matter of Trifles. To ſay the Truth, moſt of thoſe things that exaſperate

us, are rather Subjects of Diſguſt, than of Miſchief: There's a large difference betwixt Oppoſing a Man's Satisfaction, and not Aſſiſting it; betwixt *Taking away*, and *not Giving*; but we reckon upon *Denying* and *Deferring*, as the ſame thing; and interpret another's being *for himſelf*, as if he were *againſt us*. Nay, we do many times entertain an ill Opinion of Well doing, and a good one of the contrary: And we hate a Man for doing that very thing which we ſhould hate him for on the other ſide, if he did not do it. We take it ill to be oppos'd when there's a Father perhaps, a Brother, or a Friend in the Caſe againſt us; when we ſhould rather love a Man for it; and only wiſh that he could be honeſtly of our Party. We approve of the Fact, and deteſt the Doer of it. It is a baſe thing to hate the Perſon whom we cannot but Commend; but it is a great deal worſe yet, if we hate him for the very thing that deſerves Commendation. The things that we deſire, if they be ſuch as cannot be given to One, without being taken away from Another, muſt needs ſet thoſe People together by the Ears that deſire the ſame thing. One Man has a deſign upon my Miſtreſs; another upon mine Inheritance: And that which ſhould make Friends, makes Enemies; our being all of a Mind. The General Cauſe of Anger, is the Senſe, or Opinion of an *Injury*; that is, the Opinion either of an Injury Simply done, or of an Injury done which we have not deſerv'd. Some are Naturally given to Anger, others are provok'd to't by Occaſion; the Anger of Women, and Children, is commonly ſharp, but not laſting; Old Men are rather querelous, and peeviſh. Hard Labour, Diſeaſes, Anxiety of Thought, and whatſoever hurts the Body, or the Mind, diſpoſes a Man to be Froward. But we muſt not add fire to fire.

* *The Subject of our Anger is not worth the while.*

HE that duly conſiders the ſubject * Matter of all our Controverſies, and Quarrels, will find them Low, and Mean, not worth the Thought of a Generous Mind; but the greateſt Noiſe of all is about *Mony*. This is it, that ſets Fathers and Children together by the Ears; Husbands and

and Wives; and makes way for Sword and Poiſon: This it is that tires our Courts of Juſtice, enrages Princes, and lays Cities in the Duſt, to ſeek for Gold and Silver in the Ruins of them. This is it that finds work for the Judge, to determine which ſide is leaſt in the wrong; and whoſe is the moſt plauſible Avarice, the Plaintiff, or the Defendant's: And what is it that we contend for all this while, but thoſe Baubles that make us Cry, when we ſhould Laugh? To ſee a Rich old Cuff, that has no body to leave his Eſtate to, break his Heart for a handful of Dirt; and a Gouty Uſurer, that has no other Uſe of his Fingers left him, but to Count withal; to ſee him, I ſay, in the Extremity of his Fit, wrangling for the odd Mony in his Intereſt: ——If all that's precious in Nature were gather'd into one Maſs, it were not worth the trouble of a Sober Mind.) It were endleſs to run over all thoſe ridiculous Paſſions that are mov'd about Meats, and Drinks, and the matter of our Luxury; Nay, about Words, Looks, Actions, Jealouſies, Miſtakes, which are all of them as Contemptible Fooleries as thoſe very Baubles that Children Scratch, and Cry for. There is nothing Great, or Serious in all that which we keep ſuch a Clutter about; the Madneſs of it is, that we ſet too great a value upon Trifles. One Man flies out upon a Salute, a Letter, a Speech, a Queſtion, a Geſture, a Wink, a Look. An Action moves one Man; A Word affects another: One Man is tender of his Family; another of his Perſon; one ſets up for an Orator, another for a Philoſopher: This Man will not bear Pride, nor that Man Oppoſition. He that plays the Tyrant at Home, is as gentle as a Lamb Abroad. Some take Offence if a Man ask a Favour of them, and others if he does not. Every Man has his weak ſide; let us learn which that is, and take care of it; for the ſame thing does not work upon all Men alike. We are mov'd like Beaſts, at the Idle Appearances of things; and the fiercer the Creature, the more is it ſtartled. The ſight of a Red Cloth enrages a Bull. A ſhadow provokes the Aſp; nay, ſo unreaſonable are ſome Men, that they take Moderate Benefits for Injuries; and Squabble about it,

it, with their neareſt Ralations: *They have done this and that for others*, they cry; And *they might have dealt better with us if they had pleaſed*. Very good! And if it be leſs than we look'd for, it may be yet more than we deſerve. Of all Unquiet humours, this is the worſt, that will never ſuffer any Man to be happy, ſo long as he ſees a happier Man than himſelf. I have known ſome Men ſo weak, as to think themſelves contemn'd, if a Horſe did but play the Jade with *Them*, that is yet obedient to *Another Rider*. A Brutal Folly, to be offended at a Mute Animal; for no Injury can be done us without the Concurrence of Reaſon. A Beaſt may hurt us, as a Sword, or a Stone, and no otherwiſe. Nay, there are, that will complain of *foul Weather*, *a raging Sea*, *a biting Winter*, as if it were expreſly directed to them; and this they charge upon Providence, whoſe Operations are all of them ſo far from being Injurious, that they are Beneficial to us.

* *We are Angry for Triſles.*

How Vain, and Idle are many of thoſe * things that make us ſtark Mad! A reſty Horſe, the overturning of a Glaſs; the falling of a Key, the Dragging of a Chair, a Jealouſy, a Miſconſtruction. How ſhall that Man endure the Extremities of Hunger, and Thirſt, that flies out into a rage for putting of a little too much Water in his Wine? What haſte is there to lay a Servant by the Heels, or break a Leg, or an Arm immediately for't, as if he were not to have the ſame power over him an hour after, that he has at that Inſtant? The Anſwer of a Servant, a Wife, a Tenant, puts ſome People out of all Patience; and yet they can quarrel with the Government for not allowing them the ſame Liberty in Publick, which they themſelves deny to their own Families. If they ſay nothing, 'tis Contumacy: If they ſpeak, or laugh, 'tis Inſolence. As if a Man had his Ears given him only for Muſick; whereas we muſt ſuffer all ſorts of Noiſes, good and bad, both of Man and Beaſt. How Idle is it to ſtart at the tinkling of a Bell, or the Creaking of a Door, when for all this delicacy, we muſt endure Thunder? Neither are our Eyes leſs Curious and Phantaſtical than our Ears.

When

When we are abroad, we can bear well enough with foul Ways, naſty Streets, noiſom Ditches; but a Spot upon a Diſh at Home, or an unſwept Hearth, abſolutely diſtracts us. And what's the Reaſon, but that we are patient in the One Place, and Phantaſtically Peeviſh in the Other? Nothing makes us more intemperate than Luxury, that ſhrinks at every Stroke, and ſtarts at every Shadow. 'Tis Death to ſome to have another ſit above them, as if a Body were ever the More or the leſs honeſt for the Cuſhion. But they are only weak Creatures that think themſelves wounded if they be but touch'd. One of the *Sibarites*, that ſaw a Fellow hard at work a digging, deſir'd him to give over, for it made him weary to ſee him: And it was an ordinary complaint with him, That *he could take no reſt, becauſe the Roſe-leaves lay double under him.* When we are once weakned with our Pleaſures, every thing grows Intolerable. And we are Angry as well with thoſe things that cannot hurt us, as with thoſe that do. We tear a Book becauſe 'tis blotted; and our Cloaths, becauſe they are not well made: Things that neither deſerve our Anger, nor feel it: The Taylor perchance did his beſt, or however had no Intent to diſpleaſe us: If ſo, firſt, Why ſhould we be Angry at all: Secondly, why ſhould we be Angry with the Thing for the Man's ſake? Nay, our Anger extends even to Dogs, Horſes, and other Beaſts.

* *The Blaſphemous Extravagance of* Caius Cæſar.

* IT was a Blaſphemous, and a Sottiſh Extravagance that of *Caius Cæſar*, who challeng'd *Jupiter* for Making ſuch a Noiſe with his *Thunder* that he could not hear his *Mimiques*, and ſo invented a Machine in Imitation of it, to oppoſe *Thunder* to *Thunder*; a brutal conceit, to imagine, either that He could reach the Almighty, or that the Almighty could not reach Him.

* *A Ridiculous Extravagance of* Cyrus.

AND every jot as ridiculous, though not ſo impious, was that of * *Cyrus*; who, in his Deſign upon *Babylon*, found a River in his way that put a ſtop to his March: The Current was ſtrong, and carry'd away one of the Horſes that belong'd

to

to his own Chariot: Upon this he ſwore, that ſince it had obſtructed *his* Paſſage, it ſhould never hinder any Body's elſe; and preſently ſet his whole Army to work upon't, which diverted it into a hundred and fourſcore Channels, and laid it dry. In this Ignoble and Unprofitable Employment, he loſt his Time, and the Soldiers their Courage, and gave his Adverſaries an Opportunity of providing themſelves, while he was waging War with a River, inſtead of an Enemy.

CHAP. VIII.

Advice in the Caſes of Contumely and Revenge.

OF Provocations to Anger there are two ſorts; there is an *Injury* and there is a *Contumely*. The former in its own Nature is the Heavier; the other ſlight in itſelf, and only troubleſom to a wounded Imagination. And yet ſome there are that will bear Blows, and Death itſelf, rather than Contumelious Words. A Contumely is an Indignity below the Conſideration of the very Law; and not worthy either of a Revenge, or ſo much as a Complaint. It is only the Vexation, and Infirmity of a weak Mind, as well as the Practice of a Haughty and Inſolent Nature, and ſignifies no more to a Wiſe and Sober Man than an Idle Dream, that is no ſooner paſt than forgotten. 'Tis true it implies Contempt; but what needs any Man care for being contemptible to others, if he be not ſo to himſelf? For a Child in the Arms to ſtrike the Mother, tear her Hair, claw the Face of her, and call her Names; That goes for nothing with us, becauſe the Child knows not what he does. Neither are we mov'd at the Impudence, and Bitterneſs of a *Buffoon*; though he fall upon his own Maſter, as well as the Gueſts: But on the contrary, we encourage and entertain the Freedom. Are

we not Mad then to be delighted and diſpleas'd with the ſame thing, and to take that as an *Injury* from one Man, which paſſes only for a *Rallery* from another? He that is Wiſe, will behave himſelf toward all Men as we do to our Children: For they are but Children too; though they have Grey Hairs: They are indeed of a larger Size, and their Errors are Grown up with them; They live without Rule, they covet without Choice, they are Timorous and Unſteady; and if at any time they happen to be Quiet, 'tis more out of Fear, than Reaſon. 'Tis a wretched Condition to ſtand in awe of every Body's Tongue; and whoſoever is vext at a Reproach, would be proud if he were Commended. We ſhould look upon Contumelies, Slanders, and ill Words, only as the Clamour of Enemies, or Arrows ſhot at a diſtance, that make a Clattering upon our Arms, but do no Execution. A Man makes himſelf leſs than his Adverſary, by Fancying that he is Contemn'd. Things are only ill, that are ill taken; and 'tis not for a Man of Worth to think himſelf better or worſe for the Opinion of others. He that thinks himſelf injur'd, let him ſay, *Either I have deſerv'd this, or I have not. If I have, 'tis a Judgment: If I have not, 'tis an Injuſtice; and the Doer of it has more Reaſon to be aſham'd than the Sufferers.* Nature has aſſign'd every Man his Poſt, which he is bound in Honour to maintain, let him be never ſo much preſs'd. *Diogenes* was diſputing of *Anger*, and an Inſolent young Fellow, to try if he could put him beſide his Philoſophy, ſpit in his Face: *Young Man*, ſays *Diogenes*, *this does not make me Angry yet; but I am in ſome doubt whether I ſhould be ſo or no.* Some are ſo impatient, that they cannot bear a Contumely, even from a Woman; whoſe very Beauty, Greatneſs, and Ornaments, are all of them little enough to vindicate her from many Indecencies, without much Modeſty, and Diſcretion. Nay, they will lay it to Heart even from the meaneſt of Servants. How wretched is that Man whoſe Peace lies at the Mercy of the People? A Phyſician is not Angry at the Intemperance of a Mad Patient; nor does he take it ill to be rail'd at by a Man in a Fever: Juſt ſo ſhould a Wiſe Man treat

all

all Mankind, as a Phyſician does his Patient: and looking upon them only as ſick, and extravagant; let their Words and Actions, whether Good, or Bad, go equally for nothing; attending ſtill his Duty even in the coarſeſt Offices that may conduce to their Recovery. Men that are Proud, Froward, and Powerful, he values their Scorn as little as their Quality, and looks upon them no otherwiſe, than as People in the Acceſs of a Fever. If a Beggar *worſhips* him, or if he takes *no Notice* of him, 'tis all one to him; and with a Rich Man he makes it the ſame Caſe. Their Honours, and their Injuries he accounts much alike; without Rejoicing at the one, or Grieving at the other.

* *Pardon all, where there's either ſign of Repentance, or hope of Amendment.*

IN theſe Caſes, the Rule is to pardon all * Offences, where there is any Sign of Repentance, or Hope of Amendment. It does not hold in Injuries, as in Benefits, the Requiting of the one with the Other: For it is a Shame to overcome in the one, and in the other to be overcome. It is the part of a great Mind to deſpiſe Injuries; and it is one kind of Revenge, to neglect a Man, as not worth it: For it makes the firſt Aggreſſor too conſiderable. Our Philoſophy methinks might carry us up to the Bravery of a Generous Maſtiff, that can hear the Barking of a thouſand Curs, without taking any notice of them. He that receives an Injury from his Superior, it is not enough for him to bear it with Patience, and without any thought of Revenge, but he muſt receive it with a cheerful Countenance, and look as if he did not underſtand it too; for if he appear too ſenſible, he ſhall be ſure to have more on't. *'Tis a Damn'd Humour in great Men, that whom they wrong they'll hate.* It is well anſwer'd of an old Courtier; that was aſk'd, How he kept ſo long in Favour? *Why*, ſays he, *By receiving Injuries, and crying your Humble Servant for them.* Some Men take it for an Argument of Greatneſs, to have Revenge in their Power; but ſo far is he that is under the Dominion of Anger, from being Great, that he is not ſo much as Free. Not but that Anger is a kind

kind of Pleaſure to ſome in the Act of Revenge: But the very *Word* is *Inhuman*, though it may paſs for *Honeſt. Virtue*, in ſhort, *is impenetrable, and Revenge is only the Confeſſion of an Infirmity.*

IT is a Fantaſtical Humour, that the ſame * Jeſt in private, ſhould make us Merry, and yet Enrage us in Publick; nay, we will not allow the Liberty that we take. Some Ralleries we account pleaſant, others bitter: A Conceit upon a *Squint-Eye*, a *Hunch-Back*, or any Perſonal Defect, paſſes for a Reproach. And why may we not as well hear it, as ſee it? Nay, if a Man Imitates our Gate, Speech, or any Natural Imperfection, it puts us out of all Patience, as if the Counterfeit were more Grievous, than the doing of the thing itſelf. Some cannot endure to hear of their Age, nor others of their Poverty; and they make the thing the more taken notice of, the more they deſire tn hide it. Some bitter Jeſt (for the purpoſe) was broken upon you at the Table; keep better Company then. In the Freedom of Cups a ſober Man will hardly contain himſelf within Bounds. It ſticks with us extremely ſometimes, that the Porter will not let us in to his Great Maſter. Will any but a Mad-man quarrel with a Cur for Barking, when he may pacify him with a Cruſt? What have we to do but to keep further off, and Laugh at Him? *Fidus Cornelius* (a tall, ſlim Fellow) fell downright a crying in the Senate-Houſe, at *Corbulo*'s ſaying, that *he look'd like an Eſtriche*. He was a Man that made nothing of a Laſh upon his Life, and Manners; but it was worſe than Death to him, a Reflexion upon his Perſon. No Man was ever ridiculous to others, that laught at himſelf firſt; it prevents Miſchief, and 'tis a Spiteful Diſappointment of thoſe that take pleaſure in ſuch Abuſes. *Vatinius* (a Man that was made up of Scorn, and Hatred, Scurrilous, and Impudent to the higheſt Degree, but moſt abuſively Witty, and with all this he was diſeas'd, and deform'd to Extremity) his way was always to begin to make ſport with himſelf, and ſo he prevented the Mockery of other People.

* *The ſame Conceit makes us Merry in Private and Angry in Publick.*

There

There are none more abuſive to others, than they that lie moſt open to it themſelves; but the Humour goes round, and he that laughs at Me To-day, will have ſome Body to laugh at him To-morrow, and revenge my Quarrel. But however, there are ſome Liberties that will never go down with ſome Men.

ASIATICUS VALERIUS (one of *Caligula*'s particular Friends, and a Man of Stomach, that would not eaſily * digeſt an Affront) *Caligula* told him in Publick what kind of Bed-fellow his Wife was. Good God! that ever any Man ſhould hear this, or a Prince ſpeak it, eſpecially to a Man of Conſular Authority, a Friend, and a Husband; and in ſuch a Manner too, as at once to own his Diſguſt, and his Adultery. The Tribune *Chæreas* had a weak broken Voice, like an *Hermaphrodite*; when he came to *Caligula* for the *Word*, he would give him ſometimes *Venus*, otherwhiles *Priapus*; as a Slur upon him both ways. *Valerius* was afterwards the principal Inſtrument in the Conſpiracy againſt him; and *Chæreas*, to convince him of his Manhood, at one Blow cleft him down the Chine with his Sword. No Man was ſo forward as *Caligula* to *Break* a Jeſt, and no Man ſo unwilling to *Bear* it.

* *Some Jeſts will never be forgiven.*

CHAP. IX.

Cautions againſt Anger in the matter of Education, Converſe, and other General Means of preventing it, both in Ourſelves and others.

ALL that we have to ſay in particular upon this Subject lies under theſe two Heads; Firſt, that we do not fall into Anger; and Secondly, that we do not *Tranſgreſs in't*. As in the Caſe of our Bodies, we have ſome Medicines to preſerve us when we are Well, and others

others to recover us when we are Sick; ſo it is one thing not to Admit it, and another thing to overcome it. We are, in the firſt place, to avoid all Provocations, and the beginnings of Anger: for if we be once down, 'tis a hard Task to get up again: When our Paſſion has got the better of our Reaſon, and the Enemy is receiv'd into the Gate, we cannot expect that the Conqueror ſhould take Conditions from the Priſoner. And in truth, our Reaſon, when it is thus maſter'd, turns effectually into Paſſion. A careful Education is a great Matter, for our Minds are eaſily form'd in our Youth, but 'tis a harder Buſineſs to cure ill Habits: Beſide that, we are inflam'd by Climate, Conſtitution, Company, and a thouſand other Accidents, that we are not aware of.

THE Choice of a good Nurſe, and a Well-natur'd Tutor, goes a great way; for the Sweetneſs both of the Blood, and of the Manners will paſs into the Child. There is nothing breeds Anger more than a ſoft and effeminate Education; and 'tis very ſeldom ſeen, that either the Mother's, or the School-maſter's Darling ever comes to good. But, *my young Maſter*, when he comes into the World, behaves himſelf like a Cholerick Coxcomb; for Flattery, and a great Fortune nouriſh Touchineſs. But it is a nice point, ſo to check the Seeds of Anger in a Child, as not to take off his Edge, and quench his Spirits, whereof a principal Care muſt be taken, betwixt Licence and Severity, that he be neither too much Embolden'd, nor Depreſs'd. Commendation gives him Courage, and Confidence; but then the Danger is, of blowing him up into Inſolence, and Wrath: So that when to uſe the Bit, and when the Spur, is the main Difficulty. Never put him to a Neceſſity of Begging any thing baſely, or if he does, let him go without it. Enure him to a Familiarity, where he has any Emulation; And in all his Exerciſes, let him underſtand, that 'tis generous to overcome his Competitor, but not to hurt him. Allow him to be pleas'd when he does well; but not Tranſported, for that will puff him up into too high a Conceit of himſelf. Give him nothing that he cries for, 'till the Dogged Fit is over, but then let him have it when he is quiet; to ſhew him that

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that there is nothing to be gotten by being peeviſh. Chide him for whatever he does amiſs, and make him betimes acquainted with the Fortune that he was Born to. Let his Diet be cleanly, but Sparing; and Cloath him like the Reſt of his Fellows: For by placing him upon that Equality at firſt, he will be the leſs proud afterward; And conſequently the leſs waſpiſh and quarrelſome.

IN the next place let us have a care of Temptations that we cannot Reſiſt, and Provocations that we cannot Bear; and eſpecially of ſour, and exceptious Company: For a Croſs Humour is Contagious: Nor is it all, that a Man ſhall be the better for the Example of a quiet Converſation; but an Angry Diſpoſition is troubleſome, becauſe it has nothing elſe to work upon. We ſhould therefore chuſe a Sincere, Eaſy, and Temperate Companion, that will neither Provoke Anger, nor Return it; nor give a Man any Occaſion of exerciſing his Diſtempers. Nor is it enough to be Gentle, Submiſs, and Human, without Integrity, and Plain Dealing: For Flattery is as Offenſive on the other ſide. Some Men would take a Curſe from you better than a Compliment. *Cælius*, a paſſionate Orator, had a Friend of ſingular Patience that Supp'd with him; who had no way to avoid a Quarrel, but by ſaying *Amen* to all that *Cælius* ſaid. *Cælius*, taking this Ill; *Say ſomething* againſt me, ſays he, *that you and I may be Two*; and he was angry with him becauſe he would not; but the Diſpute fell, as it needs muſt, for want of an Opponent.

HE that is naturally addicted to Anger, let him uſe a Moderate Diet, and Abſtain from Wine; for it is but adding Fire to Fire. Gentle Exerciſes, Recreations, and Sports, Temper and Sweeten the Mind. Let him have a care alſo of long and obſtinate Diſputes, for it is eaſier not to begin them, than to put an End to them. Severe Studies are not good for him neither: as *Law*, *Mathematicks*: too much Intention preys upon the Spirits, and makes him Eager. But *Poetry*, *Hiſtory*, and thoſe lighter Entertainments may ſerve him for Diverſion and Relief. He that would be quiet, muſt not venture

venture at things out of his Reach, or beyond his Strength; for he ſhall either ſtagger under the Burden, or diſcharge it upon the next Man he meets; which is the ſame Caſe in Civil and Domeſtick Affairs. Buſineſs that is ready, and practicable, goes off with Eaſe; but when 'tis too heavy for the Bearer, they fall both together. Whatſoever we deſign, we ſhould firſt take a Meaſure of ourſelves, and compare our Force, with the Undertaking, for it vexes a Man not to go through with his Work: a Repulſe inflames a generous Nature, as it makes one that is *Phlegmatick, Sad*. I have known ſome that have advis'd looking in a Glaſs when a Man is in the Fit, and the very Spectacle of his own Deformity has cur'd him. Many that are troubleſome in their Drink, and know their own Infirmity, give their Servants order before-hand, to take them away by force, for fear of Miſchief, and not to obey their Maſters themſelves when they are hot-headed. If the thing were duly conſider'd, we ſhould need no other Cure than the bare Conſideration of it. We are not Angry at Mad-men, Children, and Fools, becauſe they do not know what they do: and why ſhould not Imprudence have an equal Privilege in other Caſes! If a Horſe Kick, or a Dog Bite, ſhall a Man Kick or Bite again? The one 'tis true is wholly void of Reaſon, but it is alſo an equivalent Darkneſs of Mind, that poſſeſſes the other. So long as we are among Men, let us cheriſh Humanity; and ſo live, that no Man may be either in Fear, or in Danger of us. Loſſes, Injuries, Reproaches, Calumnies, they are but ſhort Inconveniencies, and we ſhould bear them with Reſolution. Beſide that, ſome People are above our Anger, others below it. To contend with our Superiors were a Folly, and with our Inferiors an Indignity.

THERE is hardly a more effectual Remedy againſt Anger than * Patience, and Conſideration. Let but the firſt Fervour abate, and that Miſt which darkens the Mind, will be either Leſſen'd or Diſpell'd; a Day, nay, an Hour does much in the moſt violent Caſes, and perchance totally ſuppreſſes it: Time

* *Patience ſoftens Wrath.*

Time diſcovers the Truth of things, and turns that into Judgment which at firſt was Anger. *Plato* was about to ſtrike his Servant, and while his Hand was in the Air, he check'd himſelf, but ſtill held it in that Menacing Poſture. A Friend of his took notice of it, and ask'd him what he meant: *I am now*, ſays *Plato*, *puniſhing of an Angry Man*: So that he had left his Servant to chaſtiſe himſelf. Another time, his Servant having committed a great Fault: *Speuſippus*, ſays he, *Do you beat that Fellow, for I am Angry*: So that he forbore ſtriking him for the very Reaſon that would have made another Man have done it. *I am Angry*, ſays he, *and ſhall go farther than becomes me*. Nor is it fit that a Servant ſhould be in His Power, that is not his own Maſter. Why ſhould any one venture now to truſt an *Angry* Man with a Revenge, when *Plato* durſt not truſt himſelf? Either he muſt Govern That, or That will Undo him. Let us do our beſt to Overcome it; but let us however keep it cloſe, without giving it any Vent. An Angry Man, if he gives himſelf Liberty at all times, will go too far. If it comes once to ſhew itſelf in the Eye, or Countenance, it has got the better of us. Nay, we ſhould ſo Oppoſe it, as to put on the very contrary Diſpoſitions: Calm Looks, Soft and Slow Speech; an Eaſy and Deliberate March, and by little and little we may poſſibly bring our Thoughts into a ſober Conformity with our Actions. When *Socrates* was Angry, he would take himſelf in't, and *Speak Low*, in Oppoſition to the Motions of his Diſpleaſure. His Friends would take notice of it; and it was not to his Diſadvantage neither, but rather to his Credit, that ſo many ſhould *know* that he was Angry, and no Body *feel* it; which could never have been, if he had not given his Friends the ſame Liberty of Admonition which he himſelf took. And this Courſe ſhould we take; we ſhould deſire our Friends not to flatter us in our Follies, but to treat us with all Liberties of Reprehenſion, even when we are leaſt willing to bear it, againſt ſo powerful, and ſo inſinuating an Evil; we ſhould call for help, while we have our Eyes in our Head, and are yet Maſters of ourſelves. Moderation is profitable for Subjects,

jects, but more for Princes; who have the means of executing all that their Anger prompts them to. When that Power comes once to be exercis'd to a common Miſchief, it can never long continue, a Common Fear joining in one Cauſe all their divided Complaints. In a Word now, how we may Prevent, Moderate, or Maſter this Impotent Paſſion in others.

IT is not enough to be ſound ourſelves, unleſs we * endeavour to make others ſo, wherein we muſt accommodate the Remedy to the Temper of the Patient. Some are to be dealt with by Artifice, and Addreſs; As for Example, *Why will you gratify your Enemies to ſhew yourſelf ſo much concern'd? 'Tis not worth your Anger; 'tis below you; I am as much troubled at it myſelf, as you can be; but you had better ſay nothing, and take your time to be even with them.* Anger in ſome People, is to be openly oppos'd; in others, there muſt be a little yielding, according to the Diſpoſition of the Perſon. Some are won by Intreaties; others are gain'd by meer Shame and Conviction; and ſome by Delay; A dull way of Cure for a violent Diſtemper: But this muſt be the laſt Experiment. Other Affections may be better dealt with at Leiſure: For they proceed gradually; but this commences, and perfects itſelf in the ſame Moment. It does not, like other Paſſions, Sollicit, and Miſ-lead us, but it runs away with us by Force; and hurries us on with an irreſiſtible Temerity, as well to our own, as to another's Ruin: Not only flying in the Face of him that Provokes us, but like a Torrent, bearing down all before it. There's no encountring the firſt Heat and Fury of it; For it is Deaf and Mad. The beſt way is (in the Beginning) to give it Time, and Reſt, and let it ſpend itſelf: while the Paſſion is too hot to handle, we may deceive it: but however, let all Inſtruments of Revenge be put out of the way. It is not amiſs ſometimes to pretend to be Angry too; and join with him, not only in the Opinion of the Injury, but in the ſeeming Contrivance of a Revenge. But this muſt be a Perſon then that has ſome Authority over him. This is a way to get Time, and by adviſing upon ſome greater Puniſhment,

* *Several ways of diverting Anger.*

Puniſhment, to delay the preſent: If the Paſſion be outrageous, try what Shame or Fear can do. If weak, 'tis no hard matter to amuſe it by ſtrange Stories, grateful News, or pleaſant Diſcourſes. Deceit in this Caſe, is Friendſhip; for Men muſt be Cozen'd to be Cur'd.

* *Thoſe Injuries go neareſt us, that we have neither Deſerv'd, nor Expected.*

The Injuries that preſs hardeſt upon us, are thoſe which * either we have not deſerv'd, or not expected, or at leaſt not in ſo high a Degree. This ariſes from the Love of ourſelves: For every Man takes upon him like a Prince in this Caſe, to Practiſe all Liberties, and to Allow none. Which proceeds either from Ignorance or Inſolence. What News is it for People to do ill things? For an Enemy to hurt; nay, for a Friend, or a Servant to Tranſgreſs, and to prove Treacherous, Ungrateful, Covetous, Impious? What we find in one Man, we may in another, and there is no more Security in Fortune, than in Men. Our Joys are mingled with Fear, and a Tempeſt may ariſe out of a Calm; but a Skilful Pilot is always provided for't.

CHAP. X.

Againſt Raſh Judgment.

It is good for every Man to fortify himſelf on his weak ſide: and if he Loves his Peace, he muſt not be Inquiſitive, and hearken to Tale-bearers; for the Man that is over-curious to hear and ſee every thing, multiplies Troubles to Himſelf; For a Man does not feel, what he does not know. He that is Liſtening after private Diſcourſe, and what People ſay of him, ſhall never be at Peace. How many things that are Innocent in themſelves, are made Injurious yet, by Miſconſtruction? Wherefore ſome things we are to pauſe upon, others to laugh at, and others again to pardon.

Or

Or if we cannot avoid the Senſe of Indignities, let us however ſhun the open Profeſſion of it; which may eaſily be done, as appears by many Examples of thoſe that have ſuppreſs'd their Anger, under the Awe of a greater Fear. It is a good Caution not to believe any thing 'till we are very certain of it; for many probable things prove falſe, and a ſhort time will make Evidence of the undoubted Truth. We are prone to believe many things which we are unwilling to hear, and ſo we conclude, and take up a Prejudice before we can judge. Never condemn a Friend unheard; or without letting him know his Accuſer, or his Crime. 'Tis a common thing to ſay, *Do not you tell that you had it from me: for if you do, I'll deny it, and never tell you any thing again.* By which means, Friends are ſet together by the Ears, and the Informer ſlips his Neck out of the Collar. Admit no Stories upon theſe terms; for it is an unjuſt thing to Believe in Private, and to be Angry openly. He that delivers himſelf up to Gueſs and Conjecture, runs a great Hazard; for there can be no Suſpicion without ſome probable Grounds; ſo that without much Candour, and Simplicity, and making the beſt of every thing, there's no living in Society with Mankind. Some things that offend us we have by Report; others we See, or Hear. In the firſt Caſe, let us not be too Credulous: Some People frame Stories that they may deceive us; Others only tell what they Hear, and are deceiv'd Themſelves. Some make it their Sport to do ill Offices; Others do them only to pick a Thank: There are ſome that would part the deareſt Friends in the World; Others love to do Miſchief and ſtand aloof off, to ſee what comes on't. If it be a ſmall matter, I would have Witneſſes; but if it be a greater, I would have it upon Oath, and allow time to the Accuſed, and Council too, and hear it over and over again.

IN thoſe Caſes where we ourſelves are Witneſſes, we ſhould * take into Conſideration all the Circumſtances. If a *Child*, 'twas *Ignorance:* If a *Woman*, a *Miſtake:* If done by *Command*, a *Neceſſity:* If

* *Make the beſt of every thing.*

a Man be Injur'd, 'tis but *Quod pro quo*. If a *Judge*, he *knows* what he does: If a *Prince*, I muſt *Submit*; either, if *Guilty*, to *Juſtice*, or if *Innocent*, to *Fortune*: If a *Brute*, I make myſelf one by *Imitating* it: If a *Calamity*, or *Diſeaſe*, my beſt Relief is *Patience*: If Providence, 'tis both *Impious* and *Vain* to be *Angry* at it: If a *Good* Man, I'll make the *Beſt* on't: If a *Bad*, I'll never *Wonder* at it. Nor is it only by *Tales*, and *Stories*, that we are inflam'd, but *Suſpicions*, *Countenances*; nay, a *Look*, or a *Smile* is enough to blow us up. In theſe Caſes let us ſuſpend our Diſpleaſure, and plead the Cauſe of the *Abſent*. *Perhaps he is innocent*; or *if not, I have time to conſider on't, and may take my Revenge at Leiſure:* but when it is once *Executed*, 'tis not to be *Recall'd*. A Jealous Head is apt to take that to himſelf which was never meant him. Let us therefore truſt to nothing but what we ſee; and chide ourſelves where we are over-credulous. By this Courſe, we ſhall not be ſo eaſily impos'd upon; nor put to trouble ourſelves about things not worth the while; as the Loitering of a Servant upon an Errand, the Tumbling of a Bed; or the Spilling of a Glaſs of Drink. 'Tis a Madneſs to be diſorder'd at theſe Fooleries; we conſider the Thing done, and not the Doer of it. *It may be he did it Unwillingly, or by Chance. It was a Trick put upon him, or he was forc'd to't. He did it for Reward perhaps, not Hatred; Nor of his own Accord; but he was egg'd on to't.* Nay, ſome Regard muſt be had to the Age of the Perſon, or to Fortune; and we muſt conſult Humanity, and Candour in the Caſe. One does me a *Great Miſchief*, at *Unawares*; Another does me a very *ſmall* one by *Deſign*; Or peradventure none at all, but intended me one. The Latter was more in Fault, but I'll be angry with neither. We muſt diſtinguiſh betwixt what a Man *cannot* do, and what he *will* not. *'Tis true, he has once offended me; but, How often has he pleas'd me? He has offended me often, and in other kinds, and why ſhould not I Bear it as well now as I have done?* Is he my *Friend?* Why then *'twas againſt his Will. Is he my Enemy? 'Tis no more than I look'd for.* Let us give way to Wiſe Men, and not ſquabble with Fools: and ſay thus to ourſelves, *We have*

all

all of us our Errors; No Man is ſo Circumſpect, ſo Conſiderate, or ſo fearful of offending, but he has much to anſwer for. A Generous Priſoner cannot immediately comply with all the Sordid, and Laborious Offices of a Slave. A Footman that is not breath'd, cannot keep Pace with his Maſter's Horſe. He that is over-watch'd may be allow'd to be Drowſy. All theſe things are to be weigh'd, before we give any Ear to the firſt Impulſe. If it be my Duty to love my Country, I muſt be kind alſo to all my Country-men: If a Veneration be due to the Whole, ſo is a Piety alſo to the Parts: And it is the Common Intereſt to preſerve them. We are all Members of one Body, and it is as natural to help one another, as for the Hands to help the Feet, or the Eyes the Hands. Without the Love, and Care of the Parts, the Whole can never be preſerv'd; and we muſt ſpare one another, becauſe we are born for Society, which cannot be maintain'd, without a Regard to Particulars. Let this be a Rule to us never to deny a Pardon that does no Hurt either to the Giver or Receiver. That may be well enough in *One*, which is Ill in *Another*; and therefore we are not to condemn any thing that is Common to a Nation: for Cuſtom defends it. But much more Pardonable are thoſe things which are Common to Mankind.

IT is a kind of Spiteful Comfort, that * whoever does me an Injury, may receive one; and that there is a Power over Him that is above Me. A Man ſhould ſtand as firm againſt all Indignities, as a Rock does againſt the Waves. As it is ſome Satisfaction to a Man in a mean Condition, that there is no Security in a more proſperous; and as the Loſs of a Son in a Corner is born with more Patience, upon the Sight of a Funeral carry'd out of a Palace; So are Injuries, and Contempts, the more tolerable from a meaner Perſon, when we conſider, that the Greateſt Men and Fortunes are not exempt. The wiſeſt alſo of Mortals have their Failings, and no Man living is without the ſame Excuſe. The difference is, that we do not all of us tranſgreſs the ſame way: but

* *Whoever does an Injury, is liable to ſuffer one.*

we are oblig'd in Humanity to bear with one another. We ſhould, every one of us, bethink ourſelves how remiſs we have been in our Duties; how immodeſt in our Diſcourſes; how Intemperate in our Cups: and why not as well how Extravagant we have been in our Paſſions. Let us clear ourſelves of this Evil, purge our Minds, and utterly root out all thoſe Vices, which, upon leaving the leaſt Sting, will grow again, and recover. We muſt Think of every thing, Expect every thing, that we may not be Surpriz'd. It is a Shame, ſays *Fabius*, for a Commander to excuſe himſelf by ſaying, *I was not aware of it.*

CHAP. XI.

Take nothing ill from Another Man, 'till you have made it your Own Caſe.

IT is not Prudent to deny a Pardon to any Man without firſt examining, if we do not ſtand in need of it ourſelves; for it may be our Lot to ask it, even at his Feet, to whom we refuſe it. But we are willing enough to *Do*, what we are very unwilling to *Suffer*. It is unreaſonable to charge Publick Vices upon Particular Perſons: For we are all of us wicked, and that which we blame in others, we find in ourſelves. 'Tis not a Paleneſs in one, or a Leanneſs in another; but a Peſtilence that has laid hold upon all. 'Tis a Wicked World, and we make part of it; and the Way to be quiet, is to bear one with another. *Such a Man*, we cry, *has done me a ſhrewd turn, and I never did him any hurt.* Well, but it may be, I have miſchiev'd other People, or at leaſt I may live to do as much to him, as that comes to. *Such a one has ſpoken ill things of me*; but if I firſt ſpeak ill of him, as I do of many others, this is not an Injury, but a Repayment. What if he did over-ſhoot himſelf? He was loth to loſe his Conceit perhaps, but there was no Malice in't; and if he

he had not done Me a Miſchief, he muſt have done himſelf one. How many Good Offices are there that look like Injuries? Nay, how many have been recon-cil'd, and good Friends, after a profeſs'd Hatred?

Before we lay any thing to heart, let us ask ourſelves if we have not done the ſame thing to others. But where ſhall we find an Equal Judge? He that loves another Man's Wife (only perhaps becauſe ſhe is another's) will not ſuffer his own to be ſo much as look'd upon. No Man ſo fierce againſt Calumny, as the Evil Speaker; None ſo ſtrict Exacters of Modeſty in a Servant, as thoſe that are moſt Prodigal of their own. We carry our Neighbours Crimes in ſight, and we throw our own over our Shoulders. The Intemperance of a bad Son is chaſtis'd by a worſe Father; and the Luxury that we puniſh in others, we allow to ourſelves. The Tyrant exclaims againſt Homicide; and Sacrilege againſt Theft. We are angry with the Perſons, but not with the Faults.

* *Let no Man condemn another without making it his own Caſe.*

Some things there are that cannot hurt us, and * others will not; as good Magiſtrates, Parents, Tutors, Judges; whoſe Reproof or Correction we are to take, as we do Abſtinence, bleeding, and other uneaſy things, which we are the better for. In which Caſes, we are not ſo much to reckon upon what we ſuffer, as upon what we have done. *I take it ill*, ſays one; *and I have done nothing*, ſays another: when at the ſame time we make it worſe, by adding Arrogance, and Contumacy to our firſt Error. We cry out preſently, *What Law have we Tranſgreſs'd?* As if the Letter of the Law were the Sum of our Duty, and that Piety, Humanity, Liberality, Juſtice, and Faith were things beſide our Buſineſs. No, no, the Rule of Human Duty is of a greater Latitude; and we have many Obligations upon us, that are not to be found in the *Statute-Books*. And yet we fall ſhort of the Exactneſs, even of That *Legal Innocency*. We have intended one thing, and done another;

* *Some things cannot hurt us, and others will not.*

wherein only the want of Succeſs has kept us from being Criminals. This very thing, methinks, ſhould make us more favourable to Delinquents, and to forgive not only ourſelves, but the Gods too; of whom we ſeem to have harder Thoughts in taking that to be a Particular Evil directed to us, that befals us only by the common Law of Mortality. In fine, no Man living can abſolve himſelf to his Conſcience, though to the World perhaps he may. 'Tis true that we are alſo Condemn'd to Pains, and Diſeaſes, and to Death too, which is no more than the quitting of the Soul's Houſe. But, Why ſhould any Man complain of Bondage, that whereſoever he looks, has his Way open to Liberty? That Precipice, that Sea, that River, that Well, there's Freedom in the bottom of it. * It hangs upon every Crooked Bough; and not only a Man's Throat, or his Heart, but every Vein in his Body opens a Paſſage to it.

* *A Stoical Error.*

TO conclude, Where my proper Virtue fails me, I will have recourſe to Examples, and ſay to myſelf, Am I greater than *Philip* or *Auguſtus*, who both of them put up greater Reproaches? Many have pardon'd their Enemies, and ſhall not I forgive a Neglect, a little Freedom of the Tongue? Nay the Patience but of a Second Thought does the Buſineſs; for, though the firſt ſhock be violent, take it in Parts, and 'tis ſubdu'd. And, to wind up all in one word; The great Leſſon of Mankind, as well in this, as in all other Caſes, is, *to do as we would be done by.*

CHAP. XII.

Of CRUELTY.

THERE is ſo near an Affinity betwixt *Anger*, and *Cruelty*, that many People confound them: as if *Cruelty* were only the *Execution* of *Anger* in the Payment

ment of a *Revenge:* which holds in ſome Caſes, but not in others. There are a Sort of Men that take Delight in the Spilling of Human Blood; and in the Death of thoſe that never did them any Injury, nor were ever ſo much as ſuſpected for it; As *Apollodorus*, *Phalaris*, *Sinis*, *Procruſtus*, and others, that burnt Men alive; whom we cannot ſo properly call *Angry*, as *Brutal*. For *Anger* does neceſſarily preſuppoſe an *Injury*, either *Done*, or *Conceiv'd*, or *Fear'd*; but the other takes *Pleaſure* in *Tormenting*, without ſo much as pretending any *Provocation* to't, and *kills* meerly for *killing ſake*. The *Original* of this *Cruelty* perhaps, was *Anger*; which by frequent *Exerciſe* and *Cuſtom*, has loſt all ſenſe of *Humanity* and *Mercy*; and they that are thus affected, are ſo far from the Countenance, and Appearance of Men in *Anger*, that they will *Laugh*, *Rejoice*, and *Entertain themſelves* with the moſt *horrid Spectacles*; as *Racks*, *Goals*, *Gibbets*, ſeveral ſorts of *Chains*, and *Puniſhments*; *Dilaceration* of *Members*, *Stigmatizings*, and *Wild Beaſts*; with other exquiſite Inventions of Torture: And yet at laſt the Cruelty itſelf is more Horrid, and Odious, than the Means by which it works. It is a *Beſtial* Madneſs to *Love* Miſchief; beſide, that 'tis *Womaniſh* to *Rage* and *Tear*; a generous Beaſt will ſcorn to do't, when he has any thing at his Mercy. It is a Vice for *Wolves*, and *Tigers*; and no leſs *Abominable* to the *World*, than *Dangerous* to itſelf.

THE *Romans* had their *Morning*, and their * *Meridian Spectacles*. In the *Former*, they had their Combats of *Men* with *Wild Beaſts*; and in the *Latter*, the *Men* fought *One with another*. *I went* (ſays our Author) *the other Day to the* Meridian Spectacles, *in hope of Meeting ſomewhat of Mirth, and Diverſion, to ſweeten the Humours of thoſe that had been entertain'd with Blood in the* Morning: *But, it prov'd otherwiſe; for compar'd with this Inhumanity, the former was a Mercy. The whole Buſineſs was only Murder upon Murder; The Combatants fought naked, and every Blow was a Wound. They did not contend for* Victory, *but for* Death; *and he that kills*

* *The Cruelty of the* Roman *Spectacles.*

kills one Man, is to be kill'd by another. By Wounds they are forc'd upon Wounds, which they take, and give, upon their bare Breaſt. Burn that Rogue, they cry? What? Is he afraid of his Fleſh? Do but ſee how ſneakingly that Raſcal dies. *Look to your ſelves, my Maſters, and conſider on't: Who knows but this may come to be your own Caſe?* Wicked Examples ſeldom fail of coming Home at laſt to the Authors. To deſtroy a *Single* Man, may be *Dangerous*; but to Murder whole *Nations*, is only a more *Glorious Wickedneſs*. *Private Avarice* and *Rigour* are Condemn'd: But *Oppreſſion*, when it comes to be *Authoriz'd*, by an Act of State; and to be publickly *Commanded*, though particularly forbidden, becomes a Point of *Dignity* and *Honour*. What a ſhame is it for Men to Enterworry one another, when yet the fierceſt even of Beaſts are at Peace with thoſe of their own kind? This Brutal Fury puts Philoſophy itſelf to a ſtand. The Drunkard, the Glutton, the Covetous, may be reduc'd. Nay, and the Miſchief of it is, that no Vice keeps itſelf within its proper Bounds. Luxury runs into Avarice, and when the Reverence of Virtue is extinguiſh'd, Men will ſtick at nothing that carries Profit along with it. Man's Blood is ſhed in Wantonneſs; his Death is a Spectacle for Entertainment, and his Groans are Muſick. When *Alexander* deliver'd up *Lyſimachus* to a Lion, how glad would he have been to have had Nails and Teeth to have devour'd him himſelf; It would have too much derogated, he thought, from the Dignity of Wrath, to have apponted a *Man* for the Execution of his *Friend*. Private Cruelties, 'tis true, cannot do much Miſchief, but in *Princes*, they are a War againſt Mankind.

Barbarous Cruelties.

C. CÆSAR would commonly, for *Exerciſe*, and *Pleaſure*, put *Senators*, and *Roman Knights* to the *Torture*; and *Whip* ſeveral of them, like *Slaves*, or put them to *Death* with the moſt accurate *Torments*, meerly for the Satisfaction of his *Cruelty*. That *Cæſar* that *wiſh'd the People of* Rome *had but one Neck, that he might cut it off at one Blow*. It was the Employment, the Study, and the Joy of his Life. He would

would not ſo much as give the Expiring leave to Groan, but caus'd their Mouths to be ſtopt with Spunges, or for want of them, with Rags of their own Cloaths, that they might not breathe out ſo much as their laſt Agonies at Liberty; Or perhaps, leſt the Tormented ſhould ſpeak ſomething which the Tormentor had no Mind to hear. Nay, he was ſo impatient of Delay, that he would frequently riſe from Supper to have Men kill'd by *Torch Light*, as if his Life and Death had depended upon their Diſpatch before the next Morning. To ſay nothing how many *Fathers* were put to Death by him in the ſame Night with their *Sons*, (which was a kind of Mercy, in the Prevention of their Mourning.) And was not *Sylla*'s Cruelty prodigious too, which was only ſtopt for want of Enemies? He cauſed 7000 *Citizens* of *Rome* to be ſlaughter'd at once; and ſome of the Senators being ſtartled at their Cries that were heard in the *Senate-houſe*: *Let us mind our Buſineſs*, ſays *Sylla*, *This is nothing but a few Mutineers that I have order'd to be ſent out of the Way. A Glorious Spectacle!* ſays *Hannibal*, when he ſaw the Trenches flowing with Human Blood; and if the Rivers had run Blood too he would have lik'd it ſo much the better.

AMONG the famous and deteſtable Speeches that are committed to Memory, I know none worſe than that *Impudent*, and *Tyrannical Maxim*;

* *Let them hate me, ſo they Fear me:* not conſidering that thoſe that are kept in Obedience by Fear, are both Malicious and Mercenary, and only wait for an Opportunity to change their Maſter. Beſide that whoſoever is Terrible to others, is likewiſe afraid of Himſelf. What is more ordinary, than for a Tyrant to be deſtroy'd by his own Guards? Which is no more than the putting thoſe Crimes into Practice which they learned of their Maſters: How many Slaves have reveng'd themſelves of their Cruel Oppreſſors, though they were ſure to die for't? but when it comes once to a *Popular Tyranny*, whole Nations conſpire againſt it. For *whoſoever threatens All, is in danger of All*; over and above, that the Cruelty of a Prince increaſes the

* *He that Threatens All, Fears all.*

number of his Enemies, by deſtroying ſome of them; for it entails an hereditary Hatred upon the Friends and Relations of thoſe that are taken away. And then it has this Misfortune, that a Man muſt be wicked upon Neceſſity; for there's no going back; So that he muſt betake himſelf to Arms, and yet he lives in Fear. He can neither truſt to the Faith of his Friends, nor to the Piety of his Children; he both dreads Death, and wiſhes it; and becomes a greater Terror to himſelf, than he is to his People. Nay, if there were nothing elſe to make Cruelty deteſtable, it were enough, that it paſſes all Bounds both of Cuſtom, and Humanity; and is followed upon the Heel, with Sword or Poiſon. A private Malice indeed does not move whole Cities; but that which extends to All, is every Body's Mark. One Sick Perſon gives no great Diſturbance in a Family; but when it comes to a Depopulating Plague, All People fly from't. And why ſhould a Prince expect any Man to be good, whom he has taught to be wicked?

* Tyrannical Government *is a perpetual* ſtate of War.

BUT What if it were *Safe* to be *Cruel?* Were it not ſtill a ſad thing, the very ſtate of ſuch a *Government?* * A *Government* that bears the Image of a *Taken City*, where there's nothing but *Sorrow*, *Trouble*, and *Confuſion*. Men dare not ſo much as Truſt themſelves with their Friends, or with their Pleaſures. There is not any Entertainment ſo Innocent, but it affords pretence of Crime and Danger. People are betray'd at their *Tables*, and in their *Cups*, and drawn from the very *Theatre* to the *Priſon*. How horrid a Madneſs is it to be ſtill *Raging*, and *Killing*; to have the rattling of *Chains* always in our *Ears*; *Bloody Spectacles* before our *Eyes*; and to carry *Terror* and *Diſmay*, where-ever we go? If we had *Lions*, and *Serpents* to rule over us, this would be the manner of *Their Government*; ſaving that they agree better among themſelves. It paſſes for a Mark of Greatneſs to burn Cities, and lay whole Kingdoms waſte; nor is it for the Honour of a Prince, to appoint this or that ſingle Man to be kill'd, unleſs they have whole *Troops*, or (ſometimes) *Legions* to work upon. But, it

is

is not the Spoils of *War*, and *Bloody Trophies*, that make a Prince *Glorious*; but the *Divine Power* of preſerving *Unity*, and *Peace*. *Ruin*, without *Diſtinction*, is more properly the buſineſs of a General *Deluge*, or a *Conflagration*. Neither does a Fierce, and Inexorable *Anger* become the *Supreme Magiſtrate*; *Greatneſs of Mind is always Meek and Humble*; *but Cruelty is a Note, and an Effect of Weakneſs*; *and brings down a Governor to the Level of a Competitor*.

SENECA

SENECA

OF

CLEMENCY.

THE Humanity, and Excellence of this Virtue, is confeſs'd at all hands, as well by the Men of *Pleaſure*, and thoſe that think every Man was made for himſelf, as by the *Stoicks*, that make *Man a Sociable Creature, and born for the Common good of Mankind:* For it is, of all Diſpoſitions, the moſt *Peaceable*, and *Quiet*. But before we enter any farther upon the Diſcourſe, it ſhould be firſt known what *Clemency* is, that we may diſtinguiſh it from *Pity:* which is a *Weakneſs*; though many times miſtaken for a *Virtue:* and the next thing will be, to bring the Mind to the *Habit and Exerciſe* of it.

Clemency defined.

CLEMENCY *is a favourable Diſpoſition of the Mind, in the Matter of Inflicting Puniſhment*; Or, *A Moderation, that remits ſomewhat of the Penalty Incurr'd*; *as* Pardon *is the total Remiſſion of a deſerv'd Puniſhment*. We muſt be Careful not to Confound *Clemency* with *Pity*; for as *Religion Worſhips* God, and *Superſtition Profanes* that Worſhip; ſo ſhould we diſtinguiſh betwixt *Clemency*, and *Pity*; *Practiſing* the

One,

One, and *Avoiding* the *Other*. For *Pity* proceeds from a *Narrowneſs of Mind*, that reſpects rather the *Fortune*, than the *Cauſe*. It is a kind of Moral Sickneſs, contracted from other Peoples Misfortunes; Such another Weakneſs as Laughing, or Yawning for Company; or as That of Sick Eyes, that cannot look upon others that are Blear'd, without dropping Themſelves. I'll give a Shipwreck'd Man a Plank, a Lodging to a Stranger, or a Piece of Money to him that wants it: I will dry up the Tears of my Friend, yet I will not weep with him, but treat him with Conſtancy, and Humanity, as *One Man* ought to treat *Another*.

Clemency is Profitable for all.

IT is objected by ſome, that *Clemency* is an Inſignificant Virtue; and that only the Bad are the Better for't; for the Good have no need on't. But in the firſt place, as Phyſick is in Uſe only among the Sick, and yet in Honour with the Sound; ſo the Innocent have a Reverence for Clemency, though Criminals are properly the Objects of it. And then again, a Man may be Innocent, and yet have Occaſion for it too: for by the Accidents of Fortune, or the Condition of Times, Virtue itſelf may come to be in Danger. Conſider the moſt Populous City, or Nation; what a Solitude would it be, if none ſhould be left there but thoſe that could ſtand the Teſt of a Severe Juſtice? We ſhould have neither Judges, nor Accuſers; none either to Grant a Pardon, or to ask it. More or Leſs, we are all Sinners; and he that has beſt purg'd his Conſcience, was brought by Errors to Repentance. And it is farther profitable to Mankind; for many Delinquents come to be converted. There is a Tenderneſs to be uſed, even toward our Slaves, and thoſe that we have bought with our Mony: How much more then, to Free, and to Honeſt Men, that are rather under our Protection, than Dominion? Not that I would have it ſo General neither, as not to diſtinguiſh betwixt the Good, and the Bad; for that would introduce a Confuſion, and give a kind of Encouragement to Wickedneſs. It muſt therefore have a Reſpect to the Quality of the Offender, and ſeparate the Curable from the Deſperate; for it is an

equal

equal Cruelty to pardon All, and to pardon None: Where the Matter is in Balance, let Mercy turn the Scale: If all Wicked Men ſhould be puniſh'd, who ſhould 'ſcape?

Clemency does well in Private Perſons, but 'tis more Beneficial in Princes.

THOUGH Mercy, and Gentleneſs of Nature keeps all in Peace, and Tranquillity, even in a *Cottage*: yet it is much More Beneficial, and Conſpicuous in a *Palace*. *Private Men* in their *Condition*, are likewiſe *Private* in their *Virtues*, and in their *Vices*; but the Words, and the Actions of *Princes* are the Subject of *Publick Rumour*; and therefore, They had need have a Care, what Occaſion they give People for Diſcourſe, of whom People will be always a talking. There is the *Government* of a *Prince* over his *People*, a *Father* over his *Children*, a *Maſter* over his *Scholars*, an *Officer* over his *Soldiers*. He is an Unnatural Father, that for every Trifle beats his Children. Who is the better Maſter, he that rages over his Scholars, for but Miſſing a Word in a Leſſon; or he that tries by Admonition, and fair Words, to Inſtruct, and Reform them? An Outrageous Officer makes his Men run from their Colours. A Skilful Rider brings his Horſe to Obedience, by mingling Fair Means with Foul; whereas to be perpetually ſwitching and ſpurring, makes him Vicious and Jadiſh: And ſhall we not have more Care of *Men* than of *Beaſts?* It breaks the Hope of Generous Inclinations, when they are depreſs'd by Servility, and Terror. There is no Creature ſo hard to be pleas'd with Ill Uſage, as Man.

* *Mercy is the Intereſt both of Prince and People.*

CLEMENCY does *well* with *All*, but *beſt* with * *Princes*; for it makes their Power Comfortable, and Beneficial, which would otherwiſe be the peſt of Mankind. It eſtabliſhes their Greatneſs when they make the Good of the Publick their particular Care, and employ their Power for the Safety of the People. The Prince, in effect, is but the Soul of the Community; as the Community is only the Body of the Prince: So that being

being Merciful to Others, he is Tender of Himſelf: Nor is any Man ſo mean, but his Maſter feels the Loſs of him, as a part of his Empire: And he takes care, not only of the Lives of his People, but alſo of their Reputation. Now, giving for granted, that all Virtues are in themſelves Equal, it will not yet be deny'd, that they may be more Beneficial to Mankind in one Perſon, than in another. A Beggar may be as Magnanimous as a King: For what can be greater, or Braver, than to baffle Ill Fortune! This does not hinder, but that a Man in Authority, and Plenty, has more Matter for his Generoſity, to work upon, than a Private Perſon: and it is alſo more taken notice of upon the Bench, than upon the Level. When a gracious Prince ſhews himſelf to his People, they do not fly from him as from a Tiger, that rous'd himſelf out of his Den; but they worſhip him as a Benevolous Influence; they ſecure him againſt all Conſpiracies; and interpoſe their Bodies betwixt Him and Danger. They Guard Him while he ſleeps, and Defend Him in the Field againſt his Enemies. Nor is it without Reaſon, this Unanimous Agreement in Love and Loyalty; and this Heroical Zeal of abandoning themſelves for the Safety of their Prince; but it is as well the Intereſt of the People. In the Breath of a Prince there's Life, and Death; and his Sentence ſtands good, Right or Wrong. If he be Angry, no Body dares Adviſe him; and if he does Amiſs, who ſhall call him to Accompt? Now for him that has ſo much Miſchief in his Power, and yet applies That Power to the Common Utility, and Comfort of his People, Diffuſing alſo Clemency and Goodneſs into their Hearts too: What can be a greater Bleſſing to Mankind than ſuch a Prince? *Any Man* may *kill* another *Againſt* the Law, but only a *Prince* can *ſave* him ſo. Let him ſo deal with his own Subjects, as he deſires God ſhould deal with him: If Heaven ſhould be Inexorable to Sinners, and deſtroy all without Mercy, What Fleſh could be ſafe? But, as the Faults of Great Men are not preſently puniſh'd with Thunder from above, let them have a like regard to their Inferiors here upon Earth. He that has Revenge in his Power, and does not uſe it,

is the great Man. Which is the more Beautiful, and Agreeable ſtate, that of a Calm, a Temperate, and a Clear Day; or That of Lightning, Thunder, and Tempeſts? And this is the very Difference betwixt a Moderate, and a Turbulent Government. 'Tis for Low, and Vulgar Spirits to Brawl, Storm and Tranſport themſelves; but 'tis not for the Majeſty of a Prince to laſh out into intemperance of Words. Some will think it rather Slavery, than Empire to be debarr'd Liberty of Speech: and what if it be, when Government itſelf is but a more Illuſtrious Servitude? He that uſes his Power as he ſhould; takes as much delight in making it Comfortable to his People, as Glorious to Himſelf. He is Affable, and eaſy of Acceſs; his very Countenance makes him the Joy of his Peoples Eyes, and the Delight of Mankind. He is Belov'd, Defended and Reverenc'd by all his Subjects; and Men ſpeak as Well of him in Private, as in Publick: He is ſafe without Guards, and the Sword is rather his Ornament, than his Defence: In his Duty, he is like that of a good Father, that ſometimes gently reproves a Son, ſometimes threatens him; nay, and perhaps Corrects him: But no Father in his right Wits, will Diſinherit a Son for the firſt Fault: There muſt be Many, and Great Offences, and only Deſperate Conſequences that ſhould bring him to that Decretory Reſolution: He will make many Experiments, to try if he can Reclaim him firſt, and nothing but the utmoſt Deſpair muſt put him upon Extremities. It is not Flattery that calls a Prince *the Father of his Country:* The Titles of *Great* and *Auguſt*, are Matter of Compliment, and of Honour; but, in calling him *Father*, we mind him of that Moderation, and Indulgence, which he owes to his Children. His Subjects are his Members; Where, if there muſt be an Amputation, let him come ſlowly to it; and when the Part is cut off, let him wiſh it were on again: Let him grieve in the doing of it. He that paſſes a Sentence *Haſtily*, looks as if he did it *Willingly*; and then there is an Injuſtice in the Exceſs.

The Bleſſed Reflections of a Merciful Prince.

IT is a Glorious Contemplation, for a Prince, firſt to Conſider the vaſt Multitudes of his People, whoſe Seditious, Divided, and impotent Paſſions, would caſt All in Confuſion, and deſtroy Themſelves, and Publick Order too, if the Band of Government did not reſtrain them: And Thence to paſs to the Examination of his Conſcience, ſaying thus to himſelf, *It is by the Choice of Providence that I am here made God's Deputy upon Earth; the Arbitrator of Life, and Death; and that upon My Breath depends the Fortune of my People. My Lips are the Oracles of their Fate, and upon them hangs the Deſtiny both of Cities and of Men. It is under my Favour that People ſeek for either Proſperity, or Protection: Thouſands of Swords are Drawn, or Sheath'd at my Pleaſure. What Towns ſhall be Advanced, or Deſtroyed; who ſhall be Slaves, or who Free, depends upon My Will; and yet in this Arbitrary Power of Acting without Control, I was never Tranſported to do any Cruel Thing, either by Anger, or Hot Blood in my Self, or by the Contumacy, Raſhneſs, or Provocations of other Men; though ſufficient to turn Mercy itſelf into Fury. I was never mov'd by the odious Vanity of making my Self Terrible by my Power, (that Accurſed (though Common) Humour of Oſtentation, and Glory, that haunts Imperious Natures.) My Sword has not only been bury'd in the Scabbard, but in a manner bound to the Peace, and tender even of the cheapeſt Blood: And where I find no other Motive to Compaſſion, Humanity itſelf is ſufficient. I have been always Slow to Severity, and Prone to Forgive; and under as ſtrict a Guard to obſerve the Laws, as if I were Accomptable for the Breaking of them. Some I pardon'd for their Youth; Others for their Age. I ſpare One Man for his Dignity, Another for his Humility; and when I find no other matter to work upon, I ſpare my Self. So that if God ſhould at this Inſtant call me to an Account, the whole World would agree to witneſs for me, that I have not by any Force, either Publick or Private; either by my Self, or by any Other, defrauded the Commonwealth; and the Reputation that I have ever ſought for, has*

been

been That which few Princes have Obtained, the Conſcience of my Proper Innocence. And I have not loſt my Labour neither, for no one Man was ever ſo Dear to Another, as I have made myſelf to the whole Body of my People. Under ſuch a Prince the Subject has nothing to wiſh for, beyond what he enjoys; their Fears are Quieted, and their Prayers heard; and there is nothing can make their Felicity Greater, unleſs to make it perpetual; and there is no Liberty Deny'd to the People, but that of Deſtroying one another.

Upon the Well-being of the Prince depends the Safety of the People.

IT is the Intereſt of the People, by the Conſent of all Nations, to run all Hazards for the Safety of their Prince, and by a Thouſand Deaths to redeem that one Life, upon which ſo many Millions depend. Does not the whole Body ſerve the Mind, though only the One is expos'd to the Eye, and the other not; but, Thin, and Inviſible, the very Seat of it being Uncertain? Yet the Hands, Feet, and Eyes obſerve the Motions of it: We Lie down, Run about, and Ramble, as that Commands us. If we be Covetous, we Fiſh the Seas, and Ranſack the Earth for Treaſure; if Ambitious, we burn our own Fleſh with *Scævola*; we caſt ourſelves into the Gulph with *Curtius:* So would that vaſt Multitude of People, which is Animated but with one Soul, Govern'd by one Spirit, and Mov'd by one Reaſon, deſtroy itſelf with its own Strength, if it were not ſupported by Wiſdom, and Government. Wherefore it is for their own Security, that the People expoſe their Lives for their Prince, as the very Bond that ties the Republick together; the vital Spirit of ſo many thouſands, which would be nothing elſe but a Burden and Prey, without a Governor. When this Union comes once to be diſſolv'd, all falls to Pieces; for Empire, and Obedience muſt Stand, and Fall together. It is no Wonder then, if a Prince be Dear to his People, when the Community is wrapt up in him, and the Good of Both as inſeparable as the Body and the Head; the one for Strength, and the other for Counſel; for what ſignifies the Force of the Body, without the Direction of the Under-

Underſtanding? While the Prince watches, his People Sleep; his Labour keeps them at Eaſe, and his Buſineſs keeps them at Quiet. The Natural Intent of Monarchy appears even from the very Diſcipline of Bees: They aſſign to their Maſter the faireſt Lodgings, the ſafeſt Place; and his Office is only to ſee, that the reſt perform their Duties. When their King is Loſt, the whole Swarm Diſſolves: More than One, they will not admit; and then they contend, who ſhall have the Beſt: They are of all Creatures, the Fierceſt, for their Bigneſs; and leave their Stings behind them in their Quarrels; only the King himſelf has None, Intimating, that Kings ſhould neither be Vindictive nor Cruel. Is it not a Shame, after ſuch an Example of Moderation in theſe Creatures, that Men ſhould be yet intemperate? It were well if they loſt their Stings too in their Revenge, as well as the Other, that they might hurt but once, and do no Miſchief by their Proxies. It would tire them out, if either they were to execute All with their own Hands, or to wound Others, at the Peril of their Own Lives.

A Prince ſhould behave himſelf Generouſly * in the Power, which God has given him, of Life and Death; eſpecially toward thoſe that have been at any time his Equals; for the One has his Revenge, and the other his Puniſhment in't. He that ſtands indebted for his Life, has loſt it; but he that Receives his Life at the Foot of his Enemy, Lives to the Honour of his Preſerver. He Lives the Laſting Monument of his Virtue; whereas if he had been led in Triumph, the Spectacle would have been quickly Over. Or what if he ſhould reſtore him to his Kingdom again; Would it not be an Ample Acceſſion to his Honour, to ſhew that he found nothing about the Conquer'd that was worthy of the Conqueror? There's nothing more Venerable than a Prince that does not Revenge an Injury. He that is Gracious, is Belov'd, and Reverenc'd as a common Father; but a Tyrant ſtands in Fear, and in Danger even of his own Guards. No Prince can be ſafe himſelf, of whom all Others are Afraid; for to ſpare None is to enrage All. 'Tis an Error to imagine,

* *The Prince that is Gracious is Belov'd.*

that

that any Man can be Secure, that ſuffers no body elſe to be ſo too. How can any Man endure to lead an Uneaſy, Suſpicious, Anxious Life, when he may be ſafe, if he pleaſes, and enjoy all the Bleſſings of Power, together with the Prayers of his People? Clemency protects a Prince without a Guard; there's no need of Troops, Caſtles, or Fortifications: Security on the One Side, is the Condition of Security on the Other; and the Affections of the Subject are the moſt invincible Fortreſs. What can be fairer, than for a Prince to Live the Object of his Peoples Love; to have the Vows of their Heart, as well as of their Lips; and his Health and Sickneſs, their Common Hopes and Fears? There will be no Danger of Plots: Nay on the contrary, Who would not frankly venture his Blood to ſerve him, under whoſe Government, Juſtice, Peace, Modeſty, and Dignity flouriſh; under whoſe Influence Men grow Rich, and Happy; and whom Men look upon with ſuch Veneration, as they would do upon the Immortal Gods, if they were Capable of ſeeing them? And, as the true Repreſentative of the Almighty, they conſider him, when he is Gracious, and Bountiful, and employs his Power to the Advantage of his Subjects.

* *Where Puniſhment is Neceſſary, let it be Moderate.*

When a Prince proceeds to Puniſhment, * it muſt be either to Vindicate Himſelf, or Others. It is a hard matter to Govern himſelf in his own Caſe. If a Man ſhould adviſe him not to be Credulous, but to examine Matters, and indulge the Innocent, this is rather a point of Juſtice than of Clemency: But, in Caſe that he be Manifeſtly Injur'd, I would have him *Forgive*, where he may *Safely* do it; and be *Tender* even where he cannot *Forgive*: But far more Exorable in his Own Caſe however than in Another's. 'Tis nothing to be free of another Man's Purſe; and 'tis as Little to be Merciful in another Man's Cauſe. He is the great Man that Maſters his Paſſion where he is ſtung himſelf; and Pardons when he might Deſtroy. The End of Puniſhment, is either to Comfort the Party Injur'd, or to ſecure him for the Future. A Prince's Fortune is above the need of ſuch a Comfort, and

and his Power is too Eminent to ſeek an Advance of Reputation, by doing a Private Man a Miſchief. This I ſpeak, in Caſe of an Affront from thoſe that are below us: But he that of an Equal, has made any Man his Inferior, has his Revenge, in the bringing of him Down. *A Prince* has been *kill'd* by a *Servant*, deſtroy'd by a Serpent; but whoſoever preſerves a Man, muſt be greater than the Perſon that he preſerves. With Citizens, Strangers, and People of low Condition, a Prince is not to Contend, for they are beneath him: He may ſpare ſome out of Good Will, and others, as he would do ſome Creatures that a Man cannot touch without fouling his Fingers: But for thoſe that are to be Pardon'd, or Expos'd to Publick Puniſhment, he may uſe Mercy as he ſees Occaſion; and a Generous Mind can never want Inducements, and Motives to it; And whether it be *Age*, or *Sex*, *High*, or *Low*, Nothing comes amiſs.

TO paſs now to the Vindication of Others, there muſt be had a * regard either to the Amendment of the Perſon Puniſh'd, or the making Others better for fear of Puniſhment; or the taking the Offender out of the way, for the Security of Others. An Amendment may be Procur'd by a Small Puniſhment; for he lives more Carefully that has ſomething yet to Loſe; It is a kind of *Impunity*, to be incapable of a *farther Puniſhment*. The Corruptions of a City are beſt Cur'd by a Few and Sparing Severities; for the Multitude of Offenders, creates a Cuſtom of offending, and Company Authorizes a Crime, and there is more good to be done upon a *Diſſolute Age*, by *Patience* than by *Rigour*; Provided that it paſs not for an *Approbation* of *Ill Manners*; but only as an *Unwillingneſs* to proceed to *Extremities*. Under a Merciful Prince a Man will be aſham'd to offend, becauſe a Puniſhment that is inflicted by a Gentle Governor, ſeems to fall heavier, and with more Reproach: and it is Remarkable alſo, that *Thoſe Sins are often Committed, which are very often Puniſh'd*. *Caligula*, in five Years, Condemn'd more People to the *Sack*, than ever were before him: and there were *fewer Parricides before that Law againſt them, than after*. For our Anceſtors

* *The Ends of Puniſhment.*

ceſtors did wiſely preſume that the Crime would never be Committed, 'till by Law for Puniſhing it they found that it might be done. *Parricides* began with the *Law* againſt them, and the Puniſhment inſtructed Men in the Crime. Where there are few Puniſhments, Innocency is indulg'd as a Publick Good, and it is a Dangerous thing to ſhew a City how ſtrong it is in Delinquents. There is a certain Contumacy in the Nature of Man, that makes him Oppoſe Difficulties. We are better to Follow than to Drive; as a Generous Horſe rides beſt with an Eaſy Bit. People *Obey Willingly*, where they are *Commanded kindly*. When *Burrhus* the Preſect was to Sentence Two Malefactors, he brought the Warrant to *Nero* to ſign; who after a long Reluctancy came to't at laſt with this Exclamation, *I would I could not Write.* A Speech that deſerv'd the whole World for an Auditory, but all Princes eſpecially; and that the Hearts of all the Subjects would conform to the likeneſs of their Maſters. As the Head is Well, or Ill, ſo is the Mind Dull, or Merry. What's the Difference betwixt a *King*, and a *Tyrant*, but a *Diverſity* of *Will*, under one and *the ſame Power?* the One Deſtroys for his Pleaſure, the Other upon Neceſſity: A Diſtinction rather in Fact, than in Name. A Gracious Prince is Arm'd as well as a Tyrant; but 'tis for the Defence of his People, and not for the Ruin of them. No King can ever have Faithful Servants, that accuſtoms them to Tortures and Executions: The very Guilty themſelves do not lead ſo Anxious a Life as the Perſecutors; for they are not only afraid of Juſtice, both Divine and Human, but it is Dangerous for them to mend their Manners, ſo that when they are once in, they muſt continue to be Wicked upon Neceſſity. An Univerſal Hatred unites in a Popular Rage. A Temperate Fear may be kept in Order; but when it comes once to be Continual and Sharp, it provokes People to Extremities, and tranſports them to Deſperate Reſolutions: As Wild Beaſts, when they are preſt upon the *Toil*, turn back, and aſſault the very Purſuers. A Turbulent Government is a perpetual Trouble both to Prince and People; and he that is a Terror to all Others, is not without Terror alſo himſelf. Frequent Puniſh-

ments

ments and Revenges may ſuppreſs the Hatred of a Few, but then it ſtirs up the Deteſtation of All. So that there's no deſtroying One Enemy without making Many. It is good to Maſter the *Will* of being *Cruel*, even while there may be *Cauſe* for it, and *Matter* to work upon.

AUGUSTUS was a Gracious Prince when he had the Power in his own Hand; but in the *Triumviracy* he made uſe of his Sword, and had his Friends ready Arm'd to ſet upon *Anthony*, during that Diſpute. But he behav'd himſelf afterwards at another rate; for when he was betwixt forty and fifty Years of Age, he was told that *Cinna* was in a Plot to Murder him, with the Time, Place, and Manner of the Deſign; and This from one of the Confederates. Upon this, he reſolv'd upon a Revenge, and ſent for ſeveral of his Friends to adviſe upon't. The Thought of it kept him walking, to conſider, that there was the Life of a young Nobleman in the Caſe, the Nephew of *Pompey*, and a Perſon otherwiſe Innocent. He was off and on ſeveral times, whether he ſhould put him to Death or not. *What* (ſays he) *ſhall I live in Trouble, and in Danger myſelf, and the Contriver of my Death walk Free, and Secure? Will nothing ſerve him but that Life, which Providence has preſerv'd in ſo many Civil Wars; in ſo many Battles, both by Sea and Land; and Now, in the State of an Univerſal Peace too? and not a ſimple Murder neither, but a Sacrifice; for I am to be aſſaulted at the very Altar; and ſhall the Contriver of all this Villany 'ſcape Unpuniſh'd?* Here *Auguſtus* made a little Pauſe, and then recollecting Himſelf: *No, no,* Cæſar, (ſays he) *'tis rather* Cæſar, *than* Cinna, *that I'm to be Angry with: Why do I myſelf live any longer, after that my Death is become the Intereſt of ſo many People? And if I go on, what end will there be of Blood, and of Puniſhment? If it be againſt my Life that the Nobility Arms itſelf, and Levels their Weapons; my Single Life is not worth the while, if ſo many muſt be deſtroy'd that I may be preſerv'd.* His Wife *Livia* gave him here an Interruption, and deſir'd him, that he would for once hear

* *A famous Inſtance of* Auguſtus's *Clemency.*

hear a Woman's Counsel. *Do* (says she) *like a Physician, that when common Remedies fail, will try the contrary. You have got nothing hitherto by Severity; After* Salvidianus *there follow'd* Lepidus; *after him* Muræna: Cæpio *follow'd him, and* Egnetius *follow'd* Cæpio: *Try now what Mercy will do; Forgive* Cinna. *He is discover'd, and can do you no hurt in your Person; and it will yet advantage you in your Reputation.* *Augustus* was glad of the Advice, and he gave Thanks for't; and thereupon countermanded the Meeting of his Friends, and order'd *Cinna* to be brought to him Alone; for whom he caus'd a Chair to be set, and then discharged the rest of the Company. Cinna, (*says* Augustus) *before I go any farther, you must promise not to give me the Interruption of one Syllable, 'till I have told you all I have to say, and you shall have Liberty afterward to say what you please. You cannot forget, that when I found you in arms against me, and not only* Made *my* Enemy, *but* Born *so, I gave you your Life and Fortune. Upon your Petition for the Priesthood, I granted it, with a Repulse to the Sons of those that had been my Fellow-Soldiers; and you are at this Day so Happy and so Rich, that even the Conquerors envy him that is Overcome; and yet after all This you are in a Plot,* Cinna, *to Murder me.* At that Word *Cinna* started, and interpos'd with Exclamations, *That certainly he was far from being either so Wicked, or so Mad. This is Breach of Conditions,* Cinna, (*says* Augustus) *'tis not your Time to speak yet. I tell you again, that you are in a Plot to Murder me;* and so he told him the Time, the Place, the Confederates, the Order and Manner of the Design, and who it was to do the Deed. *Cinna,* upon This, fix'd his Eye upon the Ground, without any Reply; not for his Word-sake, but as in a Confusion of Conscience; and so *Augustus* went on. *What* (says he) *may your Design be in all this? Is it that you would pretend to step into my Place? The Commonwealth were in an ill Condition, if only* Augustus *were in the way betwixt you and the Government. You were cast the other Day in a Cause, by one of your own* Freemen; *and do you expect to find a weaker Adversary of* Cæsar? *But, what if I were removed?*

There's

There's Æmilius Paulus, Fabius Maximus *and twenty other Families of great Blood, and Intereſt that would never bear it.* To cut off the Story ſhort; (for it was a Diſcourſe of above two Hours; and *Auguſtus* lengthen'd the Puniſhment in *Words*, ſince he intended that ſhould be all) *Well*, Cinna, ſays he, *the Life that I gave to you once, as an* Enemy, *I will now repeat it to a* Traitor, *and to a* Parricide, *and this ſhall be the laſt Reproach I'll give you. For the time to come, there ſhall be no other Contention betwixt You and Me, than which ſhall outdo the other in Point of Friendſhip.* After this *Auguſtus* made *Cinna Conſul*, (an Honour, which, he confeſs'd he durſt not ſo much as Deſire) and *Cinna* was ever affectionately Faithful to Him: He made *Cæſar* his *Sole Heir*; and this was the *Laſt Conſpiracy* that ever was form'd againſt him.

(THIS *Moderation* of *Auguſtus*, was the * Excellency of his Mature Age; for in his Youth he was Paſſionate, and Sudden: and he did many things, which afterward he look'd back upon with Trouble: After the Battle of *Actium*, ſo many Navies broken in *Sicily*, both *Roman* and *Strangers:* the *Peruſian Altars*; (where 300 *Lives* were *Sacrific'd* to the *Ghoſt* of *Julius*) his frequent *Proſcriptions*, and other Severities; his *Temperance* at laſt ſeem'd to be little more than a *Weary Cruelty*. If he had not *Forgiven* thoſe that he *Conquer'd*, Whom ſhould he have *Governed?* He choſe his very *Life-Guard* from among his *Enemies*, and the *Flower* of the *Romans* ow'd their *Lives* to his *Clemency*. Nay, he only puniſh'd *Lepidus* himſelf with *Baniſhment*; and permitted him to wear the *Enſigns* of his *Dignity*, without taking the *Pontificate* to himſelf, ſo long as *Lepidus* was Living; for he would not poſſeſs it as a *Spoil*, but as an *Honour*. This Clemency it was, that Secur'd him in his Greatneſs, and Ingratiated him to the People, though he laid his Hand upon the Government before they had thoroughly ſubmitted to the Yoke; and this Clemency it was, that has made his *Name Famous* to *Poſterity*. This is it, that makes us reckon him *Divine*, without the Authority of

* Auguſtus's *Moderation to his Enemies.*

an *Apotheoſis*. He was ſo Tender and Patient, that tho' many a bitter Jeſt was broken upon him (and *Contumelies* upon Princes are the moſt *Intolerable* of all *Injuries*) yet he never puniſhed any Man upon that Subject. *It is* Then Generous *to be* Merciful, *when we have it in our* Power *to take* Revenge.

* *A Merciful Judgment of* Auguſtus.

A Son of *Titus Arius* being Examin'd and found * Guilty of *Parricide*, was baniſh'd *Rome*, and Confin'd to *Marſeilles*, where his Father allow'd him the ſame Annuity that he had before; which made all People conclude him Guilty, when they ſaw that his Father had yet *Condemn'd* the Son that he could not *Hate*. *Auguſtus* was pleas'd to Sit upon the Fact in the Houſe of *Arius*, only as a *Single Member* of the *Council*, that was to examine it: If it had been in *Cæſar*'s Palace, the *Judgment* muſt have been *Cæſar*'s, and not the *Father*'s. Upon a full hearing of the Matter *Cæſar* directed, that every Man ſhould write his Opinion, whether *Guilty* or *Not*, and without declaring his own for fear of a Partial Vote. Before the opening of the Books, *Cæſar* paſs'd an Oath, that he would not be *Arius his Heir*: and to ſhew, that he had no Intereſt in his Sentence, as appear'd afterward; for he was not Condemn'd to the Ordinary *Puniſhment* of *Parricides*, nor to a Priſon; but, by the Mediation of *Cæſar*, only Baniſh'd *Rome*, and confin'd to the Place which his Father ſhould name: *Auguſtus* inſiſting upon it, that the Father ſhould content himſelf with an Eaſy Puniſhment; and Arguing, that the young Man was not mov'd to the Attempt by *Malice*, and that he was but half reſolv'd upon the Fact, for he waver'd in't; and therefore to remove him from the City, and from his Father's Sight, would be ſufficient. This is a Glorious Mercy and worthy of a Prince, to make all things Gentler wherever he comes. How Miſerable is that Man in himſelf, who when he has employ'd his Power in Rapine and Cruelty upon Others, is yet more unhappy in Himſelf? He ſtands in Fear both of his Domeſticks, and of Strangers; the Faith of his Friends, and the Piety of his Children, and flies to Actual Violence to ſecure him from

from the Violence he fears. When he comes to look about him, and to conſider what he *Has* done, what he *Muſt*, and what he is *About* to do; what with the *Wickedneſs*, and with the *Torments* of his *Conſcience*, many times he fears Death, oftner he wiſhes for't; and lives more Odious to himſelf, than to his Subjects: whereas, on the contrary, he that takes a Care of the Publick, though of one Part more perhaps than of Another, yet there is not any Part of it, but he looks upon as Part of Himſelf. His Mind is Tender and Gentle, and even where Puniſhment is Neceſſary and Profitable, he comes to it unwillingly, and without any Rancour or Enmity in his Heart. Let the Authority, in fine, be what it will, Clemency becomes it, and the Greater the Power, the Greater is the Glory of it. *It is a truly Royal Virtue, for a Prince to deliver his People from* Other *Mens Anger, and not to Oppreſs them* with his Own.

EPISTLES.

EPIST. I.

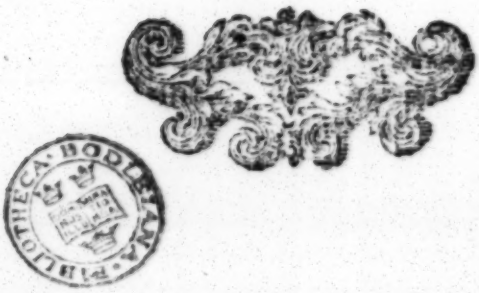
Certain General Directions for the Government of the Voice; *as in Speaking* Soft, *or* Loud; Quick, *or* Slow: *The* Speech *is the* Index *of the* Mind.

YOU ſay well, that in Speaking, the very Ordering of the Voice, (to ſay nothing of the Actions, Countenances, and other Circumſtances, that Accompany it) is a Conſideration worthy of a Wiſe Man. There are, that preſcribe certain Modes of Riſing and Falling: Nay, if you will be governed by Them, You ſhall not ſpeak a Word, move a Step, or eat a Bit, but by a Rule: And theſe perhaps are too Critical. Do not underſtand me yet, as if I made no Difference betwixt entering upon a Diſcourſe Loud or Soft; for the Affections do Naturally Riſe by Degrees; and, in all Diſputes, or Pleadings, whether Publick, or Private, a Man ſhould properly Begin with Modeſty, and Temper; and ſo advance by little and little, if need be, into Clamour, and Vociferation. And as the Voice

Riſes

Riſes by Degrees, let it Fall ſo too; not Snapping off upon a ſudden, but abating, as upon Moderation: The other is Unmannerly and Rude. He that has a Precipitate Speech, is commonly violent in his Manners: Beſide, that there is in it much of Vanity, and Emptineſs; and no Man takes Satisfaction in a Flux of Words, without choice; where the Noiſe is more than the Value. *Fabius* was a Man Eminent, both for his Life and Learning; and no leſs for his Eloquence. His Speech was rather Eaſy and Sliding, than Quick; which he accounted to be not only Liable to many Errors, but to a Suſpicion of Immodeſty. Nay, let a Man have Words never ſo much at Will, he will no more Speak faſt, than he will Run; for fear his Tongue ſhould go before his Wit. The Speech of a *Philoſopher* ſhould be like his Life, compos'd, without Preſſing, or Stumbling; which is fitter for a Mountebank, than a Man of Sobriety, and Buſineſs. And then to drop one Word after another, is as bad on the other ſide: The Interruption is Tedious, and tires out the Auditor with Expectation. Truth, and Morality ſhould be deliver'd in Words plain, and without Affectation; for, like Remedies, unleſs they ſtay with us, we are never the better for them. He that would work upon his Hearers, muſt no more expect to do it upon the Poſt, than a Phyſician to cure his Patients, only in paſſing by them. Not but that I would have a Wiſe Man, in ſome Caſes, to Raiſe Himſelf, and Mend his Pace; but ſtill with a Regard to the Dignity of his Manners; though there may be a great Force alſo in Moderation. I would have his Diſcourſe ſmooth, and flowing like a River; not impetuous, like a Torrent. There is a Rapid, Lawleſs and Irrevocable Velocity of Speech, which I would ſcarce allow, even to an Orator; for if he be tranſported with Paſſion, or Oſtentation, a Man's Attention can hardly keep him Company. It is not the Quantity, but the Pertinence, that does the Buſineſs. Let the Words of an Ancient Man flow Soft, and Gentle; let thoſe of an Orator come off Round, and Powerful; but not run on without Fear, or Wit, as if a whole Declamation were to be but one Period. *Cicero* wrote with

Care, and that which will for ever ſtand the Teſt. All Publick Languages are according to the Humour of the Age. A Wantonneſs, and Effeminacy of Speech, denotes Luxury; for the Wit follows the Mind: If the Latter be Sound, Compos'd, Temperate, and Grave; the Wit is Dry, and Sober too: But if the one be Corrupted, the other is likewiſe Unſound. Do we not ſee when a Man's Mind is heavy, how he Creeps, and draws his Legs after him? A Finical Temper is read in the very Geſtures, and Cloaths; if a Man be Cholerick, and Violent, it is alſo diſcover'd in his Motions. An Angry Man ſpeaks Short, and Quick; the Speech of an Effeminate Man is Looſe and Melting. A Queint, and Sollicitous way of Speaking, is the Sign of a weak Mind; but a Great Man ſpeaks with Eaſe, and Freedom; and with more Aſſurance, though leſs Care. Speech is the *Index* of the Mind: When you ſee a Man Dreſs, and ſet his Cloaths in Print, you ſhall be ſure to find his Words ſo too, and nothing in them that is Firm, and Weighty: It does not become a *Man* to be *Delicate*. As it is in Drink, the Tongue never Trips, 'till the Mind be Over-born; ſo it is with Speech, ſo long as the Mind is Whole, and Sound, the Speech is Maſculine, and Strong; but if one fails, the other follows.



EPIST. II.

Of Stiles, Compoſitions, *and the Choice of* Words. *That's the beſt way of* Writing, *and* Speaking, *which is* Free *and* Natural. *Advice concerning* Reading.

YOU cannot expect any *Certain*, and *Univerſal Rule*, either for the *Stile*, or for the Manner of Speaking, or Writing; becauſe they vary according to Uſage, and Occaſion. So that we muſt content ourſelves with *Generals*. Men Write, and Speak commonly according to the Humour of the Age they live in: And there is alſo a Correſpondence betwixt the Language, and the Life of particular Perſons; as one may give a near Gueſs at a Man, by his very Gate, Furniture, and Cloaths. In the firſt place, let the Senſe be Honeſt, and Noble; not pinch'd up in Sentences, but Subſtantial, and of Higher Deſign, with nothing in it ſuperfluous. Let the Words be fitted to the Matter: And where the Subject is Familiar, let the Stile be ſo too. But great Thoughts muſt have ſuitable Expreſſions; and there ought to be a kind of Tranſport in the One, to anſwer it in the Other. It is not enough to Compoſe a pleaſant Fable, and tickle the Fancy; but he that treats of weighty Matters, muſt do it in the Grave, and Sober Terms. There are ſome that have not ſo much of the Vigour of an Orator, or of that Sententious Sharpneſs; and yet the Worthineſs of the Senſe makes amends for the Lowneſs of the Stile. Our Fore-fathers were not at all delighted with fine Words, and Flowers: But their Compoſitions were Strong, Equal, and Manly. We have now-a days here and there a Point; but the Work is Uneven, where only This, or That Particular is Remarkable. We never

admire This, or That ſingle Tree, where the whole Wood is all of a Height. A ſpecious Title-Page may commend a Book to Sale, but not for Uſe. An Eminent Author is to be taken down whole, and not here and there a Bit. 'Tis a Maiming of the Body to take the Members of it apart: Nor is it a Handſom Leg, or Arm, that makes a Handſom Man; but the Symmetry, and Agreement of all together. It is the Excellency of Speaking, and Writing, to do it Cloſe, and in Words Accommodate to the Intention; and I would yet have ſomewhat more to be Signify'd, than is Deliver'd: It being alſo a Mark of Strength, and Solidity of Judgment. The Propriety of Words, in ſome Caſes, is wonderful; eſpecially when we are well read in the Knowledge of Things, and of Duties, and there is a ſingular Grace in the Gentleneſs of Numbers, when they run Smooth, and without Perturbation. Some are Rais'd, and Startled at Words, as a Horſe is at a Drum; and indue the very Paſſion of the Speaker. Others are mov'd with the Beauty of Things; and when they hear any thing bravely urg'd againſt Death, or Fortune, they do ſecretly wiſh for ſome Occaſion of Experimenting that Generoſity in themſelves. But not one of a Thouſand of them, that carries the Reſolution home with him that he had conceiv'd. It is an eaſy Matter to excite an Auditory to the Love of Goodneſs, having already the Foundation and the Seeds of Virtue within themſelves: So that it is but awakening the Conſideration of it, where all Men are agreed beforehand upon the Main. Who is ſo Sordid, as not to be rous'd at ſuch a Speech as this? *The Poor Man wants many things, but the Covetous Man wants all.* Can any Fleſh forbear being delighted with this Saying, though a Satire againſt his own Vice? As to forced *Metaphors*, and wild *Hyperboles*, I would leave them to the *Poets*. And I am utterly againſt Fooling with Tinkling Conceits, and Sounds: Not that I would wholly forbid the uſe of *Hyperboles*; which, although they exceed the Truth, may yet be a means, by things Incredible, to bring us unto things Credible. And there may be great uſe made alſo of *Parables*: For the way

way of Application does uſually more affect the Mind, than the downright Meaning. That Speech which gains upon the Paſſions, is much more profitable than that which only works upon the Judgment. *Chryſippus* was a Great Man, and of an Acute Wit; but the Edge of it was ſo fine, that every thing turn'd it; and he might be ſaid, in Truth, rather to Prick the Subject that he handled, than to Pierce it Through.

As it is not for the Honour of a *Philoſopher* to be Sollicitous about Words, I would not have him Negligent neither: But let him ſpeak with Aſſurance, and without Affectation. If we can, let our Diſcourſes be Powerful; but however, let them be Clear. I like a Compoſition that is nervous, and ſtrong; but yet I would have it ſweet, and gracious withal. There are many things, I know, that pleaſe well enough in the Delivery, and yet will hardly abide the Teſt of an Examination. But that Eloquence is miſchievous, that diverts a Man from Things to Words, and little better than a Proſtitution of Letters. For what ſignifies the Pomp of Words, or the Jumbling of Syllables, to the making up of a Wiſe Man? *Tully*'s Compoſition indeed is Equal, his Numbers are Harmonious, Free, and Gentle; and yet he takes a Care, not to make any Forfeiture of his Gravity. *Fabian* is a great Man, in being Second to *Cicero*: *Pollio* is a great Man too, tho' a Step below Him; and ſo is *Livy* likewiſe, tho' he comes after the other Three. But ſeveral Subjects require ſeveral Excellencies. An *Orator* ſhould be ſharp; the *Tragedian* great, and the *Comedian* pleaſant. When a Man declaims againſt Vice, let him be bitter; againſt Danger, bold; againſt Fortune, proud; againſt Ambition, reproachful: Let him chide Luxury, defame Luſt: An Impotency of Mind muſt be broken. In theſe Caſes, Words are the leaſt part of an Honeſt Man's Buſineſs.

IN the Matter of Compoſition, I would write as I ſpeak; with Eaſe and Freedom; for it is more Friendly, as well as more Natural: And ſo much my Inclination, that if I could make my Mind viſible to you, I would neither ſpeak nor write it. If I put my Thoughts in good Senſe, the Matter of Ornament I ſhall leave to

the *Orators*. There are ſome things that a Man may Write even as he Travels; Others, that require Privacy, and Leiſure. But, however, it is good in Writing, as in other Caſes, to leave the beſt Bit for the laſt. A *Philoſopher* has no more to do, than to ſpeak properly, and in Words that expreſs his Meaning. And this may be done without Toſſing of the Hands, Stamping, or any violent Agitation of the Body; without either the Vanity of the Theatre, on the one Hand, or an Inſipid Heavineſs on the other. I would have his Speech as plain and ſimple, as his Life; for he is then as good as his Word, when both hearing him, and ſeeing him, we find him to be the ſame Perſon. And yet if a Man can be Eloquent, without more Pains than the thing's worth, let him uſe his Faculty: Provided, that he value himſelf upon the Matter, more than upon the Words; and apply himſelf rather to the Underſtanding, than to the Fancy; for this is a Buſineſs of Virtue, not a Trial of Wit. Who is there that would not rather have a Healing, than a Rhetorical *Phyſician?* But for eſteeming any Man purely upon the Score of his Rhetorick, I would as ſoon chuſe a Pilot for a good Head of Hair.

IN the Matter of Reading; I would fix upon ſome particular Authors, and make them my own. He that is every where, is no where; but like a Man that ſpends his Life in Travel, he has many Hoſts but few Friends. Which is the very Condition of him, that skips from one Book to another: The Variety does but diſtract his Head, and for want of Digeſting, it turns to Corruption, inſtead of Nouriſhment. 'Tis a good Argument of a Well-compoſed Mind, when a Man loves Home, and to keep Company with Himſelf: Whereas a Rambling Head, is a Certain Sign of a fickly Humour. Many Books, and many Acquaintances, bring a Man to a Levity of Diſpoſition, and a Liking of Change. What is the Body the better for Meat, that will not ſtay with it? Nor is there any thing more Hurtful in the Caſe of Diſeaſes, or Wounds, than the frequent ſhifting of Phyſick, or Plaiſters. Of *Authors*, be ſure to make Choice of the Beſt; and (as I ſaid before) to ſtick cloſe

to

to them; and though you take up others by the By, reſerve ſome Seleƈt Ones however for your Study, and Retreat. In your Reading, you will every Day meet with Conſolation, and Support againſt Poverty, Death, and other Calamities, Incident to Human Life: Extraƈt what you like; and then ſingle out ſome Particular from the Reſt, for that Day's Meditation. Reading does not only Feed, and Entertain the Underſtanding; but when a Man is dos'd with one Study he relieves himſelf with Another; but ſtill Reading and Writing are to be taken up by Turns. So long as the Meat lies whole upon the Stomach, it is a Burden to us; but upon the Concoƈtion, it paſſes into Strength and Blood. And ſo it fares with our Studies; ſo long as they lie whole, they paſs into the Memory without affeƈting the Underſtanding: But, upon Meditation, they become our own, and ſupply us with Strength, and Virtue: The Bee that Wanders, and Sips from every Flower, diſpoſes what ſhe has Gather'd into her Cells.

EPIST. III.

Againſt all ſorts of Affeƈtation *in* Diſcourſe. *Phantaſtical* Studies; *Impertinent, and Unprofitable* Subtilties. Man's *Buſineſs is* Virtue, *not* Words.

THERE are many Men, (and ſome of great Senſe too) that loſe both the Profit, and the Reputation of good Thoughts, by the Uncouth Manner of Expreſſing them. They love to talk in *Myſtery*, and take it for a Mark of *Wiſdom*, not to be *Underſtood*. They are ſo fond of making themſelves Publick, that they will rather be Ridiculous, than not taken Notice of. When the Mind grows Squeamiſh, and comes to a Loathing of things that are common, as if they were *Sordid*, That Sickneſs betrays itſelf in our way of ſpeaking too: for we muſt have *New Words*, *New Compoſitions*; and

it

it paſſes for an Ornament to borrow from other Tongues, where we may be better furniſhed in our own. One Man prizes himſelf upon being *Conciſe*, and talking in *Parables:* Another runs himſelf out in *Words*; and that which He takes only for *Copious*, renders him to Others, both *Ridiculous* and *Tedious*. Others there are, that like the Error well enough, but cannot come up to't. But, take this for a Rule; *Whereſoever the Speech is Corrupted, ſo is the Mind.* Some are only for Words *Antiquated*, and long ſince out of Date; Others only for that which is *Popular*, and *Coarſe*; and they are both in the Wrong; for the One takes too little Care, and the Other too much. Some are for a *Rough, Broken Stile*, as if it were a thing Unmanly to pleaſe the Ear; others are too Nice upon the Matter of *Number*, and make it rather *Singing*, than *Speaking*. Some affect not to be Underſtood 'till the end of the Period, and hardly then neither. 'Tis not good, a Stile that is either too Bold, or too *Florid*; the One wants *Modeſty*, and the Other Effect. Some are too *Starcht*, and *Formal*; others take a Pride in being *Rugged*; and if they chance to let fall any thing that is ſmooth, they'll tranſpoſe and mangle it on purpoſe, only to maim the Period, and diſappoint a Body's Expectation. Theſe Errors are commonly introduc'd by ſome Perſon that is famous for his Eloquence; Others follow him, and ſo it paſſes into a Faſhion. And we are as much out in the Choice of the Matter, as in that of our Words.

There are ſome Studies which are only Matter of Curioſity, and Trial of Skill; Others of Pleaſure, and of Uſe: But ſtill there are many things worth the Knowing perhaps, that were not worth the Learning. It is a huge deal of time that is ſpent, in Cavilling about Words, and Captious Diſputations that work us up to an Edge, and then Nothing comes on't. There are ſome Tricks of Wit, like Slight of Hand, which amount to no more than the Tying of Knots only to Looſen them again; and it is the very Fallacy that pleaſes us; for, ſo ſoon as ever we know how they are done, the Satisfaction is at an End. He that does not underſtand

derſtand theſe *Sophiſms*, is never the worſe; and he that does, is never the better. If a Man tells me that I have Horns, I can tell him again, that I have None, without Feeling on my Forehead. Bion's *Dilemma makes all Men to be Sacriligious*, and yet at the ſame time maintains, That there is no ſuch thing as *Sacrilege*. *He that takes to himſelf* (ſays he) *what belongs to God, Commits Sacrilege; but all things belong to God, therefore he that applies any thing to his own Uſe, is Sacrilegious*. On the other ſide, the very *Rifling* of *a Temple* he makes to be *No Sacrilege: For 'tis* (ſays he) *but the taking of ſomething out of One place that belongs to God, and removing it to Another that belongs to him too*. The Fallacy lies in This, that though all Things Belong to him, all things are not yet Dedicated to him. There is no greater Enemy of Truth, than overmuch Subtilty of Speculation. *Protagoras* will have every thing Diſputable, and as much to be ſaid for the One ſide, as for the other. Nay, he makes it another Queſtion, *Whether every thing be Diſputable or no?* There are Others that make it a *Science*, to prove, That *Man knows Nothing*: But the former is the more Tolerable Error; for the Other takes away the very Hope of Knowledge; and it is better to know that which is ſuperfluous, than nothing at all. And yet it is a kind of Intemperance to deſire to Know more than enough; for it makes Men Troubleſome, Talkative, Impertinent, Conceited, *&c.* There is a certain Hankering after Learning; which if it be not put into a right way, hinders, and falls foul upon itſelf. Wherefore the Burden muſt be fitted to the Shoulders, and no more than we are Able to Bear. It is in a great Meaſure, the Fault of our Tutors, that teach their Diſciples rather how to Diſpute, than how to Live: and the Learner himſelf is alſo to blame, for applying himſelf to the Improvement, rather of his Wit, than of his Mind: By which Means Philoſophy is now turn'd to *Philology*. Put a *Grammarian* to a *Virgil*; he never heeds the *Philoſophy*, but the *Verſe*: Every Man takes Notes for his own Study. In the ſame Meadow the *Cow* finds *Graſs*, the *Dog* ſtarts a *Hare*, and the *Stork* ſnaps

ſnaps a *Lizzard*. *Tully's de Republica* finds Work both for the *Philoſopher*, the *Philologer*, and the *Grammarian*. The *Philoſopher* wonders how it was Poſſible to ſpeak ſo much againſt *Juſtice*. The *Philologer* makes this Obſervation, That *Rome* had *two Kings*: the One without a *Father*, and the Other without a *Mother*; for 'tis a Queſtion, who was *Servius his Mother*, and of *Ancus his Father* there is not ſo much as any Mention. The *Grammarian* takes notice, that *Reapſe* is uſed for *Reipſa*; and *Sepſe* for *Seipſe*. And ſo every Man makes his Notes for his own Purpoſe. Theſe Fooleries apart, let us learn to do Good to Mankind, and to put our Knowledge into Action. Our Danger is the being Miſtaken in Things, not in Words; and in the Confounding of Good and Evil. So that our whole Life is but one continued Error, and we live in Dependency upon To-morrow. There are a World of things to be Study'd, and Learned, and therefore we ſhould Diſcharge the Mind of things Unneceſſary, to make way for Greater Matters. The Buſineſs of the Schools is rather a Play, than a Study, and only to be done when we can do nothing elſe. There are many People that frequent them, only to Hear, and not to Learn; and they take Notes too, not to reform their Manners, but to pick up Words; which they Vent, with as little Benefit to others as they heard them, to themſelves. It coſts Us a great deal of Time, and other Mens Ears a great deal of Trouble, to purchaſe the Character of a Learned Man; wherefore I ſhall e'en content myſelf with the Coarſer Title of an Honeſt Man. The worſt of it is, that there is a Vain, and Idle Pleaſure in't, which tempts us to ſquander away many a precious Hour to very little Purpoſe. We ſpend ourſelves upon Subtilties, which may perchance make us to be thought Learn'd, but not Good. Wiſdom delights in Openneſs and Simplicity; in the Forming of our Lives, rather than in the Niceties of the Schools, which, at beſt, do but bring us Pleaſure without Profit. And in ſhort, the Things which the *Philoſophers* impoſe upon us with ſo much Pride, and Vanity, are little more than the ſame Leſſons over again, which they learn'd

learn'd at School. But ſome Authors have their Names up, though their Diſcourſes be mean enough; they Diſpute, and Wrangle, but they do not Edify, any farther, than as they keep us from ill doing, or perhaps ſtop us in our ſpeed to Wickedneſs. And there ought to be a Difference betwixt the Applauſes of the Schools, and of the Theatre; the One being mov'd with every Popular Conceit, which does not at all conſiſt with the Dignity of the Other. Whereas there are ſome Writings that ſtir up ſome generous Reſolutions, and do, as it were, inſpire a Man with a new Soul. They diſplay the Bleſſings of a Happy Life, and poſſeſs me at the ſame time with Admiration, and with Hope. They give me a Veneration for the Oracles of Antiquity, and a Claim to them, as to a Common Inheritance; for they are the Treaſure of Mankind, and it muſt be my Duty to Improve the Stock, and tranſmit it to Poſterity. And yet I do not love to hear a Man Cite *Zeno*, *Cleanthes*, *Epicurus*, without ſomething of his Own too. What do I care for the bare Hearing of That which I may Read? Not but that Word of Mouth makes a great Impreſſion, eſpecially when they are the Speaker's own Words: But he that only recites another Man's Words, is no more to me than a Notary. Beſide that, there's an end of Invention, if we reſt upon what's Invented already; and he that only Follows Another, is ſo far from finding out any thing New, that he does not ſo much as look for't. I do not pretend all this while to be the Maſter of Truth, but I am yet a moſt Obſtinate Inquiſitor after it. I am no Man's Slave; but as I aſcribe much to Great Men, I challenge ſomething to myſelf. Our Fore-fathers have left us not only their Invention, but Matter alſo for farther Enquiry, and perhaps they might have found out more things that are neceſſary, if they had not bent their Thoughts too much upon Superfluities.

Is not this a fine time for us to be fidling and fooling about Words? How many Uſeful, and Neceſſary Things are there, that we are Firſt to Learn, and Secondly, to imprint in our Minds? For 'tis not enough to Remember, and to Underſtand, unleſs we Do what we Know.

EPIST.

EPIST. IV.

Buſineſs, *and Want of* News, *are no Excuſe among Friends, for not* Writing. Wiſe Men *are the better for one another. How far* Wiſdom *may be advanced by* Precept.

YOUR Laſt Letter was very ſhort; and the whole Letter itſelf was little more than an Excuſe for the Shortneſs of it. One while you are ſo full of *Buſineſs*, that you cannot write at all; and another while, you have ſo little *News*, that you do not know what to Write. Now, aſſure yourſelf, that whoſoever has a Mind to Write may find Leiſure for't: And for your other Pretence, it looks as if we ourſelves were the leaſt part of our own Buſineſs. Put the Caſe that the whole World were becalm'd, and that there were neither Wars, Amours, Factions, Deſigns, Diſappointments, Competitors, or Law-Suits; no Prodigals, Uſurers, or Fornicators in Nature, there would be a large Field yet left for the Offices of Friendſhip, and for the Exerciſe of Philoſophy and Virtue. Let us rather conſider, what we ourſelves ought to do, than hearken after the Doings of other People. What ſignifies the Story of our Neighbour's Errors, to the reforming of our Own? Is it not a more Glorious, and Profitable Imployment, to write the Hiſtory of *Providence*, than to Record the Uſurpation of *Ambitious Princes*; and rather to Celebrate the Bounties of the Almighty, than the Robberies of *Alexander?* Nor is Buſineſs any Excuſe, for the Neglect, either of our Studies, or of our Friends. Firſt, we continue our own Buſineſs, and then we increaſe it: And inſtead of Lending, we do wholly Give ourſelves up to't, and hunt for Colourable Pretences of Miſ-ſpending our Time. But I ſay, that where-ever we are, or with whomſoever, or howſoever imploy'd, we have our Thoughts at Liberty.

You

You have here drawn a long Letter from me; and if you find it Tedious, you may thank yourſelf, for calling upon me to be as good as my Word. Not but that I write by Inclination too. For if we love the Pictures of our Friends, by what Hand ſoever they be drawn, How much more then ſhall we joy in a Friend's Letters, which are undoubtedly the moſt lively Pictures of one another? It is a Shame, you'll ſay, to ſtand in need of any Remembrancers of an Abſent Friend; and yet ſometimes the Place, a Servant, a Relation, a Houſe, a Garment, may honeſtly excite the Memory; and it renders every thing as Freſh to us, as if we were ſtill join'd in our Embraces, and drinking up one another's Tears. It is by the Benefit of Letters, that Abſent Friends are in a manner brought together; beſide that, *Epiſtolary Diſcourſes* are much more Profitable than Publick, and Premeditated Declamations. For they inſinuate themſelves into the Affections with more Freedom, and Effect, though with leſs Pomp, and Pretence. You do expect, perhaps, that I ſhould tell you, how gentle and ſhort a Winter we have had; how Cold and Unſeaſonable a Spring, or ſome other Fooleries, to as little Purpoſe. But, What are you and I the better for ſuch Diſcourſes? We ſhould rather be laying the Foundations of a good Mind; and learning to diſtinguiſh betwixt the Bleſſings of Virtue, and the Amuſements of Imagination. There came in ſome Friends to me Yeſterday, that made the Chimney ſmoke a little more than Ordinary; but not at a rate to make the Neighbourhood cry out *Fire*. We had Variety of Diſcourſe; and paſſing from one thing to another, we came at laſt to read ſomething of *Quintus Sextius:* (a Great Man, upon my Credit, deny it that will) Good God! The Force and Vigour of that Man's Writings! and how much are they above the Common Level of other Philoſophers! I cannot read them, methinks, without Challenging of Fortune, and Defying all the Powers of Ambition, and Violence. The more I Conſider him, the more I Admire him; for I find in him, (as in the World itſelf) *every Day* to be a *New Spectacle*, and to afford Freſh Matter ſtill for more Veneration. And

yet

yet the Wiſdom of our Fore-fathers has left Work enough for their Poſterity; even if there were no more in it than the Application of what they have tranſmitted to us of their own Invention. As, ſuppoſe, that they had left us Remedies for ſuch and ſuch Diſeaſes; ſo Certain, that we ſhould not need to look for any other Medicines; there would be ſome Skill yet requir'd in the applying of them in the proper Caſe, Proportion, and Seaſon. I have an Honour for the Memorials of our worthy Progenitors. If I meet a *Conſul*, or a *Prætor* upon the Road, I'll alight from my Horſe, uncover my Head, and give him the Way; and ſhall I have no Veneration now for the Names of the Governors of Mankind? No Man is ſo Wiſe, as to know all things; or if he did, one Wiſe Man may yet be helpful to another, in finding out a nearer way to the finiſhing of his Work: For, let a Man make never ſo much Haſte, it is ſome ſort of Aſſiſtance, the bare Encouraging of him to continue his Courſe; beſide the Comforts, and Benefits of Communication, in Loving, and being Belov'd, and in the mutual Approbation of each Other.

The laſt Point, you know, that you and I had in Debate, was, *Whether or no Wiſdom may be perfected by Precept*. There are ſome, that account only that part of *Philoſophy* to be Profitable to Mankind, which delivers itſelf in particular Precepts to particular Perſons, without Forming the whole Man: Teaching the Husband (for the Purpoſe) how to behave himſelf to his Wife; the Father how to train up, and Diſcipline his Children; and the Maſter how to Govern his Servants. As if any Man could be ſufficiently Inſtructed in the Parts of Life, without comprehending the whole Sum, and Scope of it. Others (as *Ariſto* the *Stoick*) are rather for the general Decrees of Philoſophers; which whoſoever knows in the main, that Perſon underſtands in every Particular how to Tutor himſelf. As he that learns to caſt a Dart when he has by Practice, and Exerciſe, gotten a true Aim, he will not only ſtrike This, or That Mark, but whatever he has a Mind to: So he that is well inform'd in the *Whole*, will need no Direction in the *Parts*, but under the Principles of a good Life,

Life, learn how to behave himſelf in all the Circumſtances of it. *Cleanthes* allows the *Paræneticｋ*, or *Preceptive Philoſophy*, to be in ſome ſort profitable; but yet very ſhort, and defective, unleſs as it flows from the Univerſal Underſtanding of the Heads, and Decrees of *Philoſophy*. Now the Queſtion is, whether this alone can make a Good Man, and whether it be Superfluous itſelf; or ſo Sufficient, as to make all other Knowledge appear ſo. They that will have it Superfluous, argue thus. If the Eyes be cover'd, there's no ſeeing, without removing the Impediment; and in that Condition, it is to no Purpoſe to bid a Man go to ſuch, or ſuch a Place, or to reach This or That with his Hand. And ſo it fares with the Mind; ſo long as That continues Clouded with Ignorance, and Error, 'tis Idle to give particular Precepts; as if you ſhould teach a Poor Man to act the part of a Rich; or one that is Hungry, how to behave himſelf with a Full Stomach: While the one is Neceſſitous, and the other half Starv'd, they are neither of them the better for't. And then, ſhall we give Precepts in *Manifeſt Caſes*, or in *Doubtful?* The Former need none, and in the Latter we ſhall not be believ'd. Nor is it enough ſimply to adviſe, unleſs we alſo give Reaſons for't. There are two Errors which we are liable to in this Caſe; either the Wickedneſs of Perverſe Opinions, which have taken Poſſeſſion of us; or at leaſt a Diſpoſition to entertain Error, under any Reſemblance of Truth. So that our Work muſt be, either to Cure a Sick Mind, that is already Tainted; or to prepoſſeſs an Evil Inclination, before it comes to an Ill Habit. Now, the Decrees of *Philoſophy* enable us in both theſe Caſes: Nor is it poſſible, by Particulars, to Obviate all Particular Occaſions. One Man Marries a Widow, another a Maid: She may be Rich, or Poor; Barren, or Fruitful; Young, or Ancient; Superior, Inferior, or Equal. One Man follows Publick Buſineſs, another flies it; ſo that the ſame Advice that is Profitable to the One, may be Miſchievous to the Other. Every One's is a particular Caſe, and muſt be ſuited with a particular Counſel. The Laws of *Philoſophy* are Brief, and extend to all; but the Variety of the Other is Incomprehenſible, and

and can never make that good to all which it promiſes to a few. The Precepts of Wiſdom lie Open, but the Degrees of it are Hidden in the Dark.

Now, in Anſwer, it does not hold, with the Mind, as with the Eye: If there be a Suffuſion, it is to be help'd by Remedy, and not by Precept. The Eye is not to be taught to diſtinguiſh Colours; but the Mind muſt be informed what to do in Life. And yet the Phyſician will Preſcribe Order alſo to the Patient, as well as Phyſick; and tell him, *You muſt bring your Eye to endure the Light by Degrees; have a Care of Studying upon a full Stomach*, &c. We are told, that Precepts do neither Extinguiſh nor Abate falſe Opinions in us, of Good, or Evil: And it ſhall be granted, that of Themſelves they are not able to ſubdue Vicious Inclinations: But this does not hinder them from being very uſeful to us in Conjunction with other Helps. Firſt, as they refreſh the Memory; and Secondly, as they bring us to a more Diſtinct View of the Parts, which we ſaw but confuſedly in the Whole. At the ſame rate, Conſolatories, and Exhortations will be found Superfluous, as well as Precepts. Which yet upon daily Experience we know to be otherwiſe. Nay, we are the better, not only for the Precepts, but for the Converſe of *Philoſophers*; for we ſtill carry away ſomewhat of the Tincture of Virtue, whether we will or no: But the Deepeſt Impreſſion they make, is upon Children. It is urged, that Precepts are Inſufficient without Proof; but, I ſay, that the very Authority of the Adviſer goes a great way in the Credit of the Advice: As we depend upon the Opinion of the Lawyer, without demanding his Reaſon for't. And again, whereas the Variety of Precepts is ſaid to be infinite, I cannot allow it. For the greateſt and moſt Neceſſary Affairs are not many; and for the Application to Time, Places, and Perſons, the Differences are ſo ſmall, that a few General Rules will ſerve the Turn. Nay, let a Man be never ſo Right in his Opinion, he may be yet more Confirm'd in it by Admonition. There are many things that may aſſiſt a Cure, though they do not perfect it; even Madmen themſelves may be kept in Awe by Menaces, and Correction.

Correction. But it is a hard matter, I muſt confeſs, to give Counſel at a Diſtance. For Advice depends much upon the Opportunity; and That perhaps which was Proper, when it was Deſir'd, may come to be Pernicious before it be Receiv'd. Some indeed may be Preſcrib'd, as ſome Remedies, at any Diſtance, and tranſmitted to Poſterity; but for Others, a Man muſt be upon the Place, and deliberate upon Circumſtances, and be not only preſent, but watchful, to ſtrike in with the very Nick of the Occaſion.

EPIST. V.

Seneca *gives an Account of Himſelf: Of his* Studies, *and of his* Inclinations: *With many Excellent Reflections upon the* Duties, *and the* Errors *of* Human Life.

YOUR Letters were Old, before they came to my Hand; ſo that I made no Enquiry of the Meſſenger what you were a doing; beſides that, wherever you are, I take it for granted, that I know your Buſineſs; and that you are ſtill upon the great work of perfecting your Self: A thing, not to be done by Chance, but by Induſtry and Labour. We are all of us Wicked, before we come to be Good. We are prepoſſeſs'd, ſo that we muſt unlearn Iniquity, and ſtudy Virtue. The great Difficulty is to begin the Enterprize: For a weak Mind is afraid of New Experiments. I have now given over troubling myſelf for fear of you; becauſe I have that Security for your well-doing, that never fail'd any Man. The Love of Truth, and of Goodneſs is become habitual to you. It may ſo fall out, that Fortune perhaps may do you an Injury; but there's no Fear of your doing yourſelf one. Go on as you have begun, and compoſe your Reſolutions; not to an Effeminate Eaſe, but to a Frame of Virtuous Quiet. It is a Double Kindneſs that you call me to ſo ſtrict an Account of my Time; that

that nothing leſs than a Diary of my Life will ſatisfy you: For I take it as a Mark, both of your Good Opinion, and of your Friendſhip; the Former, in believing that I do nothing which I care to Conceal; and the Other, in aſſuring yourſelf that I will make you the Confident of all my Secrets. I will hereafter ſet a Watch upon my Self, and do as you would have me; and acquaint you, not only with the Courſe, and Method, but with the very Buſineſs of my Life.

This Day I have had entire to my Self, without any knocking at my Door, or lifting up of the Hanging; but I have divided it betwixt my Book and my Bed, and been left at Liberty to do my own Buſineſs: For all the Impertinents were either at the Theatre, at Bowls, or at the Horſematch. My Body does not require much Exerciſe; and I am beholden to my Age for't: A little makes me Weary; and that's the End alſo of that which is moſt Robuſt. My Dinner is a Piece of dry Bread, without a Table, and without fouling my Fingers. My Sleeps are ſhort, and in truth a little Doubtful, betwixt ſlumbring and waking. One while I am reflecting upon the Errors of Antiquity; and then, I apply my Self to the Correcting of my Own. In my Reading, with Reverence to the Ancients, ſome things I Take, others I Alter; and ſome again I Reject; others, I Invent; without enthralling myſelf ſo to another's Judgment, as not to preſerve the Freedom of my own. Sometimes of a ſudden, in the Middle of my Meditations, my Ears are ſtruck with a Shout of a Thouſand People together, from ſome Spectacle or other; the Noiſe does not at all diſcompoſe my Thoughts; it is no more to me than the Daſhing of Waves, or the Wind in a Wood; but poſſibly ſometimes it may divert them. *Good Lord,* (think I) *If Men would but exerciſe their Brains, as they do their Bodies; and take as much Pains for Virtue, as they do for Pleaſure!* For Difficulties ſtrengthen the Mind, as well as Labour does the Body.

You tell me, that you want my Books more than my Counſels; which I take juſt as kindly, as if you ſhould have ask'd me for my Picture. For I have the very ſame

ſame Opinion of my Wit, that I have of my Beauty. You ſhall have both the One, and the Other, with my very Self into the Bargain.

In the Examination of my own Heart, I find ſome Vices that lie Open; Others more Obſcure, and out of Sight; and ſome that take me only by Fits. Which laſt I look upon as the moſt Dangerous and Troubleſom; for they lie upon the Catch, and keep a Man upon a perpetual Guard: Being neither provided againſt them, as in a State of War; nor Secure, as in any Aſſurance of Peace. To ſay the Truth, we are all of us as Cruel, as Ambitious, and as Luxurious as our Fellows. But we want the Fortune, or the Occaſion, perchance, to ſhew it. When the Snake is Frozen, 'tis Safe; but the Poiſon is ſtill in it, though it be Numb'd. We hate Upſtarts, that uſe their Power with Inſolence; when yet if we had the ſame Means, 'tis odds that we ſhould do the ſame thing ourſelves. Only our Corruptions are Private, for want of Opportunity to Employ them. Some things we look upon as Superfluous; and others, not as worth the while. But we never conſider, that we pay deareſt for that which we pretend to receive *Gratis*. As Anxiety, Loſs of Credit, Liberty, and Time. So cheap is every Man in Effect, that pretends to be moſt dear to himſelf. Some are Dipt in their Luſts, as in a River; there muſt be a Hand to help them out: Others are ſtrangely careleſs of good Counſel; and yet well enough diſpos'd to follow Example. Some again muſt be forced to their Duties, becauſe there's no Good to be done upon them by Perſuaſion. But, out of the whole Race of Mankind, how few are there that are able to help themſelves? Being thus conſcious of our own Frailty, we ſhould do well, to keep ourſelves quiet; and not to truſt weak Minds with Wine, Beauty, or Pleaſure. We have much ado, you ſee, to keep our Feet upon dry Ground: What will become of us then, if we venture ourſelves where it is ſlippery? 'Tis not to ſay, *This is a hard Leſſon, and we cannot go through with it.* For we *Can*, if we would *Endeavour* it; but we *Cannot*, becauſe we give it for granted that we *Cannot*, without trying whether we *Can*

or

or *No.* And what's the meaning of all this; but that we are pleas'd with our Vices, and willing to be maſter'd by them? So that we had rather excuſe, than caſt them off. The true Reaſon is we *Will not*; but the Pretence is that we *Cannot*. And we are not only under a *Neceſſity* of Error, but the very *Love* of it.

To give you now a Brief of my own Character, I am none of thoſe that take Delight in Tumults, and in ſtruggling with Difficulties. I had rather be Quiet, than in Arms: For I account it my Duty to bear up againſt Ill Fortune; but ſtill without Chuſing it. I am no Friend to Contention; eſpecially to that of the Bar: But I am very much a Servant to all Honeſt Buſineſs, that may be done in a Corner. And there is no Retreat ſo Unhappy, as not to yield Entertainment for a great Mind; by which a Man may make himſelf Profitable both to his Country, and to his Friends, by his Wiſdom, by his Intereſt, and by his Counſel. It is the Part of a good Patriot to preſer Men of Worth; to defend the Innocent; to provide good Laws; and to adviſe in War and in Peace. But, is not He as good a Patriot, that inſtructs Youth in Virtue; that furniſhes the World with Precepts of Morality, and keeps Human Nature within the Bounds of Right Reaſon? Who is the greater Man, he that pronounces a Sentence upon the Bench, or he that in his Study reads us a Lecture of Juſtice, Piety, Patience, Fortitude; the Knowledge of Heaven, the Contempt of Death, and the Bleſſing of a good Conſcience. The Soldier that guards the Ammunition and the Baggage, is as Neceſſary as he that fights the Battle. Was not *Cato* a greater Example than either *Ulyſſes* or *Hercules?* They had the Fame, you know, of being Indefatigable; Deſpiſers of Pleaſure, and great Conquerors, both of their Enemies, and of their Appetites. But *Cato*, I muſt confeſs, had no Encounters with Monſters; nor did he fall into thoſe Times of Credulity, when People believ'd, that the Weight of the Heavens reſted upon one Man's Shoulders. But he grappl'd with Ambition, and the unlimited Deſire of Power; which the whole World, divided under a *Triumvirate*, was not able to ſatisfy. He oppos'd himſelf to the Vices of a degenerate

degenerate City; even when it was now ſinking under its own Weight. He ſtood ſingle, and ſupported the falling Commonwealth, 'till at laſt, as inſeparable Friends, they were cruſh'd together: for neither would *Cato* ſurvive the Publick Liberty; nor did that Liberty out-live *Cato*. To give you now a farther Account of my Self: I am naturally a Friend to all the Rules and Methods of Sobriety and Moderation. I like the Old-faſhioned Plate that was left me by my Country Father: It is Plain and Heavy; And yet for all this, there is a kind of dazzling, methinks, in the Oſtentations of Splendor and Luxury. But it ſtrikes the Eye more than the Mind; and though it may Shake a Wiſe Man, it cannot Alter him. Yet it ſends me home many times ſadder, perhaps, than I went out; but yet, I hope, not worſe; tho' not without ſome ſecret Diſſatisfaction at my Own Condition. Upon theſe Thoughts I betake myſelf to my *Philoſophy*; and then, methinks, I am not well, unleſs I put myſelf into ſome Publick Employment: Not for the Honour, or the Profit of it; but only to place myſelf in a Station where I may be ſerviceable to my Country, and to my Friends. But when I come, on the other ſide, to conſider the Uneaſineſs, the Abuſes, and the Loſs of Time that attends Publick Affairs, I get me Home again as faſt as I can; and take up a Reſolution of ſpending the Remainder of my Days within the Privacy of my own walls. How great a Madneſs is it to ſet our Hearts upon Trifles; eſpecially to the Neglect of the moſt ſerious Offices of our Lives, and the moſt important End of our Being? How miſerable, as well as ſhort is their Life, that compaſs with great Labour, what they poſſeſs with Greater; and hold with Anxiety, what they acquire with Trouble? But, we are govern'd in all things by Opinion, and every thing is to us as we Believe it. What is *Poverty*, but a *Privative*; and not intended of what a Man *Has*, but of that which he has *Not?* The great Subject of Human Calamities, is *Mony*. Take all the Reſt together, as Death, Sickneſs, Fear, Deſire, Pain, Labour; and thoſe which proceed from *Mony*, exceed them all. 'Tis a wonderful Folly, that of Tumblers, Rope-Dancers,

Divers; what Pains they take, and what Hazards they run, for an inconſiderable Gain! And yet we have not Patience for the Thouſandth part of that Trouble, though it would put us into the Poſſeſſion of an Everlaſting Quiet. *Epicurus*, for Experiment ſake, confin'd himſelf to a narrower Allowance, than that of the ſevereſt Priſons to the moſt Capital Offenders; and found himſelf at Eaſe too in a ſtricter Diet, than a Man in the worſt Condition needs to fear. This was to prevent Fortune, and to fruſtrate the worſt which ſhe can do. We ſhould never know any thing to be Superfluous, but by the want of it. How many things do we provide only, becauſe others have them, for Faſhion ſake? *Caligula* offer'd *Demetrius* five thouſand Crowns; who rejected them with a Smile, as who ſhould ſay, *It was ſo little, it did him no honour the refuſing of it. Nothing leſs*, ſays he, *than the Offer of his whole Empire would have been a Temptation to have try'd the Firmneſs of my Virtue.* By this Contempt of Riches, is intended only the Fearleſs Poſſeſſion of them. And the way to attain That, is to perſuade ourſelves, that we may live Happily without them. How many of thoſe things, which Reaſon formerly told us were Superfluous, and Mimical, do we now find to be ſo by Experience? But we are miſ-led by the Counterfeit of Good on the One Hand, and the Suſpicion of Evil on the Other. Not that Riches are an Efficient Cauſe of Miſchief; but they are a precedent Cauſe, by way of Irritation, and Attraction. For they have ſo near a Reſemblance of Good, that moſt People take them to be Good. Nay, Virtue itſelf is alſo a precedent Cauſe of Evil; as many are Envy'd for their Wiſdom, or for their Juſtice. Which does not ariſe from the Thing itſelf, but from the Irreprovable Power of Virtue, that forces all Men to Admire, and to Love it. That is not *Good*, that is *More Advantageous* to us, but that which is *Only* ſo.

EPIST. VI.

The Bleſſings of a Virtuous Retirement. *How we come to the* Knowledge *of* Virtue. *A Diſtinction betwixt* Good *and* Honeſt. *A Wiſe Man Contents himſelf with his* Lot.

THERE is no Opportunity 'ſcapes me, of Enquiring Where you are, What you do, and What Company you keep: And I am well enough pleas'd that I can hear nothing concerning you; for it ſhews, that you live Retir'd. Not but that I durſt truſt you with the wide World too; But, however, it is not eaſy, ſuch a General Converſation: Nor is it abſolutely ſafe neither; for, though it ſhould not corrupt you, it would yet hinder you. Now, whereſoever you are, know, that I am with you, and you are ſo to Live, as if I both heard, and ſaw you. Your Letters are really Bleſſings to me, and the Senſe of your Improvements relieves me, even under the Conſideration of my own Decay. Remember, that as I am Old, ſo are You Mortal. Be true to yourſelf, and Examine yourſelf, whether you be of the ſame Mind To-day, that you were Yeſterday; for that's a Sign of perfect Wiſdom. And yet give me leave to tell you, that though Change of Mind be a Token of Imperfection; it is the Buſineſs of my Age to Unwill One Day, that which I Will'd Another. And let me recommend it to your Practice too, in many Caſes; for the Abatement of our Appetites, and of our Errors, is the beſt Entertainment of Mankind. It is for Young Men to Gather Knowledge, and for Old Men to Uſe it: And aſſure yourſelf, that no Man gives a fairer Account of his Time, than he that makes it his daily Study, to make himſelf Better. If you be in Health, and think it worth your while to become the Maſter of your Self; it is my Deſire, and my Advice, that you apply yourſelf to Wiſdom with your whole Heart: And judge of

your Improvement, not by what you ſpeak, or by what you write; but by the Firmneſs of your Mind, and the Government of your Paſſions. What Extremities have ſome Men endur'd in Sieges; even for the Ambition and Intereſt of other People! And, ſhall not a Man venture the Croſſing of an Intemperate Luſt, for the Conqueſt of himſelf; You do very well to betake yourſelf to a Private Life; and better yet, in keeping of that Privacy private. For, otherwiſe, your Retreat would look like Oſtentation: The greateſt Actions of our Lives are thoſe, that we do in a Receſs from Buſineſs: Beſides, that there are ſome Governments, and Employments, that a Man would not have any thing to do withal. And then it is to be conſider'd that Publick Offices, and Commiſſions, are commonly bought with our Money; whereas the great Bleſſings of Leiſure, and Privacy, coſt us Nothing. Contemplation is undoubtedly the beſt Entertainment of Peace; and only a ſhorter Cut to Heaven itſelf: Over and above that, Buſineſs makes us Troubleſom to Others, and Unquiet to our Selves; For, the End of one Appetite, or Deſign is the Beginning of Another. To ſay nothing of the Expence of Time in Vexatious Attendances, and the Danger of Competitors. Such a Man, perhaps, has more Friends at Court, than I have; a larger Train, a fairer Eſtate, more profitable Offices, and more Illuſtrious Titles. But, what do I care to be overcome by Men, in ſome Caſes, ſo long as *Fortune* is overcome by *Me* in *All?* Theſe Conſiderations ſhould have been earlier; for 'tis too late, in the Article of Death, to project the Happineſs of Life. And yet there is no Age better adapted to Virtue, than that which comes by many Experiments, and long Sufferings, to the Knowledge of it: For our Luſts are then weak, and our Judgment ſtrong; and Wiſdom is the Effect of Time.

Some are of Opinion, That we come to the Knowledge of Virtue by Chance; (which were an Indignity.) Others by Obſervation; and comparing Matters of Fact one with another; The Underſtanding, by a kind of *Analogy*, approving this, or that, for Good and Honeſt. Theſe are two Points, which others make wholly Different;

rent; but the *Stoicks* only divide them. Some will have every thing to be Good, that is Beneficial to us: As Mony, Wine; and ſo lower, to the meaneſt things we uſe. And they reckon that to be Honeſt, where there is a reaſonable Diſcharge of a common Duty: As Reverence to a Parent; Tenderneſs to a Friend; the Expoſing of ourſelves for our Country, and the Regulating of our Lives according to Moderation, and Prudence. The *Stoicks* reckon them to be Two; but ſo as to make *thoſe Two*, yet, out of *One*. They will have nothing to be Good, but what is Honeſt: nor any thing to be Honeſt, but that which is Good: So that in ſome ſort they are mix'd, and inſeparable. There are ſome things that are neither Good, nor Bad; as War, Embaſſy, Juriſdiction: But theſe, in the laudable Adminiſtration of them, do, of Doubtful, become Good; which Good is only a Conſequent upon Honeſty: But Honeſty is Good in itſelf, and the Other flows from it. There are ſome Actions that ſeem to us Matter of Benignity, Humanity, Generoſity, Reſolution; which we are apt to admire, as Perfect: And yet, upon farther Examination, we find, that great Vices were conceal'd under the Reſemblances of eminent Virtues. Glorious Actions are the Images of Virtue, but yet many things ſeem to be Good, that are Evil; and Evil, that are Good: And the Skill is to diſtinguiſh betwixt things that are ſo much Alike in Shew, and ſo Diſagreeing in Effect. We are led to the Underſtanding of Virtue, by the Congruity we find in ſuch and ſuch Actions to Nature, and Right Reaſon: By the Order, Grace, and Conſtancy of them; and, by a certain Majeſty, and Greatneſs, that ſurpaſſes all other things. From hence proceeds a happy Life; to which, nothing comes amiſs; but, on the contrary, every thing ſucceeds to our very Wiſh. There is no wrangling with Fortune; no being out of Humour for Accidents; whatſoever befalls me in my Lot, and whether in Appearance it be Good or Bad, it is God's Pleaſure; and it is my Duty to bear it. When a Man has once gotten a Habit of Virtue, all his Actions are Equal: He is conſtantly one, and the ſame Man; and he does well, not only upon Counſel, but out of Cuſtom too. Shall I tell you

now, in a word, the Sum of Human Duty? *Patience*, where we are to Suffer; and *Prudence*, in things we Do. It is a frequent Complaint in the World, that the things we Enjoy are but Few, Tranſitory, and Uncertain; ſo Ungrateful a Conſtruction do we make of the Divine Bounty. Hence it is, that we are neither willing to Die, nor contented to Live; betwixt the Fear of the one, and the Deteſtation of the other. Hence it is, that we are perpetually ſhifting of Counſels, and ſtill craving of more; becauſe that which we call Felicity, is not able to Fill us. And what's the Reaſon, but that we are not yet come to that Immenſe, and Inſuperable Good, which leaves us nothing farther to deſire? In that Bleſſed Eſtate we feel no Want; we are abundantly pleas'd with what we have; and what we have not, we do not regard; ſo that every thing is Great, becauſe it is Sufficient. If we quit this Hold, there will be no place for the Offices of Faith and Piety: In the Diſcharge whereof we muſt both ſuffer many things, that the World calls Evil; and part with many things, which are commonly accounted Good. True Joy is everlaſting; Pleaſures are falſe, and fugitive. It is a great Encouragement to *well-doing*, that when we are once in the Poſſeſſion of Virtue, it is our own for ever. While I ſpeak this to you, I preſcribe to myſelf; what I Write, I Read; and reduce all my Meditations to the Ordering of my own Manners. There is nothing ſo mean, and ordinary, but it is illuſtrated by Virtue; and Externals are of no more Uſe to it, than the Light of a Candle to the Glory of the Sun.

It is often Objected to me, that I adviſe People to quit the World, to Retire, and Content themſelves with a good Conſcience. But, what becomes of your Precepts then, (ſay they) that enjoin us to Die in Action? To whom I muſt anſwer, *That I am never more in Action, than when I am alone in my Study; where I have only lock'd up myſelf in Private, to attend the Buſineſs of the Publick. I do not loſe ſo much as one Day; nay, and part of the Night too I borrow for my Book. When my Eyes will ſerve me no longer, I fall aſleep; and, 'till then I work. I have Retir'd myſelf, not only from Men, but from*

from Buſineſs alſo: And my own, in the firſt Place, to attend the Service of Poſterity; In hope, that what I now Write, may, in ſome Meaſure, be Profitable to Future Generations.

But it is no New thing, I know, to Calumniate Virtue, and Good Men; for ſick Eyes will not endure the Light; but, like *Birds of Night*, they fly from it into their Holes. Why does ſuch a Man talk ſo much of his *Philoſophy*, and yet live in Magnificence? Of Contemning Riches, Life, Health: and yet cheriſh, and maintain them, with the greateſt Care Imaginable? Baniſhment, he ſays, is but an idle Name; and yet he can grow Old within his own Walls. He puts no Difference betwixt a Long Life, and a Short; and yet he ſpins out his Own, as far as it will go. The thing is this, He does not contemn Temporary Bleſſings, ſo as to refuſe, or drive them away; but if they Come, they are Welcome; if not, he'll never break his Heart for the Want of them: He takes them into his Houſe, not into his Soul; and he makes uſe of them, only as Matter for his Virtue to work upon. There is no doubt but a Wiſe Man may ſhew himſelf better in Riches, than in Poverty: That is to ſay, his Temperance, his Liberality, his Magnificence, Providence, and Prudence, will be more Conſpicuous. He will be a wiſe Man ſtill, if he ſhould want a Leg or an Arm; but yet he had rather be Perfect. He is pleas'd with Wealth, as he would be at Sea, with a fair Wind; or with a Glance of the warm Sun in a Froſty Morning: So that the things which we call Indifferent, are not yet without their Value: and Some greater than Others. But, with this Difference, betwixt the *Philoſophers* and the Common People, Riches are the Servants of the One, and the Maſters of the Other. From the One, if they depart, they carry away nothing but Themſelves; but from the Other, they take away the very Heart, and Peace of the Poſſeſſor along with them. It is true, that if I might have my Choice, I would have Health, and Strength; and yet if I come to be viſited with Pain, or Sickneſs, I would endeavour to Improve them to my Advantage, by making a Righteous Judgment of them; as I ought to do of all the Ap-

pointments of Providence. So that as they are not Good in themſelves, neither are they Evil; but Matter of Exerciſe for our Virtues; of Temperance, on the One Hand, and of Reſignation, on the Other.

EPIST. VII.

Of Impertinent Studies, and Impertinent Men. Philoſophers *the beſt Companions.*

HE that duly conſiders the Buſineſs of Life and Death, will find that he has little Time to ſpare from that Study: And yet how we trifle away our Hours upon Impertinent Niceties and Cavils! Will *Plato*'s imaginary Ideas make me an Honeſt Man? There's neither Certainty in them, nor Subſtance. *A Mouſe is a Syllable; but a Syllable does not eat Cheeſe: therefore a Mouſe does not eat Cheeſe.* Oh! theſe Childiſh Follies! Is it for this that we ſpend our Blood, and our good Humour, and grow Grey in our Cloſets? We are a jeſting, when we ſhould be helping the Miſerable; as well ourſelves as Others. There's no ſporting with Men in Diſtreſs. The Felicity of Mankind depends upon the Counſel of Philoſophers. Let us rather conſider what Nature has made Superfluous, and what Neceſſary: How eaſy our Conditions are, and how Delicious that Life, which is govern'd by Reaſon, rather than Opinion. There are Impertinent Studies, as well as Impertinent Men. *Didymus* the *Grammarian* wrote 4000 Books; wherein he is much concern'd to diſcover Where *Homer* was Born; Who was *Æneas*'s true Mother; and Whether *Anacreon* was the greater Whoremaſter, or Drunkard: With other Fopperies, that a Man would labour to Forget, if he knew them. Is it not an Important Queſtion, which of the Two was Firſt, the Mallet, or the Tongues? Some People are extremely Inquiſitive, to know how many Oars *Ulyſſes* had: Which was firſt written, the *Iliads*, or the *Odyſſes*; or if they were both done by the ſame Hand. A Man is never a Jot the more Learned for this Curioſity, but much the more Troubleſome. Am I ever the more Juſt, the more Moderate, Valiant, or Liberal,

beral, for knowing, that *Curius Dentatus* was the firſt that carry'd Elephants in Triumph? Teach me my Duty to Providence, to my Neighbour, and to myſelf: To Diſpute, with *Socrates*; to Doubt, with *Carneades*; to ſet up my Reſt, with *Epicurus*; to maſter my Appetites, with the *Stoicks*; and to Renounce the World, with the *Cynick*. What a deal of Buſineſs there is, Firſt, to make *Homer* a *Philoſopher*; and Secondly, in what *Claſſis* to Range him? One will have him to be a *Stoick*, a Friend to Virtue, and an Enemy to Pleaſure; preferring Honeſty even to Immortality itſelf: Another makes him an *Epicurean*; One that loves his Quiet, and to ſpend his Time in Good Company; Some are Poſitive in it, that he was a *Peripatetick*; and Others, that he was a *Sceptick*. But it is clear, that in being all theſe things, he was not any One of them. Theſe divided Opinions do not at all hinder us from agreeing upon the Main, That he was a wiſe Man. Let us therefore apply ourſelves to thoſe things that made him ſo, and e'en let the Reſt alone.

It was a pleaſant Humour of *Calvicius Sabinus*, a Rich Man, and one that manag'd a very good Fortune with a very Ill Grace. He had neither Wit, nor Memory; but would fain paſs for a Learned Man, and ſo took ſeveral into his Family; and whatſoever They knew, he aſſum'd to Himſelf. There are a ſort of People, that are never well, but at Theatres, Spectacles, and Publick Places; Men of Buſineſs, but it is only in their Faces; for they wander up and down without any Deſign; like *Piſmires*, Eager and Empty; and every thing they do, is only *as it happens*. This is an Humour, which a Man may call a kind of Reſtleſs Lazineſs. Others you ſhall have, that are perpetually in Haſte, as they were crying *Fire*, or running for a Midwife; and all this Hurry, perhaps only to ſalute ſome Body, that had no Mind to take Notice of them; or ſome ſuch trivial Errand. At Night, when they come home tired and weary, ask them Why they went out? Where they have been? And, what they have done? 'Tis a very ſlender Account they are able to give you; and yet the next Day they take the ſame *Jaunt* over again: This is a kind of Phantaſtical Induſtry, a great deal of Pains

taken to no purpoſe at all: Twenty Viſits made and no Body at home, (they themſelves leaſt of all:) They that have this Vice, are commonly Hearkeners, Tale-bearers, News-Mongers, Medlers in other Peoples Affairs, and curious after Secrets, which a Man can neither ſafely Hear, nor Report. Theſe Men of idle Employment, that run up and down, eternally vexing others, and themſelves too; that thruſt themſelves into all Companies; What do they get by't? One Man's Aſleep, another at Supper, a third in Company, a fourth in Haſte, a fifth gives them the Slip: And when their Folly has gone the Round, they cloſe up the Day with Shame and Repentance. Whereas *Zeno*, *Pythagoras*, *Democritus*, *Ariſtotle*, *Theophraſtus*, and all the Patrons of *Philoſophy*, and Virtue; they are always at Leiſure, and in Good Humour; Familiar, Profitable; a Man never comes away empty-handed from them; but, full of Comfort, and Satisfaction; they make all paſt Ages Preſent to us; or Us, Their Contemporaries. The Doors of theſe Men are open, Night, and Day; and in their Converſation there's neither Danger, Treachery, nor Expence; but we are the Wiſer, the Happier, and the Richer for it. How bleſſedly does a Man ſpend his time in this Company, where he may adviſe, in all the Difficulties of Life? Here's Counſel, without Reproach; and Praiſe without Flattery. We cannot be the Chuſers of our own Parents, but of our Friends we may; and adopt ourſelves into theſe Noble Families. This is the way of making Mortality in a manner, to be Immortal: The Time paſt, we make to be our own, by Remembrance; the preſent, by Uſe; and the future, by Providence, and Foreſight. That only may properly be ſaid to be the Long Life, that draws all Ages into One; and That a ſhort one, that Forgets the Paſt, Neglects the Preſent, and is Sollicitous for the Time to come. But it is not yet ſufficient to know what *Plato*, or *Zeno* ſaid, unleſs we make it all our Own by *Habit*, and *Practice*, and Improve both the World, and ourſelves, by an Example of Life Anſwerable to Their Precepts.

EPIST. VIII.

Againſt Singularity of Manners, *and* Behaviour.

IT is the Humour of many People, to be ſingular in their Dreſs, and Manner of Life; only to the End that they may be taken Notice of. Their Cloaths, forſooth, muſt be Coarſe, and Slovenly; their Heads and Beards neglected; their Lodgings upon the Ground, and they live in an open Defiance of Mony. What is all this, upon the whole Matter, but an Ambitious Vanity, that has crept in at the Back-Door? A Wiſe Man will keep himſelf clear of all theſe Fooleries, without diſturbing Publick Cuſtoms, or making himſelf a Gazing-ſtock to the People. But, Will this ſecure him, think you? I can no more warrant it, than that a Temperate Man ſhall have his Health: But it is very Probable that it may. A *Philoſopher* has enough to do to ſtand right in the World, let him be never ſo modeſt: And his Outſide ſhall be ſtill like that of other People, let them be never ſo Unlike *within*. His Garments ſhall be neither Rich, nor Sordid. No Matter for Arms, Motto's, and other Curioſities upon his Plate: But he ſhall not yet make it a Matter of Conſcience, to have no Plate at all. He that likes an Earthen Veſſel as well as a Silver, has not a greater Mind than he that uſes Plate, and Reckons it as Dirt. It is our Duty to live Better than the Common People, but not in Oppoſition to them; as if *Philoſophy* were a Faction; for by ſo doing, inſtead of Reforming, and Gaining upon them, we drive them away; and when they find it unreaſonable to Imitate us in All things, they will follow us in Nothing. Our Buſineſs muſt be to live according to *Nature*, and to own the Senſe of Outward things with other People: Not to torment the Body; and, with Exclamations againſt that which is Sweet and Cleanly, to Delight in Naſtineſs; and

and to uſe, not only a Coarſe, but a Sluttiſh, and Offenſive Diet. Wiſdom Preaches Temperance, not Mortification; and a Man may be a very Good Husband, without being a Sloven. He that ſteers a Middle Courſe, betwixt Virtue and Popularity; that is to ſay, betwixt Good Manners and Diſcretion, ſhall gain both Approbation, and Reverence. But, what if a Man Governs himſelf in his Cloaths, in his Diet, in his Exerciſes as he Ought to do? It is not that his Garments, his Meat, and Drink, or his Walking, are things Simply Good; but it is the Tenor of a Man's Life; and the Conformity of it to Nature, and Right Reaſon. *Philoſophy* obliges us to Humanity, Society, and the Ordinary Uſe of External Things. It is not a thing to pleaſure the People with, or to entertain an Idle Hour; but a Study for the Forming of the Mind, and the Guidance of Human Life. And a Wiſe Man ſhould alſo Live as he Diſcourſes, and in all Points be like himſelf; and in the firſt Place, ſet a Value upon himſelf, before he can pretend to become Valuable to others. As well our Good Deeds, as our Evil, come Home to us at laſt; he that is Charitable, makes others ſo by his Example, and finds the Comfort of that Charity when he wants it himſelf. He that is Cruel, ſeldom finds Mercy. 'Tis a hard Matter for a Man to be both Popular, and Virtuous; for he muſt be like the People that would oblige them: And the Kindneſs of Diſhoneſt Men is not to be acquir'd by Honeſt Means. He lives by Reaſon, not by Cuſtom; he ſhuns the very Converſation of the Intemperate, and Ambitious. He knows the danger of Great Examples of Wickedneſs, and that Publick Errors impoſe upon the World, under the Authority of Precedents; for they take for Granted, that they are never out of the Way, ſo long as they keep the Road.

We are beſet with Dangers; and therefore a Wiſe Man ſhould have his Virtues in continual Readineſs to Encounter them. Whether Poverty, Loſs of Friends, Pains, Sickneſs, or the like; He ſtill maintains his Poſt: Whereas a Fool is ſurpris'd at every thing, and afraid of his very Succours: Either he makes no Reſiſtance at all, or elſe he does it by Halves. He will neither take Advice

vice from Others, nor look to himſelf: He reckons upon *Philoſophy*, as a thing not worth his Time; and if he can but get the Reputation of a Good Man among the Common People, he takes no further Care, but accounts that he has done his Duty.

EPIST. IX.

The Bleſſings of a Vigorous Mind, *in a* Decay'd Body; *with ſome Pertinent Reflections of* Seneca *upon his Own* Age.

WHEN I call *Claranus* my School-fellow, I need not ſay any thing more of his Age, having told you, that he and I were *Contemporaries*. You would not Imagine, how Green, and Vigorous his Mind is, and the perpetual Conflict that it has with his Body. They were Naturally Ill-matcht; unleſs to ſhew, that a Generous Spirit may be lodg'd under any Shape. He has Surmounted all Difficulties; and, from the Contempt of Himſelf, is advanced to the Contempt of all things elſe. When I conſider him well, methinks his Body appears to me as fair as his Mind. If Nature could have brought the Soul Naked into the World, perhaps ſhe would have done it: But yet ſhe does a greater thing, in Exalting that Soul above all Impediments of the Fleſh. It is a great Happineſs, to preſerve the Force of the Mind, in the Decay of the Body; and to ſee the Loſs of Appetite more than Requited with the Love of Virtue. But, whether I Owe this Comfort to my *Age*, or to *Wiſdom*, is the Queſtion. And whether, if I could any longer, I would not ſtill do the ſame things over again, which I Ought not to do. If Age had no other Pleaſure than This, that it neither Cares for any thing, nor ſtands in need of any thing; it were a great one to me, to have left all my Painful and Troubleſome Luſts behind me. But, *'Tis uneaſy*, you'll ſay, *to be always in Fear of Death*. As if That Apprehenſion did not Concern a young

young Man as well as an Old; or that Death only call'd us, according to our Years. I am however beholden to my Old Age, that has now confin'd me to my Bed; and put me out of Condition of *doing* thoſe things any longer, which I ſhould *not* do. The leſs my Mind has to do with my Body, the Better. And if Age puts an end to my Deſires, and does the Buſineſs of Virtue, there can be no Cauſe of Complaint; nor can there be any Gentler End, than to melt away in a kind of Diſſolution. Where Fire meets with Oppoſition, and Matter to work upon, it is furious, and rages; but where it finds no Fuel, as in Old Age, it goes out quietly, for want of Nouriſhment. Nor is the Body the Settled Habitation of the Mind; but a Temporary Lodging, which we are to leave whenſoever the Maſter of the Houſe pleaſes. Neither does the Soul, when it has left the Body, any more Care what becomes of the Carcaſe, and the ſeveral Parts of it, than a Man does for the Shavings of his Beard under the Hand of the *Barber*. There is not any thing that Expoſes a Man to more Vexation, and Reproach, than the overmuch Love of the Body: For Senſe neither looks forward, nor backward, but only upon the preſent: Nor does it judge of Good, or Evil; or Foreſee Conſequences, which give a Connexion to the Order, and Series of Things, and to the Unity of Life. Not but that every Man has Naturally a Love for his own Carcaſe, as Poor People love even their own Beggarly Cottages; they are Old Acquaintances, and loth to part: And I am not againſt the Indulging of it neither; provided that I make not myſelf a Slave to it; for he that ſerves it, has many Maſters. Beſide that, we are in continual Diſorder: One while with Gripes, Pains in the Head, Tooth-Ach, Gout, Stone, Defluxions; ſome time with *too Much* Blood, other while with *too Little*: And yet this Frail, and Putrid Carcaſe of Ours, values itſelf as if it were Immortal. We put no Bounds to our Hopes, our Avarice, our Ambition. The ſame Man is *Vatinius* to-day, and *Cato* to-morrow: This Hour as Luxurious as *Apicius*, and the next as Temperate as *Tubero*: Now, for a Miſtreſs; by and by for a Wife: Imperious this Hour; Servile the next: Thriſty, and

and Prodigal; Laborious, and Voluptuous by Turns. But ſtill the Goods, or the Ills of the Body, do but Concern the Body (which is Peeviſh, Sour, and Anxious) without any Effect upon a Well-compos'd Mind. I was the other Day at my *Villa*, and Complaining of my Charge of Repairs: My Bailiff told me, *'Twas none of his Fault; for the Houſe was Old, and he had much ado to keep it from falling upon his Head.* (Well, thought I) *And what am I myſelf then, that ſaw the laying of the firſt Stone?* In the Gardens, I found the Trees as much out of Order, the Boughs Knotted, and Wither'd, and their Bodies over-run with Moſs. *This would not have been,* (ſaid I) *If you had Trenched them, and Water'd them, as you ſhould have done. By my Soul, Maſter,* (ſays the poor Fellow) *I have done what I could: But alas! they are all Dotards, and Spent. What am I then* (thought I to myſelf) *that planted all theſe Trees with my own Hands?* And then I come to bethink myſelf, that Age itſelf is not yet without its Pleaſures, if we did but know how to uſe them; and that the beſt Morſel is reſerv'd for the Laſt: Or at worſt, it is Equivalent to the Enjoying of Pleaſures, not to ſtand in need of any. It is but Yeſterday, methinks that I went to School. But Time goes faſter with an Old Man, than with a Young: Perhaps becauſe he Reckons more upon it. There is hardly any Man ſo Old, but he may hope for one Day more yet; and the longeſt Life is but a Multiplication of Days, nay, of Hours, nay, of Moments. Our Fate is ſet, and the Firſt Breath we draw is but the Firſt Step towards our Laſt. One Cauſe depends upon Another; and the Courſe of all things, Publick, and Private, is only a long Connexion of Providential Appointments. There is great Variety in our Lives; but all tends to the ſame Iſſue. Nature may uſe her own Bodies as ſhe pleaſes: but a Good Man has this Conſolation, that nothing Periſhes that he can call his Own. What *Muſt* be, *Shall* be; and that which is a *Neceſſity* to him that Struggles, is little more than *Choice* to him that is Willing. 'Tis Bitter, to be Forc'd to any thing; but things are Eaſy, when they are Comply'd with.

EPIST.

EPIST. X.

Cuſtom *is a Great Matter, either in* Good, *or* Ill. *We ſhould check our* Paſſions *Betimes. Involuntary Motions are Invincible.*

THERE is nothing ſo Hard, but Cuſtom makes it Eaſy to us. There are ſome, that never Laugh'd; others, that Wholly abſtain from Wine, and Women, and almoſt from Sleep. Much uſe of a Coach makes us loſe the Benefit of our Legs: So that we muſt be infirm to be in the Faſhion; and at laſt, loſe the very Faculty of Walking, by Diſ-uſing it. Some are ſo Plung'd in Pleaſures, that they cannot live without them. And, in This, they are moſt Miſerable; that what was, at *Firſt*, but *Superfluous*, is *Now* become *Neceſſary*. But their Infelicity ſeems to be then Conſummate, and Incurable, when Senſuality has laid hold of the Judgment; and Wickedneſs is become a Habit. Nay, ſome there are, that both Hate, and perſecute Virtue; and that's the laſt Act of Deſperation. It is much Eaſier to check our Paſſions in the Beginning, than to ſtop them in their Courſe: For, if Reaſon could not hinder us at firſt, they will go on in Deſpite of us. The *Stoicks* will not allow a Wiſe Man to have any Paſſions at all. The *Peripateticks* Temper them; but that Mediocrity is altogether Falſe, and Unprofitable. And 'tis all one, as if they ſaid, That we may be a *Little Mad*, or a *Little Sick*. If we give any ſort of Allowance to Sorrow, Fear, Deſires, Perturbations, it will not be in our Power to reſtrain them. They are fed from Abroad, and will increaſe with their Cauſes. And if we yield never ſo little to them, the leaſt Diſorder works upon the whole Body. It is not my purpoſe all this while, wholly to take away any thing, that is either Neceſſary, Beneficial, or Delightful to Human Life; but, to take That away, which may be Vicious in

in it. When I forbid you to Deſire any thing, I am yet content, that you may be willing to have it. So that I permit you the ſame things: And thoſe very Pleaſures will have a better Reliſh too, when they are enjoy'd with Anxiety; And when you come to Command thoſe Appetites, which before you ſerv'd. 'Tis Natural, you'll ſay, to weep for the Loſs of a Friend; to be mov'd at the Senſe of a Good, or Ill Report, and to be ſad in Adverſity. All this I'll grant you; and there is no Vice, but ſomething may be ſaid for't. At Firſt, 'tis Tractable and Modeſt; but if we give it Entrance, we ſhall hardly get it out again. As it goes on, it gathers Strength, and becomes quickly Ungovernable. It cannot be deny'd, but that all Affections flow from a Kind of Natural Principle; and that it is our Duty to take Care of ourſelves; but it is then our Duty alſo, not to be over indulgent. Nature has mingled Pleaſures, even with Things moſt Neceſſary; not that we ſhould value them for their own ſakes, but to make thoſe things which we cannot live without, to be more Acceptable to us. If we eſteem the Pleaſure for itſelf, it turns to Luxury; It is not the Buſineſs of Nature to Raiſe Hunger, or Thirſt, but to Extinguiſh them.

As there are ſome Natural Frailties, that by Care, and Induſtry, may be Overcome; ſo there are others, that are Invincible: As for a Man that values not his own Blood, to Swoon at the Sight of another Man's. Involuntary Motions are Inſuperable, and Inevitable; as the ſtaring of the Hair at Ill News; bluſhing at a Scurrilous Diſcourſe; ſwimming of the Head upon the ſight of a Precipice, *&c.* Who can Read the Story of *Clodius*'s Expelling *Cicero*, and *Anthony*'s Killing of him, the Cruelties of *Marius*, and the Proſcriptions of *Sylla*, without being mov'd at it? The Sound of a Trumpet, the Picture of any thing that is Horrid, the Spectacle of an Execution, ſtrikes the Mind, and works upon the Imagination. Some People are ſtrangely ſubject to Sweat, to Tremble, to Stammer; Their very Teeth will Chatter in their Heads, and their Lips Quiver; and eſpecially in Publick Aſſemblies. Theſe are Natural

Natural Infirmities; and it is not all the Reſolution in the World, that can ever Maſter them. Some Redden when they are Angry; *Sylla* was one of thoſe; and when the Blood Fluſh'd into his Face, you might be ſure he had Malice in his Heart. *Pompey*, on the other ſide, (that hardly ever ſpake in Publick without a Bluſh) had a wonderful Sweetneſs of Nature; and it did exceedingly well with him. Your *Comedians* will repreſent Fear, Sadneſs, Anger, and the like; but when they come to a Baſhful Modeſty, though they'll give you Humbleneſs of Looks, Softneſs of Speech, and downcaſt Eyes, to the very Life, yet they can never come to expreſs a Bluſh; for it is a thing neither to be commanded, nor hindred; but it comes and goes of its own Accord. The Courſe of Nature is Smooth, and Eaſy; but when we come to Croſs it, we ſtrive againſt the Stream. It is not for one Man to Act another Man's part. For Nature will quickly Return, and take off the Mask. There is a kind of Sacred Inſtinct that moves us. Even the worſt, have a Senſe of Virtue. We are not ſo much Ignorant, as Careleſs. Whence comes it, that Grazing Beaſts diſtinguiſh Salutary Plants from Deadly? A Chicken is afraid of a Kite; and not of a Gooſe, or a Peacock, which is much bigger: A Bird, of a Cat, and not of a Dog. This is Impulſe, and not Experiment. The Cells of Bees, and the Webs of Spiders, are not to be imitated by Art, but it is Nature that teaches them. The Stage-Player has his Actions, and Geſtures in Readineſs; but This is only an Impovement by Art, of what Nature teaches them; who is never at a Loſs for the Uſe of herſelf. We come into the World with this Knowledge; and we have it by a Natural Inſtitution; which is in no Other, than a Natural *Logick*. We brought the Seeds of Wiſdom itſelf. There is the Goodneſs of God, and That of Man; The One is Immortal, the other Mortal; Nature perfects the One, and Study the Other.

EPIST. XI.

We are Divided in Ourſelves; and Confound Good *and* Evil.

IT is no wonder that Men are generally very much Unſatisfied with the World; when there's not one Man of a Thouſand that agrees with Himſelf; and that's the Root of our Miſery; only we are willing to charge our own Vices, upon the Malignity of Fortune. Either we are Puffed up with Pride, Rack'd with Deſires, Diſſolv'd in Pleaſures, or Blaſted with Cares; and which perfects our Unhappineſs, we are never Alone, but in perpetual Conflict, and Controverſy with our Luſts. We are ſtartled at all Accidents. We Boggle at our own Shadows and Fright one another. *Lucretius*, ſays, *That we are as much afraid in the Light, as Children in the Dark*; but I ſay, *That we are altogether in Darkneſs, without any Light at all, and we run on blindfold, without ſo much as Groping out our Way; which Raſhneſs in the Dark, is the worſt ſort of Madneſs.* He that is in his Way, is in hope of coming to his Journey's End; but Error is Endleſs. Let every Man therefore examine his Deſires, whether they be according to rectify'd Nature, or not. That Man's Mind can never be Right, whoſe Actions Diſagree. We muſt not live by Chance; for there can be no Virtue without Deliberation, and Election. And, where we cannot be Certain, let us follow that which is moſt Hopeful, and Probable. Faith, Juſtice, Piety, Fortitude, Prudence, are Venerable, and the Poſſeſſions only of Good Men; but a Plentiful Eſtate, a Brawny Arm, and a Firm Body, are many times the Portion of the Wicked. The Perfection of Human Nature, is that State, which ſupports itſelf, and ſo is out of the Fear of Falling. It is a great Weakneſs for a Man to value himſelf upon any thing

thing, wherein he ſhall be out-done by Fools, and Beaſts. We are to conſider Health, Strength, Beauty, and other Advantages of that Kind, only as Adventitious Comforts: We may preſerve them with Care, provided that we be always Ready to Quiet them, without Trouble. There is a Pleaſure in Wickedneſs, as well as in Virtue, and there are thoſe that take a Glory in it too; wherefore our Fore-fathers preſcrib'd us the beſt Life, and not the moſt Plentiful; and allow'd us Pleaſure for a Companion, but not for a Guide. We do many times take the Inſtruments of Happineſs, for the Happineſs itſelf; and reſt upon thoſe Matters, that are but in the way to't. That Man only lives Compos'd, who thinks of every thing that may happen before he feels it. But this is not yet to adviſe, either Neglect, or Indifference; for I would avoid any thing that may hurt me, where I may honourably do it. But yet I would conſider the worſt of things before-hand. Examine the Hope, and the Fear; and, where things are uncertain, favour yourſelf, and believe That which you had rather ſhould come to paſs. There are not many Men that know their own Minds, but in the very Inſtant of Willing any thing. We are for one thing To-day, another thing To morrow; ſo that we Live and Die, without coming to any Reſolution: Still ſeeking that elſewhere, which we may give ourſelves; That is to ſay, a Good Mind. And, in truth, we do perſuade ourſelves, That in ſeveral Caſes, we do Deſire the thing, which effectually we do not Deſire. And all This, for want of Laying down ſome Certain Principles, to make Judgment Inflexible and Steady. When we do any Evil, it is either for Fear of greater Evil, or in Hope of ſuch a Good, as may more than Balance that Evil. So that we are here Diſtracted betwixt the Duty of Finiſhing our Purpoſe, and the Fear of Miſchief, and Danger. This Infirmity muſt be Diſcharg'd. In the Purſuit of Pleaſures, we ſhould take Notice, that there are not only Senſual, but Sad Pleaſures alſo, which Tranſport the Mind with Adoration, (though they do not Tickle the Senſes) give us a Veneration for thoſe Virtues that exerciſe themſelves in Sweat, and Blood.

All

All true Goods hold an Affinity and Friendſhip one with another; and they are Equal; but falſe Ones have in them much of Vanity; they are large and ſpecious to the Eye; but upon Examination, they want Weight. Now, though Virtues are all alike, they may yet be diſtinguiſhed into Deſirable, and Admirable; Virtues of Patience, and of Delight: But, in the Matter of Common Accidents, there is not any thing which is truly worthy, either of our Joy, or of our Fear. For Reaſon is immoveable; does not Serve but Command our Senſes. What is Pleaſure, but a Low and Brutiſh thing? Glory is Vain, and Volatile; Poverty only hard to him that does not Reſiſt it; Superſtition is a Frantick Error, that Fears where it ſhould Love; and Rudely Invades where it ſhould Reverentially Worſhip. Death itſelf is no Evil at all, but the Common Benefit, and Right of Nature. There is a great Difference, betwixt thoſe things which are Good in Common Opinion, and thoſe which are ſo in Truth and Effect: The Former have the Name of Good things, but not the Propriety: They may befall us, but they do not Stick to us: And they may be taken away without either Pain to us, or Diminution. We may uſe them, but not truſt in them; For, they are only Depoſited; and, they muſt, and will Forſake us. The only Treaſure is That, which Fortune has no Power over: And the Greater it is, the leſs Envy it carries along with it. Let our Vices Die before Us, and let us Diſcharge ourſelves of our Dear-bought Pleaſures, that hurt us, as well Paſt, as to come; for they are follow'd with Repentance, as well as our Sins. There's neither Subſtance in them, nor Truth; for a Man can never be weary of Truth; but there's a Satiety in Error. The Former is always the ſame, but the Latter is Various; and if a Man looks near it, he may ſee through it. Beſide that, the Poſſeſſions of a wiſe Man are maintained with Eaſe. He has no need of Ambaſſadors, Armies, and Caſtles; but, like God himſelf, he does his Buſineſs without either Noiſe or Tumult. Nay, there is ſomething ſo Venerable, and Sacred in Virtue, that if we do but meet with any thing like it, the very Counterfeit pleaſes us.

By

By the help of *Philoſophy* the Soul gives the ſlip to the Body, and Refreſhes itſelf in Heaven. Pleaſures, at beſt, are ſhort-liv'd; but the Delights of Virtue are Secure and Perpetual. Only we muſt Watch, Labour, and Attend it ourſelves. For 'tis a Buſineſs, not to be done by a Deputy. Nor is it properly a Virtue to be a little better than the Worſt. Will any Man boaſt of his Eyes becauſe they tell him that the Sun Shines? Neither is he preſently a Good Man, that thinks Ill of the Bad. For Wicked Men do that too; and 'tis perhaps the Greateſt Puniſhment of Sin, the Diſpleaſure that it gives to the Author of it. The ſaddeſt Caſe of all is, when we become Enamour'd of our Ruin, and make Wickedneſs our Study; when Vice has got a Reputation; and when the Diſſolute have loſt the Only Good thing they had in their Exceſſes, the Shame of Offending. And yet the Lewdeſt part of our Corruptions, is in Private; which, if any body had look'd on, we ſhould never have Committed. Wherefore, let us bear in our Minds the *Idea* of ſome great Perſon, for whom we have an Awful Reſpect; and his Authority will even Conſecrate the very Secret of our Souls: and make us, not only mend our Manners, and purify our very Thoughts; but in good time render us Exemplary to others, and Venerable to ourſelves. If *Scipio*, or *Lælius* were but in our Eye, we ſhould not dare to Tranſgreſs. Why do we not make ourſelves then ſuch Perſons, as in whoſe Preſence we dare not offend?

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

EPIST. XII.

We are mov'd at the Novelty *of things for want of Underſtanding the* Reaſon *of them.*

THE whole Subject of *Natural Philoſophy*, falls under theſe three Heads; the Heavens, the Air, and the Earth. The firſt treats of the Nature of the Stars; their Form, and Magnitude: the Subſtance of the Heavens; whether Solid or not, and whether they move of Themſelves, or be mov'd by any thing Elſe; whether the Stars be below them, or fixt in their Orbs: In what manner the Sun divides the Seaſons of the Year; and the like. The Second Part enquires into the Reaſon of Things betwixt the Heavens and the Earth; as Clouds, Rain, Snow, Thunder, and whatſoever the Air either does or ſuffers. The Third handles Matters that have a regard to the Earth; as the Difference of Soils, Minerals, Metals, Plants, Groves, *&c. But theſe are Conſiderations wholly foreign to our Purpoſe, in the Nature of them: though they may be of very Proper, and Pertinent Application.* There is not any Man ſo Brutal, and ſo Groveling upon the Earth, but his Soul is rous'd, and carry'd up to higher Matters, and Thoughts, upon the Appearance of any New Light from Heaven. What can be more worthy of Admiration, than the Sun, and the Stars in their Courſes, and Glory? and yet ſo long as Nature goes on in her Ordinary way, there's no body takes Notice of them: But when any thing falls out beyond Expectation and Cuſtom, what a Gazing, Pointing, and Queſtioning is there preſently about it! The People gather together, and are at their Wits End; not ſo much at the Importance of the Matter, as at the Novelty. Every Meteor ſets People agog to know the

the Meaning of it, and what it portends; and whether it be a Star or a Prodigy: So that it is worth the while to enquire into the Nature, and Philoſophy of theſe Lights, (*though not the Buſineſs of this Place*) that by diſcovering the Reaſon, we may overcome the Apprehenſion of them. There are many things which we know to Be, and yet we know nothing at all of what they Are. Is it not the Mind that moves us, and reſtrains us? But, *What* that ruling Power is, we do no more underſtand, than we know *Where* it is. One will have it to be a Spirit: Another will have it to be a Divine Power; Some only a Subtile Air: Others an Incorporeal Being: and ſome again will have it to be only Blood, and Heat. Nay, ſo far is the Mind from a perfect Underſtanding of Other things, that it is ſtill in ſearch of itſelf. It is not long ſince we came to find out the Cauſes of Eclipſes: And farther Experience will bring more things to Light, which are as yet in the Dark; But one Age is not ſufficient for ſo many Diſcoveries. It muſt be the Work of Succeſſions, and Poſterity; and the time will come, when we ſhall wonder that Mankind ſhould be ſo long ignorant of things, that lay ſo open, and ſo eaſy to be made Known. Truth is offer'd to all; but we muſt yet content ourſelves with what's already found; and leave ſome Truths to be retriev'd by After-Ages. The exact Truth of things is only known to God; but it is yet lawful for us to Enquire, and to Conjecture, though not with too much Confidence: Nor yet altogether without Hope. In the firſt Place however, Let us Learn things Neceſſary; and if we have any time to ſpare, we may apply it to Superfluities.

Why do we trouble ourſelves about things which poſſibly *May* Happen, and peradventure *Not?* Let us rather provide againſt thoſe Dangers that Watch us, and lie in Wait for us. To ſuffer Shipwreck, or to be Cruſh'd with the Ruin of a Houſe; theſe are great Misfortunes, but they ſeldom Happen. The Deadly,

Deadly, and the Hourly Danger that threatens Human Life, is from one Man to another. Other Calamities do commonly give us ſome Warning: The Smoke gives us notice of a Fire; the Clouds bid us provide for a Storm; but Human Malice has no Prognoſtick; and the Nearer it is, the Fairer it Looks. There is no truſt to the Countenance; we carry the Shapes of Men, and the Hearts of Beaſts. Nay, we are worſe than Beaſts; for a Beaſt has only no Reaſon at all; but the Other is perverted, and turns his Reaſon to his Miſchief. Beſide that, all the Hurt which they do, is out of Fear, or Hunger; but Man takes Delight in Deſtroying his Own Kind. From the *Danger* we are in from Men, we may conſider our *Duty* to Them: and take care that we neither Do, nor Suffer Wrong. It is but Human, to be Troubled at the Miſfortunes of Another, and to Rejoice at his Proſperity. And, it is likewiſe prudent, to bethink ourſelves what we are to Do, and what we are to avoid; by which Means we may keep ourſelves from being either Harm'd, or Deceiv'd. The things that moſt provoke one Man to do Hurt to another, are Hope, Envy, Hatred, Fear, and Contempt; but Contempt is the ſlighteſt. Nay, many Men have betaken themſelves to it for their Security. There is no doubt, but he that is Contemn'd, ſhall be trod upon; but then his Enemy paſſes over him as not worth his Anger.

EPIST. XIII.

Every Man is the Artificer of his own Fortune. Of Juſtice *and* Injuſtice.

THE ſhort of the Queſtion betwixt you and me, is This; *Whether a Man had better part with Himſelf, or ſomething elſe that belongs to Him?* And it is eaſily Reſolv'd in all Competitions betwixt the Goods of Senſe, and Fortune; and thoſe of Honour, and Conſcience. Thoſe things which all Men covet, are but ſpecious Outſides; and there's nothing in them of ſubſtantial Satisfaction. Nor is there any thing ſo Hard, and Terrible in the Contrary, as the Vulgar imagine; only the Word *Calamity* has an ill Reputation in the World; and the very *Name* is more grievous than the *Thing itſelf*. What have I to complain of, if I can turn that to Happineſs, which others count a Miſery? A wiſe Man either Repels, or Elects, as he ſees the Matter before him, without Fearing the Ill which he rejects, or Admiring what he chuſes. He is never ſurpris'd; but in the midſt of Plenty he prepares for Poverty: as a prudent Prince does for War, in the Depth of Peace. Our Condition is good enough, if we make the Beſt on't; and our Felicity is in our own Power. *Things that are Adventitious, have no Effect upon him, that Studies to make ſure of his Happineſs within himſelf.* Every Man ſhould ſtand upon his Guard againſt Fortune; and take moſt heed to himſelf when She ſpeaks him faireſt. All the Advantage ſhe gets upon us, is at Unawares; whereas He that is provided for her, and ſtands the Firſt Shock, carries the Day. It is not with Common Accidents of Life, as with Fire, and Sword, that burn and cut all alike; but Misfortunes work more or leſs, according to the Weakneſs, or Reſolution of the Patient. He that grieves

gries for the Loſs of Caſual Comforts, ſhall never want Occaſion of Sorrow. We ſay commonly, *That every Man has his weak Side:* But give me leave to tell you, That he that maſters One Vice, may maſter all the Reſt. He that ſubdues Avarice, may conquer Ambition. It is not for Philoſophy to excuſe Vices. The Patient has little Hope of Health, when the Phyſician preſcribes Intemperance: Though I know, on the other ſide, that he that does any thing above the Ordinary, does but ſet up himſelf for a Mark to Malevolence, and Envy. Where Laws are neglected, Corruptions muſt Inevitably be Introduced: for the Authority of Virtue is ſhaken. And what are *Laws*, but only *Precepts* mingled with *Threats?* With this Difference, that the former Deter us from Wickedneſs, and the latter Adviſe us to Virtue. A Preamble, methinks, derogates from the Honour of a Law, which ought to be Short and Clear; and to Command, without ſuffering any Expoſtulation. It is a flat, and an idle Thing, a Law with a Prologue. Let me only be told my Duty, and I am not to *Diſpute*, but to *Obey*.

If I have not acquitted myſelf of my laſt Promiſe to you; know, that in all Promiſes, there is a tacit Reſerve; *If I Can*; *If I Ought:* or, *If Things Continue in the ſame State:* So that by the Change of Circumſtances, I am diſcharg'd of my Obligation. I know very well the Bonds of Juſtice; and yet the Practices of the World to the contrary. There are no greater Exacters of Faith, than the Perfidious; no greater Perſecutors of Falſhood, than the Perjurious. He that loves his Neighbour's Wife, and for that very Reaſon, becauſe ſhe is another Man's, locks up his Own. The Wickedneſs of other Men we have always in our Eye, but we caſt our own over our Shoulders. A Worſe Father Chaſtiſes a Better Son: He that denies nothing to his own Luxury, will pardon Nothing in another Man's. A Tyrant is offended at Bloodſhed; the Sacrilegious puniſhes Theft, and the greater part of the World quarrels rather with the Offender, than with the Offence. It is very rare, that either the Joy or the Benefit of an Eſtate injuriouſly gotten, continues long. Men go together

by the Ears about the Booty, and we pay dear for things of Little Value. We live and die, lugging one another, breaking one another's Reſt; and our Lives are without Fruit, and without Pleaſure. Juſtice is a Natural Principle. I muſt live Thus with my Friend, Thus with my Fellow Citizen, Thus with my Companion: And why? Becauſe 'tis Juſt: not for Deſign, or Reward: For it is Virtue itſelf, and nothing elſe, that pleaſes us. There is no Law Extant for keeping the Secrets of a Friend, or for not breaking Faith with an Enemy. And yet there's Juſt Cauſe of Complaint, if a Body betrays a Truſt. If a Wicked Man call upon me for Mony that I owe him; I'll make no Scruple of pouring it into the Lap of a Common Proſtitute, if ſhe be appointed to Receive it. For my Buſineſs is to Return the Mony, not to order him how he ſhall Diſpoſe of it. I muſt pay it to a Good Man, when it is Expedient; and to a Bad, when he Calls for't.

EPIST. XIV.

Of Truſt in Friendſhip. Prayer; and Bodily Exerciſe.

THERE are ſome People, that if any thing goes Croſs with them, though of a Quality only fit for the Ear of a Friend, out it goes at a Venture to the Next Comer: Others again are ſo ſuſpicious, and ſo obſtinately cloſe, that they will rather periſh than truſt the beſt Friend they have with it; They are, both of them, in the Wrong: only the one is the Better-natur'd Error, and the other the Safer. Now, as to the Truſt of a Friend: there are many Innocent things which in their own Nature, may ſeem to be Privacies, and which Cuſtom has ever Reputed ſo; in which Caſes, there is place enough for the Offices of Friendſhip, in the mutual Communication of our moſt ſecret Cares, and Counſels. But yet we are ſo to govern ourſelves, that even an Enemy ſhould not turn our Actions to Reproach. For an

an Honeſt Man lives not to the World, but to his own Conſcience. There is a certain Softneſs of Nature, and Spirit, that ſteals upon a Man; and, like Wine, or Love, draws all things from him. No Man will either Conceal, or Tell, all that he Hears. But he that tells the Thing, will hardly conceal the Author: So that it paſſes from one to another; and that which was at firſt a Secret, does preſently become a Rumour. For this and for many other Reaſons, we ſhould ſet a Watch upon our Lips; and attend the more uſeful, and neceſſary Work of Contemplation. The firſt Petition that we are to make to God Almighty, is for a *Good Conſcience*; the Second, for *Health of Mind*; and then, of *Body*. There are ſome things which we directly wiſh for, as Joy, Peace, and the like; Some that we pray for, only in Caſe of Neceſſity; as Patience in Pain, or Sickneſs, *&c.* Others that concern our External Behaviour, as Modeſty of Countenance, Decency of Motion, and ſuch a Demeanour, as may become a prudent Man. Many things may be Commodious; that is to ſay, they may be of more Uſe than Trouble: and yet not ſimply Good. Some things we have for Exerciſe, others for Inſtruction, and Delight. Theſe things belong to us only as we are *Men*, but not as we are *Good Men*. Some things ſerve to correct, and regulate our Manners; Others, to Enquire into the Nature, and Original of them. How ſhall we know what a Man is to do, if we do not ſearch into his Nature, and find out what is beſt for him, and what he is to Avoid, and what to Purſue? Humanity not only keeps us from being Proud, and Covetous: but it makes us Affable and Gentle, in our Words, Actions, and Affections. We have no Precepts from the *Liberal Arts*, neither for this, nor for Sincerity, Integrity of Manners, Modeſty, Frugality; no nor for Clemency itſelf; which makes us as tender of another's Blood, as of our own; and diſtinguiſhes *Men in Society*, from *Beaſts of Prey*. Some People are ever Complaining of the Iniquity of the Times: But, let no Man depend upon the Goodneſs of his Cauſe, but rather upon the Firmneſs of his Courage; There may be Force, or Bribery: I would hope the Beſt, but prepare for the Worſt. What if I have ſerv'd an Ungrateful Intereſt,

and Suffer'd wrongfully? An Honeſt Man is more troubled for the Injuſtice of a ſevere Sentence, than for the Cruelty of it: and that his Country has done an Ill thing; rather than that he himſelf ſuffers it. If he be Baniſh'd, the Shame is not his, but the Authors of it. He tempers his Delights, and his Afflictions, and ſays to himſelf, That if our Joys cannot be long, neither will our Sorrows. He is Patient in his own Misfortunes: without Envy at the Advantages of his *Neighbour*. His Virtue is Bolder in the *Oppoſition* of Ill things, than Tyranny itſelf can be in the *Impoſing* of them. This is rather to tell you what you do already, than what you ſhould do. Go on, as you have begun, and make haſte to be Perfect: But take Notice, that the Mind is to be now and then Unbent; a Glaſs of Wine, a Journey, a Mouthful of Freſh Air, relieves it: But then there's a Difference betwixt a Remiſſion, and a Diſſolution. Without Exerciſe, a dull Humour invades us; and it is remarkable, that Men of brawny Arms, and broad Shoulders, have commonly weak Souls. Some Exerciſes are ſhort, and gentle, and ſet the Body Right preſently. But, whatever we do, let us return quickly to the Mind; for that muſt not lie idle. A little Labour ſerves it; and it works in all Seaſons: in Summer, Winter, Old Age; Nothing hinders it. And, to make it more Valuable, it is every day better than other. Not that I would have you perpetually poring upon a Book neither; but allow yourſelf ſeaſonable Reſpites, and to't again. A Coach, or a Walk, does your Body good, without Interrupting your Study: For you may Diſcourſe, Dictate, Read, Hear, at the ſame time. Now though the Exerciſe be laudable, and healthful; yet the Maſters of them are for the moſt part of Lewd Example. They divide their Lives betwixt the Tavern and the Hot-houſe; and a ſwimming Debauch is a good Day's Work with them. But, how apt are we to ſet Bounds to others, and none to ourſelves; and to obſerve their Warts, when our own Bodies are cover'd with Ulcers! What is more Ordinary, than for People to reverence and deteſt the Fortunate, at the ſame time, even for Doing thoſe things which they themſelves would do, if they could! There might be ſome Hope of our Amendment, if we would but confeſs

cur

our Faults; as a Man muſt be awake that tells his Dream. There are ſome Diſeaſes which are abſolutely Hopeleſs, and paſt Cure; but they may yet be palliated; and Philoſophy, if it cannot help in one Caſe, it may in another. To a Man in a Fever, a gentle Remiſſion is a Degree of Health; and it is ſomething, if a Man be not perfectly ſound, to be yet more Curable. But, we are loth to be at the Pains of attending our own Buſineſs: We lead the Life in the World, that ſome lazy People do in a Market, they ſtand gaping about them, without either Buying, or Selling. We ſlip our Opportunities; and if they be not catch'd in the very *Nick*, they are Irrecoverably Loſt.

EPIST. XV.

The Danger of Flattery; and in what Caſes a Man may be allowed to Commend himſelf.

Demetrius was wont to ſay, *That Knavery was the Ready way to Riches*; and that the Caſting off of Virtue, was the Firſt Step to Thriving in the World. Study but the Art of *Flattery*, (which is now-a-days ſo acceptable, that a Moderate Commendation paſſes for a Libel) Study That Art, (I ſay) and you ſhall do your Buſineſs without running any Riſque upon the Seas, or any Hazards of Merchandizing, Husbandry, or Suits at Law. There is not one Man of a Million that is Proof againſt an Artificial Flatterer; but ſomething or other will ſtick, if we do but give him the Hearing. Nay, we like him well enough, though we ſhake him off, and the Quarrel is eaſily Reconciled. We ſeem to Oppoſe him, but we do not ſhut the Door againſt him; or if we do, it is but as a Miſtreſs will do ſometime upon her Servant, *She would be well enough content to be Hindred; and take it much better yet to have it broke open.* Beſide that, a Man lies commonly moſt Open where he is attack'd:

How ſhamefully are great Men Fawn'd upon by their Slaves; and inur'd to Fulſom Praiſes? When the only buſineſs of thoſe, that call themſelves Friends, is to try who can moſt Dextrouſly deceive his Maſter. For want of knowing their own Strengh, they believe themſelves as Great, as their Paraſites repreſent them: And venture upon Broils, and Wars to their Irreparable Deſtruction. They break Alliances, and Tranſport themſelves into Paſſions, which for want of better Counſels, hurry them on to Blood and Confuſion. They purſue every wild Imagination as a Certainty, and think it a greater Diſgrace to be Bent, than to be Broken. They ſet up their Reſt upon the Perpetuity of a Tottering Fortune, 'till they come at laſt to ſee the Ruin of themſelves, and their Poſſeſſions; and too late, to Underſtand, that their Misfortunes, and their Flatteries were of the ſame Date. There is a ſparing, and a crafty Flattery, that looks like Plain-Dealing. But all Flatteries are words of Courſe, and he that receives them will give them. Nay, let it be never ſo ſhameleſs, a Man takes all to himſelf, though his very Conſcience gives him the Lye. Cruelty ſhall be tranſlated Mercy; Extortion and Oppreſſion ſhall be call'd Liberality; Luſt, and Gluttony, to the higheſt Degree in the World, ſhall be magnify'd for Temperance. Now, what Hope is there of His changing for the Better, that values himſelf for the beſt of Men already? The Stroke of an Arrow convinced *Alexander*, that he was not the Son of *Jupiter*, but a Mortal Man. And thus, upon the Experiment of Human Frailty, ſhould every Man ſay to himſelf, Am not I ſad ſometimes, and tortur'd betwixt Hope and Fear? Do I not hanker after vain Pleaſures? He that is not yet ſatisfy'd, is not ſo good as he ſhould be. The Words of Flatterers, and Paraſites ſeldom die in the Hearing; and when they have gain'd Admittance, they grow more and more upon you: and ſhortly they'll tell you, that *Virtue*, *Philoſophy* and *Juſtice*, are but empty Sounds; let every Man live while he may, and make the beſt of the Preſent; and not govern himſelf at a rate, as if he were to keep a Diary for his Father: What Madneſs is it, to enrich a Man's Heir, and ſtarve himſelf;

ſelf; and to turn a Friend into an Enemy? For, his Joy will be proportion'd to what you leave him: Never trouble yourſelf for theſe ſuperfluous Cenſors of other Mens Lives, and Enemies of their own: Theſe Pedagogues of Mankind are not worth your Care. Theſe are the People, that draw us from our Parents and Country, our Friends, and other Neceſſary Duties.

I would neither be deceived myſelf, nor deceive others; but if a Man cannot live without it, let him Commend himſelf and ſay thus. *I have apply'd myſelf to Liberal Studies, tho' both the Poverty of my Condition, and my own Reaſon, might rather have put me upon the making of my Fortune. I have given Proof, that all Minds are capable of Goodneſs; and have Illuſtrated the Obſcurity of my Family, by the Eminency of my Virtue. I have preſerv'd my Faith in all Extremities, and I have ventur'd my Life for't. I have never Spoken one Word contrary to my Conſcience, and I have been more Sollicitous for my Friend, than for my Self: I never made any Baſe Submiſſions to any Man; and I have never done any thing Unworthy of a Reſolute, and of an Honeſt Man. My Mind is rais'd ſo much above all Dangers, that I have muſter'd all Hazards; and I bleſs myſelf in the Providence which gave me that Experiment of my Virtue: For it was not fit, methought, that ſo great Glory ſhould come Cheap. Nay, I did not ſo much as deliberate, whether Good Faith ſhould ſuffer for Me, or I for it. I ſtood my Ground, without laying violent Hands upon my Self, to 'ſcape the Rage of the Powerful; tho' under* Caligula *I ſaw Cruelties, to ſuch a Degree, that to be kill'd outright was accounted a Mercy. And yet I perſiſted in my Honeſty, to ſhew, that I was ready to do more than Die for't. My Mind was never Corrupted with Gifts; and when the Humour of Avarice was at the Height, I never laid my Hand on any unlawful Gain: I have been Temperate in my Diet; Modeſt in my Diſcourſe; Courteous and Affable to my Inferiors; and have ever paid a Reſpect, and Reverence to my Betters.* After all, what I have ſaid, is either True or Falſe: If True, I have Commended myſelf before a *Great Witneſs*, my own *Conſcience*; if Falſe,

I am Ridiculous, without any Witneſs at all. Let every Man retire into himſelf; for the Old, the Young; Men, Women, and Children, they are all Wicked. Not every One only, or a Few, but there is a General Conſpiracy in Evil. We ſhould therefore fly the World, withdraw into our Selves; and in ſome ſort avoid even our Selves too.

EPIST. XVI.

A General Diſſolution of Manners; with a Cenſure of Corrupt Magiſtrates.

THE Corruption of the Preſent Times, is the General Complaint of all Times; It ever has been ſo, and it ever will be ſo: Not conſidering that the Wickedneſs of the World is always the ſame, as to the Degree of it; though it may change Places, perhaps, and vary a little in the Matter. One while Whoring is in Faſhion, another while Gluttony: To-day, Exceſs in Apparel; and more Care of the Body, than of the Mind: To-morrow, comes up the Humour of Scoffing; and after That, perchance, a Vein of Drinking; when he ſhall be accounted the braveſt Man, that makes himſelf the veryeſt Beaſt. This Proſtitute Looſeneſs of Manners, makes way for Sedition, and Cruelty. Under *Tiberius*, the Plague of your *Dilators*, or *Informers*, was worſe than any Civil War. It was an Age, wherein the Words of Men, in their Cups; the moſt Innocent Ralleries, and Ingenious Freedoms of Converſation, were made Capital. When it was dangerous to be Honeſt, and only Profitable to be Vicious. And not only Ill Things, but Vice itſelf was both Commended and Preferr'd; for all Inſolences, when they come to be Exemplary, they pretend to be Lawful. Authority in Sin is an Incentive to it: And it is at leaſt an Excuſe, if not a Warrant, to Tranſgreſs, after Great Example. Beſide that, we are prone enough to do Amiſs, even of our Selves, without

out either a Leader, or a Companion. But, it is a Malevolent ſort of Comfort, that which Men take in the Number of the Wicked.

The worſt of all is; That whereas in other Caſes the People are aſham'd of their Errors; in that of Life, they are delighted with them, and ſo become incurable. The Pilot takes no Pleaſure in running upon a Rock; nor the Phyſician in the Death of his Patient; nor the Advocate in the Loſs of his Client's Cauſe. But, on the other ſide, the Criminal rejoices in his Uncleanneſs, in his Ambition, and in his Theft; and never troubles himſelf for the Fault, but for the Miſcarriage. He makes Infamy the Reward of Lewdneſs, and values himſelf upon his Excellency in Ill-doing. The Queſtion is, who ſhall be moſt Impious; we have every Day worſe Appetites, and leſs Shame. Sobriety, and Conſcience, are become fooliſh, and ſcandalous things; and, it is half the Reliſh of our Luſts, that they are committed in the Face of the Sun. Innocency is not only rare, but loſt; And Mankind is enter'd into a ſort of Confederacy againſt Virtue. To ſay nothing of Inteſtine Wars; Fathers and Sons in League againſt one another; poiſon'd Fountains; Troops in ſearch of the Baniſh'd and Proſcrib'd; Priſons cramm'd with Worthy Men; Cities Demoliſh'd; Rape, and Adultery authoriz'd; Publick Perjuries, and Frauds; a Violation of common Faith; and all the Bonds of Human Society cancell'd. *Adultery* is the ready way to *Wedlock*, and *Marriage* to a *Single Life* again; for, *Parting* is One *Condition* of it. For, they Divorce to Marry; and they Marry, to be Divorc'd. That which they often talk, and hear of, they eaſily do. What Shame can there be of Incontinence, when Modeſty is become a Reproach; and when it is the Mode for every Wife to provide herſelf a Gallant or Two, beſide her Husband? 'Tis an Idle thing to think of ever Converting thoſe People, that find both Advantage, and Reputation in their Wickedneſs.

Would any Man ever have Imagin'd, that *Clodius* ſhould have come off by Bribery, for Debauching the Wife of *Cæſar*, and Prophaning the Publick Vows for the Safety of the People; But, the Judges were corrupted:

ed; and not only with Mony, but with the Bodies of Young Men and Women: So that his Abſolution was fouler than his Crime; the *Bribe* was *Adultery*, as well as the *Offence*; and he had no way to be ſafe, 'till he had made his Judges like himſelf. "*Name the Woman you have a Mind to*, (ſays he) *and you ſhall have her. And when you have Committed the Sin, Condemn it if you dare. Appoint the Time, and the Place, and ſhe ſhall be ready for you*; nay, the Practice was ſo groſs, that the Bench deſir'd a Guard of the Senate, to Secure them from the People. Before the Sentence was given, he was an Adulterer; in the Manage of the Cauſe, he was a Pander; and his Way of Eſcaping Puniſhment, was fouler than the Offence that Deſerv'd it. A Luſt that ſpar'd not the Altar, and perverted Juſtice upon the very Seat of Judgment. The Queſtion was, *Whether an Adulterer ſhould 'ſcape Unpuniſh'd*; and the Reſolution was, That, *without being an Adulterer* he *could not be Secure*. Nor is it likely, that their Converſation was one Jot honeſter than their Sentence: Theſe Things have been done, and will be done. Diſcipline, and Fear, may Reſtrain the Licence of the People; but it is not to be thought, that they will ever be good of their own Accord. But, let us not yet ſpeak of Luxury, and Diſſolution, as the Vices of the Age; which, in truth, are only the Vices of the Men. The Practices of our Times are Moderate, compar'd with thoſe, when the Delinquent pleaded *Not Guilty* to the Bench, and the Bench confeſs'd itſelf *Guilty* to the Delinquent; and when one Adultery was excus'd by Another. In thoſe Days it paſs'd for great Piety, not to be very Impious. He that Gave moſt, carry'd the Cauſe; and 'tis but according to the Laws of Nations, for him that Buys, to Sell. And, it is to be noted, that a Man may be as Covetous of getting what he intends to ſquander away, as if he were to hoard it up. The Contempt of Poverty in others, and the Fear of it in ourſelves, Unmerciful Oppreſſions, and Mercenary Magiſtrates, are the Common Grievances of a Licencious Government. The Baths, and the Theatres are Crowded, when the Temples and the Schools are Empty; for Men mind their Pleaſures more

more than their Manners. All Vices gain upon us by the Promiſe of Reward; Avarice promiſes Money; Luxury ſenſual Satisfaction; Ambition promiſes Preferment, and Power. And it is no Excuſe to ſay, that a Man is not very Covetous; a little Ambitious, Cholerick, Inconſtant, Luſtful, and the Like. He had better have one Great Vice, than a Spice of all Little ones. We ſay commonly, that a Fool has all ſorts of Vices in him; that is to ſay, he is Free from none; but they do not all appear; and he is more Prone to One, than to Another. One is given to Avarice, Another to Luxury, a Third to Wantonneſs; but we are not yet to ask the *Stoicks*, if *Achilles* be a Coward; *Ariſtides*, Unjuſt; *Fabius* Raſh; *Mucius*, a Traitor; *Camillus*, a Deſerter. We do not ſay, that *all Vices* are in *all Men*, as *Some* are in *Some Particulars*.

EPIST. XVII.

The Original of all Men is the Same; and Virtue is the only Nobility. There is a Tenderneſs due to Servants.

IT is not well done to be ſtill murmuring againſt Nature and Fortune; as if it were their Unkindneſs that makes You Inconſiderable, when it is only by your Own Weakneſs, that you make yourſelf ſo: For it is Virtue, not Pedigree, that renders a Man either Valuable, or Happy. Philoſophy does not either Reject, or Chuſe any Man for his Quality. *Socrates* was no *Patrician*; *Cleanthes*, but an *Under-Gardener*; neither did *Plato* Dignify Philoſophy by his Birth, but by his Goodneſs. All theſe Worthy Men are our *Progenitors*; if we will but do ourſelves the Honour to become their *Diſciples*. The Original of all Mankind was the ſame; and, it is only a clear Conſcience, that makes any Man *Noble*: For, that derives even from Heaven itſelf. It is the Saying of a great Man, That if we could trace

our

our Deſcents, we ſhould find all Slaves to come from Princes, and all Princes from Slaves. But Fortune has turn'd all things Topſy-Turvy, in a long Story of Revolutions. It is moſt certain, that our Beginning had nothing before it; and our Anceſtors were ſome of them Splendid, others Sordid, as it happen'd. We have loſt the Memorials of our Extraction, and in truth, it matters not whence we came, but whither we go. Nor is it any more to our Honour, the Glory of our Predeceſſors, than it is to their Shame, the Wickedneſs of their Poſterity. We are all of us compos'd of the ſame Elements; why ſhould we then value ourſelves upon our Nobility of Blood, as if we were not all of us Equal, if we could but recover our Evidence? But, when we can carry it no farther, the *Herald* provides ſome *Hero* to ſupply the Place of an Illuſtrious Original; and there's the Riſe of Arms, and Families. For a Man to ſpend his Life, in purſuit of a Title, that ſerves only when he dies, to furniſh out an *Epitaph*, is below a Wiſe Man's Buſineſs.

It pleaſes me exceedingly, to underſtand by all that come out of your Quarters, that you demean yourſelf humanly, and tenderly towards your Servants. It is the Part of a Wiſe, and of a Good Man, to deal with his Inferior, as he would have his Superior deal with him; For Servants are not only Men, but a kind of Humble Friends: and Fortune has no more Power over Them, than over their Maſters: And he that duly conſiders, how many Servants have come to be Maſters, and how many Maſters to be Servants, will lay no great Streſs of Argument, either upon the One, or upon the Other. Some uſe their Servants worſe than Beaſts, in Slaviſh Attendances, betwixt their Drink, and their Luſts: Some are brought up only to Carve, others to Seaſon; and all to ſerve the Turns of Pomp, and Luxury. Is it not a Barbarous Cuſtom, to make it almoſt Capital, for a Servant only to Cough, Sneeze, Sigh, or but wag his Lips, while he is in waiting; and, to keep him the whole Night, Mute, and Faſting; Yet ſo it comes to paſs, that they that dare not ſpeak *Before* their Maſters, will not forbear talking *Of* them; and thoſe, on the other

other ſide, that were allow'd a modeſt Freedom of Speech in their Maſter's Entertainments, were moſt obſtinately ſilent upon the Torture, rather than they would betray them. But we live as if a Servant were not made of the ſame Materials with his Maſter, or to breathe the ſame Air, or to Live, and Die, under the ſame Conditions. It is worthy of Obſervation, that the moſt Imperious Maſters over their own Servants, are, at the ſame time, the moſt Abject Slaves to the Servants of other Maſters. I will not diſtinguiſh a Servant by his Office, but by his Manners. The One is the Work of Fortune, the other of Virtue. But, we look only to his Quality, and not to his Merit. Why ſhould not a brave Action, rather Dignify the Condition of a Servant, than the Condition of a Servant Leſſen a brave Action? I would not value a Man for his Cloaths, or Degree, any more than I would do a Horſe for his Trappings. What if he be a Servant! Shew me any Man that is not ſo, to his Luſts, his Avarice, his Ambition, his Palate, to his Quean; nay, to other Mens Servants; and we are all of us Servants to *Fear:* Inſolent we are, many of us at Home; Servile and Deſpiſed Abroad; and none are more liable to be trampled upon, than thoſe that have gotten a Habit of giving Affronts by Suffering them. What matters it how many Maſters we have, when 'tis but One Slavery? And whoſoever Contemns That, is perfectly Free, let his Maſters be never ſo many. That Man is only Free, not whom Fortune has a *Little* Power over, but over whom ſhe has *None at all:* Which ſtate of Liberty is an Ineſtimable Good, when we deſire Nothing, that is either Superfluous, or Vicious. They are Aſſes that are made for Burden, and not the Nobler ſort of Horſes. In the Civil Wars, betwixt *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, the Queſtion was not, who ſhould be Slaves, or Free, but who ſhould be Maſter. Ambition is the ſame thing in Private, that it is in Publick; and the Duties are effectually the ſame, betwixt the Maſter of a Kingdom, and the Maſter of a Family. As I would treat ſome Servants kindly, becauſe they are Worthy; and Others to make them ſo; ſo on the Other ſide, I would have a Servant to Reverence his Maſter; and rather to

Love

Love him, than Fear him. Some there are, that think this too little for a Maſter, though it is all that we pay, even to God himſelf. The Body of a Servant may be bought, and ſold; but his Mind is Free.

EPIST. XVIII.

We are Juſter to Men, than to God. Of Life, and Death; of Good, and Evil.

IT is without Diſpute, that the Loſs of a Friend is one of the greateſt Trials of Human Frailty; and no Man is ſo much exalted above the Senſe of that Calamity, as not to be affected with it. And yet if a Man bears it bravely, they cry, *He has no Senſe of Piety, or Good Nature in him:* if he ſinks under it, they call him Effeminate: So that he lies both ways under a Reproach. And what's the Ground of the Trouble, I beſeech you, but that he *might have Liv'd Longer, in Reſpect of his Years, and in* Effect, *that he ought to have done ſo, in regard of his Uſefulneſs to the World?* I cannot but wonder to ſee Men that are really Juſt, and Temperate in all their Dealings with Men, and in Buſineſs, ſo exceedingly to forget themſelves, in this Point. But we have, in Excuſe of this Error, the Failings of the whole World with us for Company. For even thoſe that are the moſt ſcrupulouſly Conſcientious toward Men, are yet Unthankful, and Injurious to Providence.

It is not the Number of Days, that makes a Life Long, but the full Employment of them, upon the main End, and Purpoſe of Life; which is the Perfecting of the Mind, in making a Man the Abſolute Maſter of Himſelf. I reckon the matter of Age among External Things, the main Point is, to Live and Die with Honour. Every Man that Lives, is upon the Way, and muſt go through with his Journey, without ſtopping, 'till he comes at the End: and whereſoever it ends, if it ends well, it is a perfect Life. There is an Invincible Fate

Fate that attends all Mortals; and, one Generation is condemn'd to tread upon the Heels of another. Take away from Life, the Power of Death, and 'tis a Slavery. As *Caligula* was paſſing upon the Way, an Old Man, that was a Priſoner, and with a Beard down to his Girdle, made it his Requeſt to *Cæſar*, that he might be put to Death. *Why*, ſays *Cæſar* to him, *are you not dead already?* So that you ſee ſome Deſire it, as well as Others Fear it: And why not? When it is one of the Duties of Life, to Die: and it is one of the Comforts of it too; For the Living are under the Power of Fortune, but ſhe has no Dominion at all over the Dead. How can Life be Pleaſant to any Man, that is not prepar'd to part with it? Or what Loſs can be eaſier to us, than that which can never be Miſs'd, or Deſir'd again? I was brought by a Defluxion into a Hopeleſs Conſumption; and I had it many times in my Thought to Deliver myſelf from a Miſerable Life, by a Violent Death. But the Tenderneſs I had for an Aged, and Indulgent Father, held my Hands: for, thought I to myſelf, it will be very hard for my Father to be without me, though I could moſt willingly part with myſelf. In the Caſe of a Particular Diſeaſe, a Phyſician may propound a Remedy: but the only Remedy for all Diſeaſes, is the Contempt of Death. (Though I know too, that it is the Buſineſs of a Long Life, to Learn that Leſſon.)

Oh! The Happineſs of diſtinguiſhing Good from Evil, in the Works of Providence! But, inſtead of raiſing our Thoughts to the Contemplation of Divine Matters, and enquiring into the Original, the State, and Appointed Iſſue of Created Nature, we are digging of the Earth, and ſerving of our Avarice; Neglecting all the good things that are ſo frankly offered us. How great a Folly and Madneſs is it, for Men that are Dying, and in the Hands of Death already, to extend their Hopes, and to carry their Ambition, and Deſires to the Grave Unſatisfy'd? For whoſoever is tainted with thoſe Hydropick Appetites, can never have enough, either of Mony, or Power. It is a remarkable thing, that among thoſe that place their Happineſs in Senſe, they are the moſt miſerable that ſeem to be Happieſt. The Riches

of

of Nature are the moſt Precious Treaſures. What has any Man to deſire more, than to keep himſelf from Cold, Hunger, and Thirſt? It is not the Quantity, but the Opinion that governs in this Caſe; *That can never be Little, which is Enough: Nor does any Man account that to be Much, which is too little.* The Benefits of Fortune are ſo far Comfortable to us, as we enjoy them without loſing the Poſſeſſion of ourſelves. Let us purge our Minds, and follow Nature; we ſhall otherwiſe be ſtill either Fearing, or Craving, and Slaves to Accidents. Not that there is any Pleaſure in Poverty, but it is a great Felicity for a Man to bring his Mind to be contented even in That ſtate, which Fortune itſelf cannot make worſe. Methinks our Quarrels with Ambition, and Profitable Employments, are ſomewhat like thoſe we have with our Miſtreſſes; we do not Hate them, but Wrangle with them. In a word, betwixt thoſe things which are Sought, and Coveted, and yet Complain'd of; and thoſe things which we have Loſt, and pretend that we cannot live without, our Misfortunes are purely Voluntary: And we are Servants, not ſo much by Neceſſity, as by Choice. No Man can be Happy that is not Free, and Fearleſs: And no Man can be ſo, but he, that by Philoſophy has got the better of Fortune. In what Place ſoever we are, we ſhall find ourſelves beſet with the Miſeries of Human Nature; ſome, without us; that either Encompaſs us, Deceive us, or Force us: Others within us, that eat up our very Hearts, in the Middle of Solitude. And it is not yet, as we imagine, that Fortune has Long Arms; She meddles with no Body, that does not firſt lay hold upon her. We ſhould keep a Diſtance therefore, and withdraw into the Knowledge of Nature, and of ourſelves: We underſtand the Original of things; the Order of the World, the Circulation of the Seaſons, the Courſes of the Stars, and that the whole Frame of the Univerſe (only the Earth excepted) is but a perpetual Motion. We know the Cauſes of Day and Night; of Light and of Darkneſs: but it is at a diſtance: Let us direct our Thoughts then to that Place, where we ſhall ſee all nearer Hand. And, it is not this

Hope

Hope neither, that makes a Wiſe Man Reſolute at the Point of Death, becauſe Death lies in his way to Heaven; for, the Soul of a Wiſe Man is there before-hand: Nay, if there were nothing after Death to be either Expected, or Fear'd, he would yet leave this World with as great a Mind, though he were to paſs into a State of Annihilation. He that reckons every Hour his Laſt; a Day, or an Age, is all one to him. Fate is doing our Work while we Sleep; Death ſteals upon us Inſenſibly; and the more Inſenſibly, becauſe it paſſes under the name of Life. From Childhood we grow up, without perceiving it, to Old Age; and this Increaſe of our Life, duly conſider'd, is a Diminution of it. We take Death to be before us, but it is behind us; and has already ſwallow'd up all that is paſt: Wherefore, make uſe of the preſent; and truſt nothing to the Morrow; for Delay is juſt ſo much time loſt. We catch hold of Hopes, and Flatteries, of a little longer Life; as Drowning Men do upon Thorns, or Straws, that either hurt us, or deceive us. You will ask, perhaps, what I do myſelf, that Preach at this Rate. Truly I do like ſome ill Husbands, that ſpend their Eſtates, and yet keep their Accounts: I run out; but yet I can tell which way it goes. And I have the Fate of Ill Husbands too, another way; for every body Pities me, and no body Helps me. The Soul is never in the Right place, ſo long as it fears to quit the Body. Why ſhould a Man trouble himſelf to Extend Life, which, at Beſt, is a kind of Puniſhment; and at Longeſt, amounts to very little more than Nothing? He is Ungrateful, that takes the Period of Pleaſure for an Injury; and he is Fooliſh, that knows no Good but the Preſent. Nay, there are ſome Courſes of Life, which a Man ought to quit, though with Life itſelf: As the Trade of Killing Others, inſtead of Learning to Die Himſelf. Life itſelf is neither Good, nor Evil; but only a Place for Good, and Evil: It is a kind of Tragi-Comedy. Let it be well Acted; and no matter whether it be long, or ſhort. We are apt to be miſled by the Appearances of things, and when they come to us recommended in Good Terms, and by Great Example, they will Impoſe many times upon very Wiſe Men.

Men. The Mind is never Right; but when it is at Peace within itſelf, and Independent upon any thing from Abroad. The Soul is in Heaven, even while it is in the Fleſh; if it be purg'd of Natural Corruptions, and taken up with Divine Thoughts: And, whether any body ſees us, or takes Notice of us, it matters not. Virtue will of itſelf break forth, though never ſo much Pains be taken to ſuppreſs it. And it is all one, whether it be known or no: But After-Ages however will do us Right, when we are Dead, and Inſenſible of the Veneration they allow us. He that is wiſe, will compute the Conditions of Humanity; and contract the Subject both of his Joys, and Fears. And it is time well ſpent, ſo to Abate of the One, that he may likewiſe Diminiſh the Other. By this Practice he will come to underſtand, how ſhort, how uncertain, and how ſafe, many of thoſe things are, which we are wont to Fear. When I ſee a Splendid Houſe, or a glittering Train, I look upon it, as I do upon Courts, which are only the Schools of Avarice, and Ambition; and they are at beſt but a Pomp which is more for Shew, than Poſſeſſion. Beſide that, Great Goods are ſeldom Long-liv'd; and that is the Faireſt Felicity, which is of the ſhorteſt Growth.

EPIST. XIX.

Of True Courage.

FOrtitude *is* (properly) *The Contempt of all Hazards, according to Reaſon*; though it be commonly, and promiſcuouſly uſed alſo, for *a Contempt of all Hazards, even Without, or againſt Reaſon:* Which is rather a Daring, and a Brutal Fierceneſs, than an Honourable Courage. A Brave Man fears Nothing more than the Weakneſs of being affected with popular Glory. His Eyes are not Dazled either with Gold, or Steel; he tramples upon all the Terrors, and Glories of Fortune; he looks upon himſelf as a Citizen, and Soldier of the World, and, in deſpite of all Accidents, and Oppoſi-

tions,

tions, he maintains his Station. He does not only Suffer, but Court the moſt Perillous Occaſions of Virtue, and thoſe Adventures which are moſt Terrible to Others: for he values himſelf upon Experiment; and is more Ambitious of Being reputed Good, than Happy. *Mucius* loſt his Hand with more Honour than he could have preſerv'd it: He was a greater Conqueror without it, than he could have been with it: For with the very Stump of it, he overcame two Kings, *Tarquin* and *Porſenna*. *Rutilia* follow'd *Cotta* into Baniſhment; ſhe ſtay'd, and ſhe return'd with him too; and ſoon after ſhe Loſt him, without ſo much as ſhedding a Tear: a Great Inſtance of her Courage, in his Baniſhment; and of her Prudence, in his Death. This (ſays *Epicurus*) is the Laſt, and the Bleſſed'ſt day of my Life; when he was ready to expire in an extreme Torment of the Stone. It is never ſaid of the three hundred *Fabii*, that they were *Overcome*, but that they were *Slain*; Nor of *Regulus*, that he was *Vanquiſh'd* by the *Carthaginians*, but that he was *Taken*. The *Spartans* prohibited all Exerciſes where the Victory was declared by the Voice, and Submiſſion of him that was worſted. When *Phaeton* begged of *Phœbus* the Government of the *Chariot* of the Sun for one Day, the Poets make him ſo far from being diſcourag'd by his Father's telling him of the Danger of the Undertaking, and how he himſelf had much ado to keep his Seat for Fear, when he look'd down from the Meridian, that it prov'd a Spur to his Importunity. *That's the thing* (ſays *Phaeton*) *that I would be at; to ſtand Firm in that Difficulty, where* Phœbus *himſelf Trembles*. Security is the Caution of Narrow Minds: But as, Fire tries Gold, ſo does Difficulty, and Hazard try Virtuous Men. Not but that he may be as Valiant that watches upon the Tower, as he that fights upon his Knees; only the one has had the Good Fortune of an Occaſion for the Proof of his Reſolution. As ſome Creatures are Cruel; others Crafty, and ſome Timorous; ſo Man is endu'd with a Glorious, and an Excellent Spirit, that Prompts him, not ſo much to regard a Safe Life, as an Honeſt. Providence has made him the Maſter of this Lower World; and he

reckons

reckons it his Duty to Sacrifice his own Particular to the Advantage of the Whole. And yet there is a vaſt difference, even in the ſame Action done by a Brave Perſon, and by a Stupid: as the Death of *Cato* was Honourable; but that of *Brutus* was Shameful. Nor is it Death itſelf that we recommend for Glorious; but it is a Glorious thing to Die as we Ought. Neither is it Poverty, Baniſhment, or Pain, that we commend; but the Man that behaves himſelf Bravely under thoſe Afflictions. How were the Gladiators Contemn'd that call'd for Quarter? And thoſe on the other ſide Favour'd, that Deſpis'd it. Many a Man Saves his Life, by not ſearing to Loſe it; and, many a Man Loſes his Life, for being overſollicitous to ſave it. We are many times afraid of Dying by One thing; and we come to Die by another. As for Example; we are threatned by an Enemy, and we die by a Pleuriſy. The Fear of Death enlarges all other things that we Fear. To bear it with Conſtancy, we ſhould compute, that whether our Lives be long, or ſhort, it comes all to a Point: Some Hours we loſe; what if they were Days, Months, Years? What matters it, if I never arrive at that which I muſt certainly part with when I have it? Life is but one Point of Flying Time; and that which is to come, is no more Mine, than that which is paſt. And, we have this for our Comfort too, that whoſoever now Fears Death, will, ſome time or other, come to wiſh it. If Death be Troubleſome or Terrible; the fault is in *Us*, and not in *Death itſelf*. It is as great Madneſs for a Man to fear that which he is not to Feel, as that which he is not to Suffer; the Difference lies in the Manner of Dying, and not in the Iſſue of Death itſelf. 'Tis a more Inglorious Death to be Smother'd with Perfumes, than to be torn to Pieces with Pincers. Provided my Mind be not Sick, I ſhall not much heed my Body. I am prepar'd for my laſt Hour, without tormenting myſelf when it will come. It is betwixt the *Stoicks* and *other Philoſophers*, as betwixt Men and Women; They are Both equally Neceſſary for Society; only the one is Born for Government, and the other for Subjection. Other Sects deal with their Diſciples, as plauſible Phyſicians do with their Patients; they

they Flatter, and Humour them; whereas the *Stoicks* go a Bolder way to work, and conſider rather their Profit, than their Pleaſure.

EPIST. XX.

'Tis never too late to Learn. *The Advantages of a* Private Life; *and the Slavery of a* Publick. *The* Ends *of* Puniſhments.

LET no Man preſume to adviſe Others, that has not firſt given Good Counſel to himſelf; And he may Then pretend to help his Neighbour. It is, in ſhort, as hard a Matter to give Good Counſel, as to take it: Let it however be agreed, betwixt the Two Parties, that the One deſigns to Confer a Benefit, and the Other to Receive it. Some People ſcorn to be Taught; Others are aſham'd of it, as they would be of going to School when they are Old: But, it is never too late to Learn, what it is always Neceſſary to Know; And, it is no Shame to Learn, ſo long as we are Ignorant; that is to ſay, ſo long as we Live. When any thing is amiſs in our Bodies, or Eſtates, we have Recourſe preſently to the Phyſician, or the Lawyer for Help: And why not to the Philoſopher, in the Diſorders of our Mind? No Man *Lives*, but he that applies himſelf to *Wiſdom*; for he takes into his own Life the Supplement of all Paſt Ages. 'Tis a fair Step toward Happineſs, and Virtue, to Delight in the Converſation of Good, and of Wiſe Men: And where that cannot be had, the next point is to keep no Company at all. Solitude affords Buſineſs enough; and the Entertainment is Comfortable and Eaſy. Whereas Publick Offices are Vexatious and Reſtleſs. There's a great Difference betwixt a Life of Leiſure, and of Lazineſs. When People will Expreſs their Envy of a Man in a Happy Condition; they'll ſay, *He lives at his Eaſe*. When in truth, the Man is *Dead*, *Alive*. There is a *Long Life*, and there is a *Long Death*: The Former,

Former, when we enjoy the Benefits of a Right Mind; and the Other, when the Senſes are Extinguiſh'd; and the Body Dead before-hand. He that makes me the Maſter of my Own Time, and places me in a ſtate of Freedom, lays a great Obligation upon me. As a Merchant, that has a Conſiderable Fortune Abroad, is more ſenſible of the Bleſſing of a Fair Wind and Safe Paſſage, than he that has only Ballaſt, or ſome Courſe Commodity in the Veſſel: So that Man that employs his Privacy upon Thoughts Divine, and Precious, is more ſenſible of the Comfort of that Freedom, than he that bends his Meditation an Ill way. For, he conſiders all the Benefits of his Exemption from Common duties, he enjoys himſelf with infinite Delight, and makes his Gratitude Anſwerable to his Obligations. He is the beſt of Subjects, and the happieſt of Men; and he lives to Nature and to Himſelf. Moſt Men are to Themſelves, the worſt Company they can keep. If they be Good, Quiet, and Temperate, they are as Good Alone, as in Company: But if otherwiſe, let them converſe with Others, and avoid Themſelves: But, he that has made Himſelf good Company, can never be too much Alone. Many a Ship is loſt in the Harbour, but more in the Ocean; as many an Honeſt Man is Condemn'd, but more Guilty. This however, is certain, He that cannot ſecure Himſelf in Privacy, ſhall be much more expos'd in Publick. That which the World calls Felicity, is Greedy itſelf, and expos'd to the Greedineſs of others. Proſperity, like a fair Gale, upon a ſtrong Current, carries a Man in a Trice, out of the very ſight of Peace, and Quiet; and if it be not temper'd, and regulated, it is ſo far from Eaſing us, that it proves an Oppreſſion to us. A buſy, and a Fortunate Man in the World, calls many Men his Friends, that are at moſt but his Gueſts. And if People flock to him; 'tis but as they do to a Fountain, which they both exhauſt and trouble.

What greater Slavery can there be, than that of Princes in this very reſpect, that they are chain'd to their Poſt, and cannot make themſelves leſs? All their Words, and Actions are deſcanted upon, and made publick Diſcourſe; and there are many things allowable

to

to a private Man, that are not fit for a Governor. I can walk Alone; where I pleaſe; without a Sword, without Fear, and without Company; whereas a Prince muſt be Arm'd in Peace, and cannot with Dignity quit his Guards. Fortune has him in Cuſtody; a Train beſets him where-ever he goes; and there's no making of any Eſcape. He is little better than nail'd to his Place, and it is the Perfection of his Miſery, that he cannot go leſs. He can no more conceal himſelf, than the Sun in the Firmament; whereas his Subjects may come and go; change Habits and Humour, without being taken notice of. Servitude is the Fate of Palaces, the Splendor of a Crown draws all Mens Eyes upon it. When *Cæſar* ſpeaks, the whole World hears his Voice, and trembles at his Diſpleaſure; and where it falls, it ſhakes whatſoever is near it. His Lips are the Oracles of the People; and Government is the Cement that binds them together: But ſtill he that is Maſter of Many, is the Servant yet of More. The Power, 'tis true, of all things belongs to the *Prince*; but the Property, to particular Perſons. And the ſame thing may be both Yours and Mine in ſeveral Reſpects. We cannot ſay that a Son, or a Servant has Nothing, becauſe a Maſter, or a Father may take it away if he will; or that he cannot Give Willingly, becauſe they may hinder it, whether he will or no. *This is Power, and true Dominion; and not to Rule and Command, when we may do it when we pleaſe.* The Strength of a Prince is in the Love of his People; for there is nothing ſo great, but it muſt itſelf periſh; when it is become the Common Safety that it ſhould be ſo. Tyrants are Hated, becauſe they are Fear'd; and becauſe they are Hated, they will be Fear'd. They are render'd Odious to Poſterity; and they had better never have been born, than to ſtand upon Record for the Plagues of Mankind. Miſerable is that People, where their very Keepers are their Executioners. And, it is not an Armed Tyranny neither, but the Unarm'd Vices of Avarice, and Envy, that we ought to be moſt afraid of. Some will not endure to have their Vices touch'd, but will ſhrink and ſtruggle under the Operation, as if they were

under the Hand of a Surgeon. But, this ſhall not hinder me from Lancing, and Probing, becauſe of the Cries and Groans of the Patient. Every Man ſhould have a *Monitor* at his Elbow, to keep him from Avarice, by ſhewing him how Rich a Man may be with a Little: Form Ambition, by repreſenting the Diſputes and Hazards that accompany Greatneſs; which makes him as great a Burden to Others, as he is to himſelf. When it comes to That once; Fear, Anxiety, and Wearineſs, makes us Philoſophers. A ſickly Fortune produces wholſom Counſels; and we reap this Fruit from our Adverſity, that it brings us at laſt to Wiſdom.

Now though Clemency in a Prince be ſo neceſſary, and profitable a Virtue; and Cruelty ſo dangerous an Exceſs; it is yet the Office of a Governor, as of the Maſter of an Hoſpital, to keep Sick, and Mad Men in Order: And, in Caſes of Extremity, the very Member is to be cut off with the Ulcer. All Puniſhment is either for Amendment, or for Example, or that others may live more ſecure. What is the End of Deſtroying thoſe Poiſonous, and Dangerous Creatures, which are never to be reclaim'd, but to prevent Miſchief? And yet there may be as much Hazard in doing too much, as too little. A particular Mutineer may be puniſh'd, but when the whole Army is in a Revolt, there muſt be a general Pardon. The Multitude of Offenders, is their Security, and Protection: For there's no Quarrelling with a Publick Vice, where the Cuſtom of Offending takes away the Shame of it: and it is not Prudent neither, by many Puniſhments to ſhew a City, that the Wicked are ſo much the Major part: Beſide, that it is as great a Diſhonour for a *Prince* to have many Executions, as for a *Phyſician* to have many Funerals. Shall a Father Diſinherit a Son for the firſt Offence? Let him firſt Admoniſh, then Threaten, and afterward Puniſh him. So long as there is Hope, we ſhould apply gentle Remedies. But ſome Nations are Intractable, and never willing to Serve, nor fit to Command; and ſome Perſons are incorrigible too.

EPIST.

EPIST. XXI.

The Two Bleſſings of Life, are a Sound Body; and a Quiet Mind. The Extravagance of the Roman *Luxury. The Moderation and Simplicity of Former Times.*

EPicurus makes the Two Bleſſings of Life, to be a *Sound Body*, and a *Quiet Mind:* Which is only a compendious Reduction of Human Felicity to a ſtate of *Health*, and of *Virtue*. The way to be Happy is to make Vice not only Odious, but Ridiculous; and every Man to mind his own Buſineſs; for he that torments himſelf for other Peoples Misfortunes, ſhall never be at Reſt. A Virtuous Life muſt be all of a Piece; and not advance by Starts and Intervals, and then go on where it left; for this is loſing of Ground. We are to preſs, and perſevere; for the main Difficulties are yet to come. If I diſcontinue my Courſe, when ſhall I come to pronounce theſe Words, *I am a Conqueror?* Not a Conqueror of barbarous Enemies, and ſalvage Nations: but I have ſubdu'd Avarice, Ambition, and thoſe Luſts, that have ſubjected even the greateſt of Conquerors. Who was a greater than *Alexander*; that extended his Empire from *Thracia*, to the Utmoſt Bounds of the *Eaſt?* But yet he burnt *Perſepolis* at the Requeſt of a *Proſtitute*, to gratify his *Luſt*. He overcame *Darius*, and ſlew many Thouſands of the *Perſians*; but yet he murder'd *Caliſthenes:* And that ſingle Blot has tarniſh'd the Glory of all his Victories. All the Wiſhes of Mortals, and all the Benefits which we can either Give or Receive, are of very little Conducement to a Happy Life. Thoſe things which the Common People gape after, are Tranſitory and Vain. Whereas Happineſs is Permanent; nor is it to be Eſtimated by Number, Meaſure, or Parts: For it is full, and perfect. I do not ſpeak as if I myſelf were

arriv'd at that Bleſſed ſtate of Repoſe: But it is ſomething yet to be on the mending hand. It is with me, as with a Man that's creeping out of a Diſeaſe; he feels yet ſome Grudgings of it; he is every foot Examining of his Pulſe; and ſuſpects every Touch of Heat to be a Relique of his Fever. Juſt at that rate, I am Jealous of myſelf. The beſt Remedy that I know in this Caſe, is to go on with Confidence, and not to be miſled by the Errors of other People. It is with our Manners, as with our Healths; 'tis a Degree of Virtue, the Abatement of Vice; as it is a Degree of Health, the Abatement of a Fit.

Some place their Happineſs in Wealth; Some in the Liberty of the Body; and Others in the Pleaſures of the Senſe, and Palate. But, What are Metals, Taſtes, Sounds, or Colours, to the Mind of a Reaſonable Creature? He that ſets his Heart upon Riches, the very Fear of Poverty will be grievous to him. He that's Ambitious, ſhall be gall'd with Envy at any Man that gets before him: For, in that Caſe, he that is not Firſt, is Laſt. I do not ſpeak againſt Riches neither; for if they hurt a Man, 'tis his own Folly. They may be indeed the Cauſe of Miſchief; as they are a Temptation to thoſe that do it. Inſtead of Courage, they may inſpire us with Arrogance; and inſtead of Greatneſs of Mind, with Inſolence; which is, in truth, but the Counterfeit of Magnanimity. What is it to be Priſoner, and in Chains? It is no more than that Condition to which many Princes have been reduc'd; and out of which, many Men have been advanc'd to the Authority of Princes. 'Tis not to ſay, *I have no Maſter*; in time you may have one. Might not *Hecuba*, *Cræſus*, and the Mother of *Darius* have ſaid as much? And where's the Happineſs of Luxury either? when a Man divides his Life betwixt the Kitchen, and the Stews; betwixt an Anxious Conſcience, and a Nauſeous Stomach? *Caligula*, who was born to ſhew the World what Miſchief might be done by a Concurrence of great Wickedneſs, and a great Fortune; ſpent near 10000 *l.* Sterling upon a Supper. The Works, and Inventions of it are prodi-

gious,

gious, not only in the Counterfeiting of Nature, but even in the Surpaſſing it. The *Romans* had their Brooks even in their Parlours, and found their Dinners under their Tables. The *Mullet* was reckon'd ſtale, unleſs it dy'd in the Hand of the Gueſt: And they had their Glaſſes to put them into, that they might the better obſerve all the Changes and Motions of them in the laſt Agony betwixt Life and Death. So that they fed their Eyes before their Bodies. *Look how it Reddens*, ſays one, *there's no Vermilion like it. Take notice of theſe Veins; and that ſame grey Brightneſs upon the Head of it. And now he is at's Laſt Gaſp: See how Pale he turns, and all of a Colour.* Theſe People would not have given themſelves half this Trouble with a dying Friend; Nay, they would leave a Father or a Brother, at his laſt Hour, to entertain themſelves with the Barbarous Spectacle of an expiring Fiſh. And that which enhaunces the Eſteem of every thing, is the Price of it: Inſomuch, that Water itſelf, which ought to be Gratuitous, is expos'd to Sale, in their Conſervatories of Ice, and Snow. Nay, we are troubled that we cannot buy Breath, Light; and that we have the Air itſelf *Gratis*; as if our Conditions were Evil, becauſe Nature has left ſomething to us in Common. But Luxury contrives Ways to ſet a Price upon the moſt Neceſſary, and Communicable Benefits in Nature: Even thoſe Benefits which are free to Birds and Beaſts, as well as to Men; and ſerve indifferently for the uſe of the moſt ſluggiſh Creatures. But, how comes it that Fountain-Water is not cold enough to ſerve us, unleſs it be bound up into Ice? So long as the Stomach is Sound, Nature diſcharges her Functions without Trouble: But, when the Blood comes to be inflam'd with Exceſs of Wine, or Meats, ſimple Water is not cold enough to allay that Heat; and we are forc'd to make uſe of Remedies, which Remedies themſelves are Vices. We heap Suppers upon Dinners, and Dinners upon Suppers, without Intermiſſion. Good God! How eaſy is it to quench a Sound, and an Honeſt Thirſt? But, when the Palate is grown Callous, we taſte nothing; and that which we take for

Thirſt, is only the Rage of a Fever. *Hippocrates* deliver'd it as an *Aphoriſm*, that *Women were never Bald, nor Gouty, but in one ſingular Caſe.* Women have not alter'd their Nature ſince, but they have chang'd the Courſe of their Lives; for, by taking the Liberties of Men, they partake as well of their Diſeaſes, as of their Wickedneſs. They ſit up as much, drink as much; nay, in their very Appetites they are Maſculine too; they have loſt the Advantage of their Sex, by their Vices.

Our Anceſtors, when they were free, liv'd either in Caves or in Arbours: but Slavery came in with Gildings, and with Marble. I would have him that comes into my Houſe, take more Notice of the Maſter, than of the Furniture. The Golden Age was before Architecture: Arts came in with Luxury, and we do not hear of any Philoſopher, that was either a *Lock-Smith*, or a *Painter*. Who was the Wiſer Man, think you, he that invented a Saw; or the Other, who, upon ſeeing a Boy drink Water out of the Hollow of his Hand, Brake his Pitcher, with this Check to himſelf; *What a Fool am I, to trouble myſelf with Superfluities?* Carving is one Man's Trade; Cooking is another's: Only he is more miſerable that teaches it for Pleaſure, than he that learns it for Neceſſity. It was Luxury, not Philoſophy, that invented Fiſh-pools, as well as Palaces: Where, in caſe of foul Weather at Sea, they might have Fiſhes, to ſupply their Gluttony in Harbour. We do not only Pamper our Luſts, but Provoke them. As if we were to Learn the very Art of Voluptuouſneſs. What was it but Avarice, that Originally brake the Union of Society; and prov'd the Cauſe of Poverty, even to thoſe that were the moſt Wealthy? Every Man poſſeſs'd all, 'till the World came to appropriate Poſſeſſions to themſelves. In the Firſt Age, Nature was both a Law, and a Guide, and the *Beſt* Govern'd; which was but according to Nature too. The largeſt and the ſtrongeſt Bull leads the Herd; the goodlieſt Elephant; and, among Men too, in the Bleſſed Times of Innocence, the Beſt was Uppermoſt. They choſe Governors for their Manners;

who

who neither Acted any Violence, nor Suffer'd any. They protected the Weak againſt the Mighty; and Perſuaded, or Diſſuaded, as they ſaw Occaſion. Their Prudence provided for their People; Their Courage kept them ſafe from Dangers; Their Bounty both Supply'd, and Adorn'd their Subjects. It was a *Duty* then to *Command*, not a *Government*. No Man, in thoſe Days, had either a Mind to do an Injury, or a Cauſe for't. He that Commanded Well, was Well Obey'd: And, the worſt Menace the Governors could then make to the Diſobedient, was, to Forſake them. But with the Corruption of Times, Tyranny crept in, and the World began to have need of Laws; and thoſe Laws were made by Wiſe Men too, as *Solon*, and *Lycurgus*, who Learn'd their Trade in the School of *Pythagoras*.

EPIST. XXII.

Man is Compounded of Soul and Body: And has Naturally a Civil War within Himſelf. The Difference betwixt a Life of Virtue, *and a Life of* Pleaſure.

THERE is not ſo Diſproportionate a Mixture in any Creature, as that is in Man, of Soul and Body. There is Intemperance join'd with Divinity; Folly, with Severity; Sloth, with Activity; and Uncleanneſs with Purity. But a good Sword is never the worſe for an ill Scabbard. We are mov'd more by imaginary Fears, than Truths; for Truth has a Certainty, and Foundation; but in the other, we are expos'd to the Licence, and Conjecture of a diſtracted Mind; and our Enemies, are not more Imperious, than our Pleaſures. We ſet our Hearts upon Tranſitory Things; as if they Themſelves were Everlaſting; or We, on the other ſide, to poſſeſs them for Ever. Why do we not rather advance our Thoughts to things that are Eternal, and contemplate the Heavenly Original of all Beings? Why do we not, by the Divinity or Reaſon, triumph over the Weakneſſes of Fleſh, and Blood? It is by Providence that the World is preſerv'd; and not from any Virtue in the Matter of it; for the World is as Mortal as we are; only the *Almighty Wiſdom* carries it ſafe through all the Motions of Corruption. And ſo by Prudence, Human Life itſelf may be prolong'd; if we will but ſtint ourſelves in thoſe Pleaſures, that bring the greater part of us untimely to our End. Our Paſſions are nothing elſe but certain Diſallowable Motions of the Mind; Sudden, and Eager; which, by Frequency, and Neglect, turn to a Diſeaſe; as a Diſtillation brings firſt to a Cough; and then to a Phthiſick. We are carry'd up to the Heavens, and Down again into the Deep, by Turns;

Turns; ſo long as we are govern'd by our Affections, and not by Virtue: Paſſion, and Reaſon, are a kind of Civil War within us; and as the one, or the other has Dominion, we are either Good, or Bad. So that it ſhould be our Care, that the worſt Mixture may not prevail. And they are link'd, like the Chain of Cauſes, and Effects, one to another. Betwixt violent Paſſion, and a Fluctuation, or Wambling of the Mind, there is ſuch a Difference, as betwixt the Agitation of a Storm, and all the Nauſeous Sickneſs of a Calm. And they have all of them their Symptoms too, as well as our Bodily Diſtempers: They that are troubled with the Falling-Sickneſs, know when the Fit is a coming, by the Cold of the Extreme Parts; the Dazzling of the Eyes: the Failing of the Memory; the Trembling of the Nerves, and the Giddineſs of the Head: So that every Man knows his own Diſeaſe, and ſhould provide againſt it. Anger, Love, Sadneſs, Fear, may be read in the Countenance: and ſo may the Virtues too. Fortitude makes the Eye Vigorous; Prudence makes it intent; Reverence ſhews itſelf in Modeſty; Joy, in Serenity; and Truth, in Openneſs, and Simplicity. There are ſown the Seeds of Divine Things in Mortal Bodies. If the Mind be well Cultivated, the Fruit anſwers the Original; and, if not, all runs into Weeds. We are all of us Sick of Curable Diſeaſes; and it coſts us more to be Miſerable, than would make us perfectly Happy. Conſider the Peaceable ſtate of Clemency, and the Turbulency of Anger; the Softneſs, and Quiet of Modeſty, and the Reſtleſſneſs of Luſt. How cheap, and eaſy to us is the Service of Virtue, and how dear we pay for our Vices! The Sovereign Good of Man, is a Mind that ſubjects all things to itſelf; and is itſelf ſubject to nothing: His Pleaſures are Modeſt, Severe, and Reſerv'd; and rather the Sauce, or the Diverſion of Life, than the Entertainment of it. It may be ſome Queſtion, whether ſuch a Man goes to Heaven, or Heaven comes to Him: For a good Man is Influenc'd by God himſelf: and has a kind of Divinity within him. What if one Good Man lives in Pleaſure and Plenty, and another in Want, and Miſery? 'Tis no

Virtue, to contemn Superfluities, but Neceſſities: And they are both of them Equally Good, though under ſeveral Circumſtances, and in different Stations. *Cato* (the *Cenſor*) wag'd War with the *Manners* of *Rome*: *Scipio*, with the *Enemies*. Nay, bating the very Conſcience of Virtue; who is there, that, upon Sober Thoughts, would not be an Honeſt Man, even for the Reputation of it? Virtue you ſhall find in the Temple, in the Field, or upon the Walls, cover'd with Duſt, and Blood, in the Defence of the Publick. Pleaſures you ſhall find ſneaking in the Stews, Sweating-Houſes, Powder'd and Painted, *&c.* Not that Pleaſures are wholly to be Diſclaim'd, but to be uſed with Moderation, and to be made Subſervient to Virtue. Good Manners always pleaſe us; but Wickedneſs is Reſtleſs, and perpetually Changing; not for the Better; but for Variety. We are torn to pieces betwixt Hopes, and Fears; by which Means, Providence (which is the greateſt Bleſſing of Heaven) is turn'd into a Miſchief. Wild Beaſts, when they ſee their Dangers, fly from them; and when they have 'ſcap'd them, they are Quiet: But wretched Man is equally tormented, both with things Paſt, and to Come; for the Memory brings back the Anxiety of our paſt Fears, and our Foreſight Anticipates the future: Whereas the preſent makes no Man Miſerable. *If we Fear all Things that are Poſſible, we live without any Bounds to our Miſeries.*

EPIST. XXIII.

We abuſe God's Bleſſings, and turn them into Miſchiefs. Meditations upon the Horrors of Earthquakes, and Conſolations againſt them. Death is the ſame thing which way ſoever it comes: Only we are moved by Accidents that we are not us'd to.

THERE is nothing ſo Profitable, but it may be perverted to an Injury. Without the Uſe of the *Winds*, how ſhould we do for Commerce? Beſide that, they keep the Air Sweet, and Healthful, and bring ſeaſonable Rains upon the Earth. It was never the Intent of Providence, that they ſhould be employed for War, and Devaſtation; and yet that's a great Part of the Uſe we make of them; purſuing one Hazard through another. We expoſe ourſelves to Tempeſts, and to Death, without ſo much as the Hope of a Sepulchre. And all this might be born too, if we only ran theſe Riſques, in order to Peace; but when we have 'ſcap'd ſo many Rocks and Flats, Thunder, and Storms, what's the Fruit of all our Labour, and Terrour? It is only War; and to Burn, and Ravage, as if the Earth were not large enough for the Scene of our Deſtruction. Whereas we might live and die at Eaſe, if we had a Mind to't; and draw out our Lives in Security. Why do we preſs our own Dangers then, and provoke our Fates? What do we look for? Only Death; which is to be found every where. It will find us in our Beds, in our Chambers: But, whereſoever it finds us, let it find us Innocent. What a Madneſs is it to purſue Miſchiefs; to fall foul upon thoſe we do not know; to be Angry without a Cauſe; to Over-run whatſoever is in Our Way; and, like Beaſts, to Kill what we have no Quarrel to? Nay, worſe than Beaſts, we run great Hazards, only

only to bring us to greater. We force our Way to Gold, without any Regard either to God or Man. But, in all this, without any Cauſe of Complaint, we abuſe the Benefits of God, and turn them all into Miſchiefs. We dig for Gold; we leave the Light, and abandon the Courſes of a better Nature: We deſcend, where we find a new Poſition of things; Hideous Caves, Hollow and Hanging Rocks, Horrid Rivers, a Deep and Perpetual Darkneſs, and not without the Apprehenſions even of Hell itſelf. How Little now, and how Inconſiderable are thoſe Things that Men venture for, with the Price of their Lives? But to paſs from thoſe Hazards that we may avoid, to others which we cannot. As in the Caſe of *Earthquakes.*

In what Condition can any Man be Safe, when the World itſelf is ſhaken; and, the only thing that paſſes for Fixed and Unmoveable in the Univerſe, trembles, and deceives us? Whither ſhall we fly for Security, if whereſoever we are the Danger be ſtill under our Feet? Upon the Cracking of a Houſe, every Man takes himſelf to his Heels; and leaves All to ſave Himſelf: But what Retreat is there, where that which ſhould Support us, Fails us; when the Foundation, not only of Cities, but even of the World itſelf, Opens, and Wavers? What Help, or what Comfort, where Fear itſelf can never carry us off? An Enemy may be kept at a Diſtance with a Wall: A Caſtle may put a Stop to an Army; a Port may protect us from the Fury of a Tempeſt; Fire itſelf does not follow him that runs away from't: a Vault may defend us againſt Thunder; and we may quit the Place in a Peſtilence: There is ſome Remedy in all theſe Evils. Or however, no Man ever knew a whole Nation deſtroy'd with Lightning. A Plague may unpeople a Town, but it will not carry it away. There is no Evil of ſuch an Extent, ſo Inevitable, ſo Greedy, and ſo publickly Calamitous as an Earthquake. For, it does not only devour Houſes, Families, or ſingle Towns, but ruins whole Countries, and Nations: Either overturning, or ſwallowing them up, without ſo much as leaving any Footſtep, or Mark of what they were.

Some

Some People have a greater Horror for this Death, than for any Other. *To be taken away alive, out of the Number of the Living!* As if all Mortals, by what Means ſoever, were not to come to the ſame End. Nature has Eminently this Juſtice, that when we are all Dead, we are all Alike. And 'tis not a Pin matter, whether I be cruſh'd to Pieces by one Stone, or by a whole Mountain; whether I periſh by the Fall of a Houſe, or under the Burden of the whole Earth; whether I be ſwallowed up alone, or with a Thouſand more for Company. What does it ſignify to me, the Noiſe, and Diſcourſe that is made about my Death; when Death is every where, and in all Caſes the ſame? We ſhould therefore Arm ourſelves againſt that Blow, that can neither be Avoided nor Foreſeen. And, it is not the Forſwearing of thoſe Places, that we find Infeſted with Earthquakes, that will do our Buſineſs; for there is no Place that can be warranted againſt them. What if the Earth be not yet mov'd? It is ſtill moveable; for the whole Body of it lies under the ſame Law, and expos'd to Danger; only ſome Part at One time, and ſome at Another. As it is in great Cities, where all the Houſes are ſubject to Ruin, though they do not all fall together: So in the Body of the Earth; now this Part falls, and then That. *Tyre* was formerly ſubject to Earthquakes; In *Aſia* Twelve Cities were ſwallowed up in a Night; *Achaia* and *Macedonia* have had their Turns, and now *Campagnia*. The Fate goes round, and ſtrikes at laſt where it has a great while paſſed by. It falls out oftener, 'tis true, in ſome Places, than in Others: But, no Place is totally Free and Exempt. And it is not only Men, but Cities, Coaſts, nay, the Shores, and the very Sea itſelf, that ſuffers under the Dominion of Fate. And yet we are ſo vain, as to promiſe ourſelves ſome ſort of Aſſurance in the Goods of Fortune: Never conſidering, that the very Ground we ſtand upon is unſtable. And, it is not the Frailty of this or that Place, but the Quality of every Spot of it: For, not one inch of it is ſo compacted, as not to admit many Cauſes of its Revolution, and though the Bulk of the Earth remain Entire, the Parts of it may yet be Broken.

There

There is not any thing which can promiſe to itſelf a Laſting Quiet. And it is no ſmall Comfort to us, the Certainty of our Fate: For, it is a Folly to Fear, where there is a Remedy. He that troubles himſelf ſooner than he needs, grieves more alſo than is neceſſary: For the ſame Weakneſs, that makes him Anticipate his Miſery, makes him Enlarge it too. The Wiſe fortify themſelves by Reaſon, and Fools by Deſpair. That Saying which was apply'd to a Conquer'd Party under Fire and Sword, might have been ſpoken to all Mankind. *That Man is in ſome Senſe out of Danger, that is out of Hope.* He that would fear Nothing, ſhould conſider, that if he fears Any thing, he muſt fear Every thing. Our very Meat and Drink, Sleeping and Waking, without Meaſure, are Hurtful to us. Our Bodies are Nice and Weak; and a Small Matter does their Work. That Man has too high an Opinion of himſelf, that is only afraid of Thunder, and of Earthquakes. If he were Conſcious of his own Infirmities, he would as much fear the being Choak'd with his own Phlegm. What do we ſee in our Selves, that Heaven and Earth ſhould join in a Diſtemper to procure our Diſſolution; when the Ripping of a Hang-nail is ſufficient to Diſpatch us? We are afraid of Inundations from the Sea, when a Glaſs of Wine, if it goes the wrong way, is enough to Suffocate us. It is a great Comfort in Death, the very Mortality itſelf. We creep under Ground for Fear of Thunder, we dread the ſudden Concuſſions of the Earth, and the Rages of the Sea; when yet we carry Death in our own Veins, and it is at Hand in all Places, and at all Times. There is nothing ſo little but it is of Force enough to bring us to our Laſt End. Nay, ſo far ſhould we be from Dreading an Eminent Fate, more than a Vulgar, that on the Contrary, ſince Die we muſt, we ſhould rather rejoice in the Breathing of our Laſt, under a more Glorious Circumſtance. What if the Ground ſtand ſtill within its Bounds, and without any Violence? I ſhall have it over me at Laſt; and 'tis all one to me, whether I be laid under That, or That lay itſelf over me: *But it is a Terrible Thing for the Earth to gape, and ſwallow a Man*

Man up into a profound Abyſs: And what then? Is Death any Eaſier Above Ground? What Cauſe have I of Complaint, if Nature will do me the Honour to cover me with a Part of her Self? Since we muſt Fall, there is a Dignity in the very Manner of it, when the World itſelf is Shock'd for Company. Not that I would wiſh for a Publick Calamity; but it is ſome Satisfaction in my Death, that I ſee the World alſo to be Mortal.

Neither are we to take theſe Extraordinary Revolutions for Divine Judgments; as if ſuch Motions of the Heavens, and of the Earth, were the Denouncings of the Wrath of the Almighty: But they have their Ordinate, and their Natural Cauſes: Such as, in Proportion, we have in our own Bodies; and while they ſeem to Act a Violence, they Suffer it. But yet, for want of knowing the Cauſes of things, they are dreadful to us; and the more ſo, becauſe they happen but ſeldom. *But why are we commonly more Afraid of that which we are not Us'd to?* Becauſe we look upon Nature with our Eyes, not with our Reaſon: Rather computing what She Uſually does, than what She is Able to do. And we are puniſh'd for this Negligence, by taking thoſe things to which we are not Wonted, to be New and Prodigious. The Eclipſes of the Sun and Moon, Blazing-Stars, and Meteors, while we Admire them, we Fear them; and ſince we fear them, becauſe we do not Underſtand them, it is worth our while to Study them, that we may no longer Fear them. Why ſhould I Fear a Man, a Beaſt, an Arrow, or a Lance; when I am expos'd to the Encounter of Greater Dangers? We are aſſaulted by the Nobler part of Nature itſelf; by the Heavens, by the Seas, and the Land. Our Buſineſs is therefore to Defy Death, whether Extraordinary, or Common. No Matter for the Menaces of it, ſo long as it Asks no more of us than Age itſelf will Take from us; and every petty Accident that befals us. He that Contemns Death, what does he care for either Fire or Water; the very Diſſolution of the Univerſe; Or if the Earth ſhould open under him, and ſhew him all the Secrets of the Infernal Pit, He would look down without Trouble. In the Place

that

that we are all of us to go to, there are no Earthquakes, or Thunder-claps; no Tempeſtuous Seas; neither War nor Peſtilence. *Is it a ſmall Matter? Why do we fear it then? Is it a great Matter? Let it rather once fall upon us, than always hang over us.* Why ſhould I dread my Own End, when I know that an End I muſt have, and that all Created things are Limited?

EPIST. XXIV.

A Diſcourſe of God's Providence, *in the* Misfortunes *of* Good Men *in this World, and in the* Proſperity *of the Wicked.*

YOU are troubled, I perceive, that your Servant is run away from you, but I do not hear yet, that you are either Robb'd or Strangled or Poiſon'd, or Betray'd, or Accus'd by him: So that you have 'ſcap'd well, in Compariſon with your Fellows. And, Why ſhould you complain then, eſpecially under the Protection of ſo Gracious a Providence, as ſuffers no Man to be miſerable, but by his own Fault? Nor is this a Subject worthy of a wiſe Man's Conſideration. Adverſity indeed is a terrible thing in Sound, and Opinion; and that's all. Some Men are Baniſh'd and ſtript of their Eſtates; Others again are Poor, in Plenty; (which is the baſeſt ſort of Beggary.) Some are overborn by a Popular Tumult, that breaks out like a Tempeſt, even in the higheſt ſecurity of a Calm; or like a Thunder-Clap, that frights all that are near it: There is but One Struck, perhaps, but the Fear extends to all; and affects thoſe that *May* ſuffer, as well as thoſe that *Do*. As in the Diſcharge of a Piece only with Powder; 'Tis not the Stroke, but the Crack that frights the Birds. Adverſity, I'll grant you, is not a thing to be wiſh'd; no more, than War; but if it be my Lot to be torn with

with the Stone, Broken upon the Wheel, or to receive Wounds, or Maims; It ſhall be my Prayer that I may bear my Fortune as becomes a Wiſe, and an Honeſt Man. We do not Pray for Tortures, but for Patience; not for War, but for Generoſity and Courage, in all the Extremities of a War, if it happens. Afflictions, are but the Exerciſe of Virtue; and an Honeſt Man is out of his Element, when he is Idle. It muſt be Practice and Patience, that perfects it. Do we not ſee how one Wreſtler provokes another? And if he find him not to be his Match, he will call for ſome Body to help him, that may put him to all his Strength.

It is a Common Argument againſt the Juſtice of Providence, in the matter of Reward, and Puniſhment: *the Misfortune of Good Men in this World, and the Proſperity of the Wicked:* But, it is an eaſy matter to vindicate the Cauſe of the Gods. There are many things that We call Evil, which turn very often to the Advantage of thoſe that ſuffer them; or at leaſt, for the Common Good, whereof Providence has the greater Care. And farther; they either befal thoſe that bear them Willingly, or thoſe that deſerve them by their Impatience under them: and Laſtly, they come by Divine Appointment; and to thoſe that are Good Men, even for that very Reaſon, becauſe they are Good. Nor is there any thing more Ordinary, than for that which we fear'd as a Calamity, to prove the Foundation of our Happineſs. How many are there in the World that enjoy all things to their Own Wiſh, whom God never thought worthy of a Trial? If it might be imagin'd that the *Almighty* ſhould take off his Thought from the Care of his Whole Work, What more Glorious Spectacle could he reflect upon, than a Valiant Man Struggling with Adverſe Fortune: Or *Cato*'s ſtanding Upright, and Unmov'd, under the Shock of a Publick Ruin? *Let the whole World,* (ſay he) *fall into one Band, and let* Cæſar *encompaſs me with his Legions by Land, his Shipping at Sea, and his Guards at the Gates;* Cato *will yet cut out his way; and with That Weapon that was untainted, even in the Civil War, give himſelf*

ſelf that Liberty, which Fate deny'd to his Country. See upon the great work then, and Deliver thyſelf from the Clog of thy Humanity. Juba *and* Petreius *have already done this good Office One for the Other, by a Generous Concurrence of Reſolution, and Fate; but* Cato *is above Example, and does as much ſcorn to ask his Death of any Man, as his Life.* With what Joy did this great Man Contemplate Immortality; when he took his Book, and his Sword together; and in Cold Thoughts diſpatch'd himſelf! Let this ſuffice of *Cato*, whoſe Virtue Providence made uſe of to Cope with all the Powers of the Earth. His Courage took delight in, and ſought for all Occaſions of Hazard; keeping his Eye ſtill upon the End, without valuing the Difficulties of the Paſſage. The Sufferance is one part of the Glory, and though one Man may 'ſcape without Wounds, yet he is ſtill more Reverend, and Remarkable, that comes off Bloody. The Malice of great Men is grievous, you'll ſay, and yet he Supported the Oppoſitions of *Pompey*, *Cæſar*, and *Craſſus*. It is troubleſom to be Repuls'd? *Vatinius* was prefer'd before him. Proſperity ſhews a Man but one part of Human Nature. No Body knows what ſuch a Man is good for: Neither in truth does he underſtand himſelf, for want of Experiment. Temporal Happineſs is for weak, and vulgar Minds; but, the ſubduing of publick Terrors is a Work that is reſerv'd for more generous Spirits. Calamity is the Touch-ſtone of a Brave Mind, that reſolves to Live and Die Free, and Maſter of itſelf. The Combatant brings no Mettle into the Field, that was never Batter'd: He that has loſt Blood, and yet keeps his Stomach: He that has been under his Enemy, and worſted, and yet comes on again, and gathers Heart from his Misfortunes; That's the Man of Hope and Courage.

But, Is it not a very Unjuſt and a Rigorous Fate that good Men ſhould be Poor, and Friendleſs? All this is no more than the Natural Work of Matter and Form. Mean Souls are meanly Principled: But, there goes more to the making up of a Brave Man, that is to work out his Way through Difficulties and Storms. We are condemn'd

condemn'd to Terrible Encounters; and becauſe we cannot, according to the Courſe of Nature, avoid them, we have Faculties given us, that will Enable us to Bear them: Or at the worſt, to have a Retreat; if we will not Fight, we may Fly. So that nothing is made more Eaſy to us, than that which is moſt Neceſſary to us, to Die. No Man is kept in the World againſt his Will. But Adverſity is the better for us all: for, it is God's Mercy, to ſhew the World their Errors, and that the things they Fear, and Covet, are neither Good nor Evil; being the common and promiſcuous Lot both of Good Men, and Bad. If they were Good, only the Good ſhould enjoy them: And if Bad, only the Wicked ſhould ſuffer them. One Man is taken away in a Scuffle for a Wench, and another in the Defence of his Country; and we find Silver and Gold, both in a Temple, and in the Stews.

Now to ſhew you, that the Virtue which I affect, is not ſo imaginary, and extravagant, as it is taken to be, I will allow a Wiſe Man to Tremble, to turn Pale; nay, and to Groan to: And to ſuffer all the Affections of his bodily Senſe, provided that he keep his Mind firm, and free from Submiſſion to his Body; and that he do not Repent of his Conſtancy, (which is in itſelf, ſo great a Virtue, that there is ſome Authority, even in a pertinacious Error.) If the Body be brought by Exerciſe, to the Contempt of Bruiſes and Wounds, How much more eaſily then may the Mind be Fortify'd againſt the Aſſaults of Fortune; and though perhaps thrown down, and Trod upon, yet Recover itſelf? The Body muſt have Meat and Drink, much Labour, and Practice; whereas the Food, and the Buſineſs of the Mind is within itſelf; and Virtue maintain'd without either Toil or Charge. If you ſay, That many Profeſſors of Wiſdom are wrought upon by Menaces, and Miſchiefs; theſe, let me tell you, are but Proficients, and not as yet arriv'd at the State of Wiſdom; they are not ſtrong enough to Practiſe what they know. It is with our Diſpoſitions, as with our Cloaths: They will take ſome Colours at One Dipping: But others muſt be ſteep'd over and over before

before they will Imbibe them. And ſo for Diſciplines, they muſt Soak, and lie long before they take the Tincture. No Man can receive an Injury, and not be mov'd at it: But yet he may keep himſelf Free from Perturbations: and ſo far from being Troubled at them, that he may make uſe of them for the Experiment and Trial of his Virtue; keeping himſelf ſtill Moderate, Placid, Cheerful, and Safe, in a Profound Quiet; and Fixed in his Station. *But if a Wiſe Man cannot be Poor; How comes it that he is many times without either Meat, Drink, Cloaths, or Lodging? If only Fools are Mad, How comes it then, that wiſe Men have their Alienations of Mind, and talk as Idly in a Fever as other People?* 'Tis one thing, the Receiving of an Injury, and another thing, the Conceiving of an Indignation for it; It is the Body in this Caſe that Suffers, (which is the Fool's part) but not the Mind. That Man is never the worſe Pilot that by foul Weather is forc'd behind his Buſineſs. When a Ship ſprings a Leak, we do not preſently quarrel either with the Mariners or with the Veſſel. But, ſome to the Pump, others into the Hold, to keep the Ship above Water. And if we cannot abſolutely Maſter it, we muſt ſtill work on; For it is then a great point gain'd, if we can but keep it at a ſtay. Some Men are ſtrangely Tranſported at the Inſolence of the Porter, that refuſes to let them into a Great Man's Houſe. They forget that the Door of a Priſon is not more ſtrictly Guarded than that of a Palace. He that has Buſineſs muſt pay for his Paſſage, and Sweeten him, as he would do a Churliſh Cur with a Sop. That which is to be ſold, is to be bought: He's a weak Man, that rates himſelf according to the Civility of a Slave. Let him have a Reverence for himſelf, and then no matter who deſpiſes him. What if he ſhould break his Staff, or cauſe his Maſter to turn him away, or to correct him? He that Contends, ſuppoſes an *Equality*; and even when he has got the better of him, admits, that there *Was* one. What if he ſhould receive a Blow? *Cato* (the greateſt Man of his Age) did not only Forgive it, but Forget it.

'Tis

'Tis not to ſay, That This, or That is *Tolerable* to a Wiſe Man, or *Intolerable*. *If we do not totally ſubdue Fortune, Fortune Overcomes Us.* It is the Foundation of a Happy Life for a Man to depend upon himſelf: but an Abſolute Tranquillity of Mind, and a Freedom from Errors, muſt be the Buſineſs of another World.

EPIST. XXV.

A Wiſe and a Good Man is a Proof againſt all Accidents of Fate.

THE Book you promis'd me is now come to my Hand; and I open'd it with an Intent to read it over at Leiſure. But when I was once in, I could not lay it down again, 'till I had gone through with it. At preſent I ſhall only tell you, that I am Exceedingly pleas'd with the Choice of the Subject: But I am Tranſported with the Spirit, and Gentleneſs of it. You ſhall hear farther from me upon a Second Reading; and you need not fear the hearing of the Truth, for your Goodneſs leaves a Man no Place for Flattery. I find you ſtill to be one and the ſame Man, which is a great Matter, and only proper to a Wiſe Man; for Fools are Various: One while Thrifty, and Grave; another while Profuſe, and Vain. Happy is the Man that ſets himſelf Right at firſt, and continues ſo to the End. All Fools, we ſay, are Mad-men, though they are not all of them in *Bethlem.* We find ſome at the Bar, ſome upon the Bench, and not a few even in the Senate itſelf. One Man's Folly is ſad; another's Wanton; and a third is Buſy, and Impertinent. A Wiſe Man carries all his Treaſure within himſelf: What Fortune Gives, ſhe may Take; but he leaves nothing at her Mercy. He ſtands Firm, and keeps his Ground againſt all Misfortunes, without ſo much as changing Countenance. He is Free, Inviolable,

lable, Unſhaken: Proof againſt all Accidents: and not only Invincible, but Inflexible. So long as he cannot loſe any thing of his own, he never troubles himſelf for what's Another's. He is a Friend to Providence, and will not murmur at any thing that comes to paſs by God's Appointment. He is not only Reſolute, but Generous, and Good-natur'd; and ready to lay down his Life in a Good Cauſe; and for the Publick Safety, to Sacrifice his own. He does not ſo much conſider the Pleaſure of his Life, as the Need that the World has of him: And he is not ſo Nice neither, as to be weary of his Life, while he may either ſerve his Wife, or his Friends. Nor is it all, that his Life is Profitable to Them; but, it is likewiſe Delightful to himſelf; and carries its own Reward; for, What can be more Comfortable, than to be ſo Dear to Another, as for that very Reaſon to become Dearer to himſelf? If he Loſes a Child, he is Penſive; he is Compaſſionate to the Sick; and only Troubled, when he ſees Men wallowing in Infamy and Vice. Whereas on the Other ſide, you ſhall ſee nothing but Reſtleſsneſs; One Man Hankering after his Neighbour's Wife; Another in Pain about his own; a Third in Grief for a Repulſe; Another as much out of Humour for his Succeſs. If He loſes an Eſtate, he parts with it as a thing that was only Adventitious. Or if it was of his own acquiring, he Computes the Poſſeſſion, and Loſs: and ſays thus to himſelf, I ſhall live as well afterward, as I did before. Our Houſes (ſays he) may be Burnt or Robb'd; Our Lands taken from us; and we can call nothing our Own, that is under the Dominion of Fortune. It is a fooliſh Avarice, that Reſtrains all things to a Propriety, and believes nothing to be a Man's Own, that's Publick. Whereas a wiſe Man judges Nothing ſo much his own, as That wherein Mankind is allow'd a Share. It is not with the Bleſſings of Providence, as it is with a Dole; where every Man receives ſo much a Head; but every Man there has All. That which we Eat, and either Give, or Receive with the Hand, may be broken into Parts: but Peace, and Freedom of Mind, are not to be Divided. He that has

firſt

firſt caſt off the Empire of Fortune, needs not fear that of Great Men, for they are but Fortune's Hands; nor was any Man ever broken by Adverſity, that was not firſt betray'd by Proſperity. *But what ſignifies Philoſophy*, you'll ſay, *if there be a Fate; If we be Govern'd by Fortune, or ſome overruling Power? For Certainties are Unchangeable, and there's no Providing againſt Uncertainties. If what I ſhall Do, and Reſolve, be Determin'd, What uſe of Philoſophy?* Yes, great Uſe; for, taking all this for granted, Philoſophy Inſtructs, and adviſes us to obey God, and to follow him Willingly; to oppoſe Fortune Reſolutely, and to bear all Accidents.

Fate is an Irrevocable, an Invincible, and an Unchangeable Decree; a Neceſſity of all Things and Actions, according to Eternal Appointment. Like the Courſe of a River, it moves forward without Contradiction, or Delay, in an Irreſiſtible Flux, where one Wave puſhes on another. He knows little of God, that imagines it may be Controll'd. There is no Changing of the Purpoſe even of a Wiſe Man; For he ſees beforehand what will be the beſt for the future. How much more Unchangeable then is the Almighty, to whom all Futurity is always preſent? *To what end then is it, if Fate be Inexorable, to offer up Prayers, and Sacrifices, any farther, than to relieve the Scruples, and the Weakneſs of Sickly Minds?* My Anſwer is, Firſt, that the Gods take no Delight in the Sacrifices of Beaſts, or in the Images of Gold, and Silver, but in a Pious and Obedient Will. And Secondly, That by Prayers, and Sacrifices, Dangers and Afflictions may be ſometimes remov'd; ſometimes Leſſen'd; other whiles Deferr'd: And all this without any Offence to the Power, or Neceſſity of Fate. There are ſome things which Providence has left ſo far in Suſpence, that they ſeem to be (in a manner) Conditional; in ſuch ſort, that even appearing Evils may upon our Prayers and Supplications be turn'd into Goods. Which is ſo far from being againſt Fate, that it is even a Part of Fate itſelf. You will ſay, *That either This ſhall come to paſs, or not. If the Former,*

mer, it will be the ſame thing if we do not Pray: And if the Other, it will be the ſame thing if we do. To this I muſt Reply; that the Propoſition is Falſe, for want of the Middle Exception betwixt the One, and the Other. This will be, (ſay I) that is, if there ſhall any Prayers Interpoſe in the Caſe. But then do they object on the Other ſide; that this very thing alſo is Neceſſary: For it is likewiſe determin'd by Fate, either that we ſhall pray, or not. What if I ſhould now grant you, that there is a Fate alſo even in our very Prayers; a Determination that we ſhall Pray? and that therefore we ſhall Pray? It is Decreed, that a Man ſhall be Eloquent; But, upon Condition, that he apply himſelf to Letters: By the ſame Fate it is Decreed, that he ſhall ſo apply himſelf, and that therefore he ſhall learn. Such a Man ſhall be Rich if he betake himſelf to Navigation: But, the ſame Fate that promiſes him a great Eſtate, appoints alſo that he ſhall Sail, and therefore he puts to Sea. It is the ſame Caſe in Expiations; A Man ſhall avoid Dangers, if he can, by his Prayers, avoid the Threatnings of Divine Vengeance: But this is Part of his Fate alſo, that he ſhall ſo do, and therefore he does it. Theſe Arguments are made uſe of, to prove, that there is nothing left to our Will, but that we are all Over-rul'd by Fatalities. When we come to handle that Matter, we ſhall ſhew the Conſiſtency of Free-will with Fate, having already made it appear, that notwithſtanding the Certain order of Fate, Judgments may be averted by Prayers, and Supplications, and without any Repugnance to Fate; for they are part even of the Law of Fate itſelf. You will ſay perhaps, *What am I the better for the Prieſt, or the Prophet: for whether he bids me Sacrifice, or no, I lie under the Neceſſity of doing it.* Yes, in this I am the better for it, as he is a Miniſter of Fate. We may as well ſay, that it is matter of Fate, that we are in Health: and yet we are indebted for it to the Phyſician; becauſe the Benefit of that Fate is convey'd to us by his Hand.

EPIST. XXVI.

All things are Produc'd out of Cauſe, *and* Matter. *Of* Providence. *A Brave Man is a Match for* Fortune.

I Had yeſterday but the one Half of it to Myſelf: My Diſtemper took up the Morning; the Afternoon was my own. My firſt Trial was, how far I could endure Reading: And when I ſaw I could bear that, I fell to Writing: and pitch'd upon a Subject Difficult enough, for it requir'd great Intention; but yet I was reſolv'd not to be Overcome. Some of my Friends coming in, told me, that I did Ill; and took me off: So that from Writing, we paſs'd into Diſcourſe; and made you the Judge of the Matter in queſtion. The *Stoicks*, you know, will have all things to be produc'd out of *Cauſe*, and *Matter*. The Matter is Dull and Paſſive; Suſceptible of any thing, but not capable of doing any thing itſelf. The Cauſe is that Power that forms the Matter, this or that way, at Pleaſure. Some thing there muſt be, of which every thing is Made; and then there muſt be a Workman to Form every thing. All Art is but an Imitation of Nature: and that which I ſpeak in General of the World, holds in the Caſe of every particular Perſon. As for Example: The Matter of a Statue is the Wood, the Stone, or the Metal; the Statuary Shapes it, and is the Cauſe of it. *Ariſtotle* aſſigns four Cauſes to every thing. The *Material*; which is the *Sine qua non* (or that without which it could not be.) The *Efficient*; as the Workman. The *Formal*; as that which is ſtamp'd upon all Operations. And the *Final*; which is the Deſign of the whole Work. Now to explain this. The firſt Cauſe of the Statue (for the Purpoſe) is the Copper: For it never had been made, if there had not been ſomething to work upon. The Second

is the Artificer; for if he had not underſtood his Art, it had never ſucceeded. The Third Cauſe is the Form; for it could never properly have been the Statue of ſuch, or ſuch a Perſon, if ſuch a Reſemblance had not been put upon it. The Fourth Cauſe is the End of making it, without which it had never been made: As Mony, if it were made for Sale; Glory, if the Workman made it for his Credit; or Religion, if he deſign'd the Beſtowing of it upon a Temple. *Plato* adds a Fifth, which he calls the *Idea*, or the Exemplar, by which the Workman draws his Copy. And he makes God to be full of theſe Figures, which he repreſents to be Inexhauſtible, Unchangeable, and Immortal. Now upon the whole Matter, give us your Opinion. To me it ſeems, that here are either too many Cauſes aſſign'd, or too few; and they might as well have introduc'd Time and Place, as ſome of the reſt. Either clear the Matter in Queſtion; or deal plainly, and tell us that you cannot: And ſo let us return to thoſe Caſes, wherein all Mankind is agreed, the Reforming of our Lives, and the Regulation of our Manners. For theſe Subtleties, are but Time loſt. Let us ſearch ourſelves in the firſt place, and afterward the World.

There's no great Hurt in paſſing over thoſe things which we are never the better for when we know, and, it is ſo order'd by Providence, that there is no great Difficulty in Learning, or Acquiring thoſe things which may make us either Happier, or Better. Beſide that, whatſoever is Hurtful to us, we have drawn out of the very Bowels of the Earth.

Every Man knows without Telling, that this Wonderful Fabrick of the Univerſe is not without a Governor; and that a conſtant Order cannot be the Work of Chance: For the Parts would then fall foul one upon another. The Motions of the Stars, and their Influences, are acted by the Command of an Eternal Decree. It is by the Dictate of an Almighty Power, that the heavy Body of the Earth hangs in Balance. Whence come the Revolutions of the Seaſons, and the Flux of Rivers? The wonderful Virtue of the ſmalleſt Seeds? (As an *Oak* to ariſe from an *Acorn*.) To ſay nothing

nothing of thoſe things that ſeem to be moſt Irregular, and uncertain; as Clouds, Rain, Thunder, the Eruptions of Fire out of Mountains, Earthquakes, and thoſe Tumultuary Motions in the Lower Region of the Air, which have their Ordinate Cauſes: and ſo have thoſe things too, which appear to us more Admirable, becauſe leſs frequent. As Scalding Fountains, and New Iſlands ſtarted out of the Sea: Or, what ſhall we ſay of the Ebbing and Flowing of the Ocean, the conſtant Times and Meaſures of the Tides, according to the Changes of the Moon that Influences moſt Bodies? But this needs not; for, it is not that we doubt of Providence, but complain of it. And it were a good Office to reconcile Mankind to the Gods, who are undoubtedly Beſt to the Beſt. It is againſt Nature that Good ſhould hurt Good. A Good Man is not only the Friend of God, but the very Image, the Diſciple, and the Imitator of him, and the true Child of his Heavenly Father. He is true to himſelf; and Acts with Conſtancy, and Reſolution. *Scipio* by a croſs Wind, being forced into the Power of his Enemies, caſt himſelf upon the Point of his Sword; and, as the People were enquiring, what was become of the General; *The General* (ſays *Scipio*) *is very well*, and ſo he expir'd. What is it for a Man to fall, if we conſider the End, beyond which no Man can fall? We muſt repair to Wiſdom for Arms againſt Fortune; for it were unreaſonable for Her to furniſh Arms againſt herſelf. A Gallant Man is Fortune's Match: His Courage Provokes, and Deſpiſes thoſe Terrible Appearances, that would otherwiſe enſlave us. A wiſe Man is out of the reach of Fortune, but not free from the Malice of it; and all Attempts upon him are no more than *Xerxes* his Arrows: they may darken the Day, but they cannot ſtrike the Sun. There is nothing ſo Holy, as to be privileg'd from Sacrilege. But, to Strike, and not to Wound, is Anger-Loſt; and he is Invulnerable that is Struck, and not Hurt. His Reſolution is try'd, the Waves may daſh themſelves upon a Rock, but not break it. Temples may be Prophan'd and Demoliſh'd, but the Deity ſtill remains Untouch'd.

EPIST. XXVII.

Some Traditions of the Ancients concerning Thunder *and* Lightning; *with the* Author's *Contemplation thereupon.*

THERE is no Queſtion, but that Providence has given to Mortals the Tokens, or Forerunners of things to come; and by thoſe means, laid open in ſome Meaſure, the Decrees of Fate: Only we take Notice of ſome things, without giving any Heed to Others. There is not any thing done, according to the Courſe of Nature, which is not either the Cauſe, or the Sign of ſomething that follows: So that whereſoever there is Order, there is Place for Prediction. But there is no Judgment to be given upon Accidents. Now, though it is a very hard Matter to arrive at the Foreknowledge of things to come, and to predict particularly what ſhall hereafter fall out, upon a certain Knowledge of the Power and Influences of the Stars: It is yet unqueſtionable that they have a Power, though we cannot expreſly ſay what it is. In the Subject of Thunder there are ſeveral Opinions, as to the Significations of it. The *Stoicks* hold, that becauſe the Cloud is Broken, therefore the *Bolt* is ſhot, *(according to common Speech.)* Others conjecture, that the Cloud is Broken to that very End, that it may diſcharge the Thunder-Bolt, referring all in ſuch ſort to God, as if the Signification did not ariſe from the thing done, but as the thing itſelf were done for the Signification ſake: But, whether the Signification goes before, or follows, it comes all to the ſame Point. There are three ſorts of Lightning; the Firſt is ſo Pure and Subtile, that it pierces through whatſoever it Encounters: The Second ſhatters and breaks every thing to pieces: The Other burns, either by Blaſting, Conſuming, Inflaming, or Diſcolouring, and the like. Some Lightnings are Monitory, ſome are Menacing, and Others they fancy

to

to be Promiſing. They allot to *Jupiter* Three Sorts; the Firſt is only Monitory, and Gentle, which he caſts of his own Accord: The Second they make to be an Act of Counſel, as being done by the Vote, and Advice of Twelve Gods. This, they ſay, does many times ſome Good, but not without ſome Miſchief too. As the Deſtruction of one Man may prove the Caution of another. The Third is the Reſult of a Council of the Superior Deities, from whence proceed great Miſchiefs both Publick and Private. Now, this is a great Folly to imagine that *Jupiter* would wreak his Diſpleaſure upon Pillars, Trees, nay upon Temples Themſelves, and yet let the Sacrilegious go Free: To ſtrike Sheep and conſume Altars; and all this upon a Conſultation of the Gods; as if he wanted either Skill, or Juſtice, to Govern his own Affairs by himſelf; either in ſparing the Guilty, or in deſtroying the Innocent. Now, what ſhould be the Myſtery of all This? The Wiſdom of our Forefathers found it neceſſary to keep wicked People in Awe, by the Apprehenſion of a Superior Power; And to fright them into their Good Behaviour, by the Fear of an Armed, and an Avenging Juſtice over their Heads. But how comes it, that the Lightning which comes from *Jupiter* himſelf ſhould be ſaid to be harmleſs; and that which he caſts upon Counſel, and Advice, to be Dangerous and Mortal? The Moral of it is this, That all Kings ſhould have *Jupiter*'s Example, do all Good by themſelves; and when Severity is Neceſſary, permit that to be done by Others: Beſide that, as Crimes are Unequal, ſo alſo ſhould be the Puniſhments. Neither did they believe That *Jupiter* to be the *Thunderer*, whoſe Image was worſhipped in the *Capitol*, and in other Places; but intended it for the *Maker* and *Governor* of the *Univerſe*, by what Name ſoever we ſhall call him. Now, in truth *Jupiter* does not immediately caſt the Lightning himſelf; but leaves Nature to her ordinary Method of Operation; ſo that what he does not immediately by Himſelf, he does yet cauſe to be done: For, whatſoever Nature does, *God* does. There may be ſomething gather'd out of all things, that are either ſaid, or done, that a

Man may be the better for; And he does a greater thing that matters the Fear of Thunder, than he that diſcovers the Reaſon of it. We are ſurrounded and beſet with Ill Accidents, and ſince we cannot avoid the Stroke of them, let us prepare ourſelves honeſtly to bear them. But, how muſt that be? by the Contempt of Death we do alſo contemn all things in the way to it; as Wounds, Shipwrecks, the Fury of Wild Beaſts, or any other Violence whatſoever; which, at the worſt, can but part the Soul, and the Body. And we have this for our Comfort, though our Lives are at the Mercy of Fortune, She has yet no Power over the Dead.

How many are there that call for Death in the Diſtreſs of their Hearts, even for the very Fear of it? And, this Unadviſed Deſire of Death, does, in Common, affect both the beſt and the worſt of Men; only with this Difference, the former deſpiſe, and the other are Weary of it.

'Tis a Nauſeous thing to ſerve the Body, and to be ſo many Years a doing ſo many Beaſtly things, over and over. It is well, if in our Lives we can pleaſe Others; but whatever we do in our Deaths, let us be ſure to pleaſe ourſelves. Death is a thing which no Care can Avoid; no Felicity can Time it; no Power Overcome it. Other things are Diſpoſed of by Chance, and Fortune; but Death treats all Men alike.

The Proſperous muſt Die, as well as the Unfortunate; and methinks the very Deſpair of Overcoming our Fate, ſhould inſpire us with Courage to Encounter it: For there is no Reſolution ſo obſtinate, as that which ariſes from Neceſſity. It makes a Coward as bold as *Julius Cæſar*, though upon different Principles. We are all of us reſerv'd for Death; and, as Nature brings forth One Generation, ſhe calls back Another. The whole Diſpute is about the Time, but no body doubts about the Thing itſelf.

EPIST. XXVIII.

A Contemplation of Heaven, and Heavenly Things. Of God: And of the Soul.

THERE is a great Difference betwixt Philoſophy, and other Arts; and a greater yet, betwixt That Philoſophy itſelf, which is of Divine Contemplation, and that which has a regard to things here Below. It is much higher, and braver; It takes a larger Scope; and being unſatisfied with what it ſees, it aſpires to the Knowledge of ſomething that is Greater and Fairer, and which Nature has placed out of our Ken. The One only teaches us what is to be done upon Earth; the Other reveals to us That which Actually is done in Heaven: The One diſcuſſes our Errors, and holds the Light to us, by which we diſtinguiſh in the Ambiguities of Life; the Other ſurmounts that Darkneſs which we are wrapt up in, and carries us up to the Fountain of Light itſelf. And then it is that we are in a ſpecial manner to acknowledge the Infinite Grace, and Bounty of the Nature of Things; when we ſee it not only where it is Publick, and Common, but in the very Secrets of it; as being admitted into the Cabinet of the Divinity itſelf. There it is that we are taught to underſtand what is the *Matter* of the World, who is the *Author* and Preſerver of it. What *God* himſelf is, and whether he be wholly Intent upon Himſelf; or at any time deſcends to Conſider *Us*. Whether he has done his Work *once for all*; or whether he be *ſtill in Action*: Whether he be a *Part of the World*, or the *World itſelf*: Whether he be at *Liberty*, or no, to Determine any thing anew To-day, and to control, or Derogate from the Law of Fate. Whether it be any Diminution of his Wiſdom, or any Confeſſion of Error, to Do and Undo. Or to have made things that were afterward to

be alter'd: For, the ſame things muſt of Neceſſity always pleaſe him, who can never be pleas'd, but with that which is Beſt. Now this is no Leſſening, either of his Liberty, or of his Power; for he himſelf is his own Neceſſity. Without the Benefit, and the Comfort of theſe Thoughts, it had been e'en as well for us never to have been Born. For, to what end do we Live; Is it only to Eat, and to Drink? To ſtuff up an Infirm and Fluid Carcaſe, that would Periſh without it; and to live only a Servant to one that is Sick? To Fear Death, to which we are all Born? Take away this ineſtimable Good, and Life itſelf is not worth the Labour, and the Care of it. Oh! how wretched, how contemptible a thing were Man, if he ſhould not advance himſelf above the ſtate of Human Affairs! So long as we ſtruggle with our Paſſions, What is there in this World that we do, which is Glorious? Nay, if we advance ourſelves ſo far as to Overcome them, it is but the deſtroying of ſo many Monſters. And, have we not then a mighty Exploit to value ourſelves upon, when we have made ourſelves a little more Tolerable than the worſt of Men? Is it not a wonderous matter to brag, that we are a little ſtronger than a Man that is Sick? Alas! Alas! my Friend, there's a large Difference betwixt Strength and Health. You have not a Wicked Mind, perhaps; you may have a Clear Brow; a Tongue that will not Flatter, and a ſingle Heart: You have not that Avarice perchance, that refuſes to itſelf whatſoever it takes from other People; nor that Luxury, that ſquanders away Mony ſhamefully, and yet more ſhamefully repairs it: Nor that Ambition that leads you by Unworthy ways to Places of Preferment. Theſe are only Negatives; and you have got nothing all this while. You will tell me, that you have 'ſcap'd many things: But you have not yet eſcap'd yourſelf. The Virtue that we recommend, is High and Illuſtrious. Not that it is a Happineſs in itſelf, to be Free from Evil; but becauſe it Dignifies, and Enlarges the Mind; becauſe it prepares for the Knowledge of Heavenly Things, and makes it Capable even of Converſing with God Himſelf. It is then arriv'd at the higheſt Pitch of Human Felicity, when

when it ſoars Aloft, and Enters into the Privacies of Nature, trampling all that is Evil, or Vulgar under his Feet. What a Delight, what a Tranſport is it, for a Soul that is wandring among the Stars, to look down, and Laugh at the Palaces of Princes, and the whole Globe of the Earth, and all its Treaſures! I do not ſpeak of that only that is converted into Mony, and Plate, but of That alſo which is reſerv'd in the Bowels of the Earth, to gratify the Inſatiable Covetouſneſs of Poſterity. Nor can we ever bring ourſelves to the Abſolute Contempt of Luxurious Ornaments, Rich Furniture, Stately Buildings, Pleaſant Gardens, and Fountains; 'till we have the World Under Us, and 'till Looking down from the Heavens, and Beholding That Spot of Ground we Live upon; the greater Part of it Cover'd with the Sea; beſide a great deal of it Deſolate, and either Scorch'd or Frozen; we ſhall ſay Thus to our Selves. *Is this Miſerable Point the Ball of Contention, that is divided among ſo many Nations with Fire and Sword? How Ridiculous are the Bounds, as well as the Conteſts of Mortals! Such a Prince muſt not paſs ſuch a River; nor another Prince thoſe Mountains; and, Why do not the very Piſmires Canton out their Poſts, and Juriſdictions too?* For, What does the Buſtle of Troops, and Armies amount to, more than the Buſineſs of a Swarm of Ants upon a Mole-hill? The Scene of all the Important Actions here below, where both at Sea and Land, we Tug, and Scuffle for Dominion and Wealth, is but a wretched Point of Earth; whereas the Dominions of the Soul Above, are Boundleſs. This very Contemplation gives us Force, Liberty, and Nouriſhment: The Mind is There at Home: And it has this Argument of its Divinity, that it takes Delight in what's Divine. It contemplates the Riſing and the Falling of the Stars, and the Admirable Harmony of Order, even in their Various Motions: Diſcuſſing, and Enquiring into every thing, as properly appertaining unto itſelf. With how much Scorn does it then Reflect upon the Narrowneſs of its Former Habitation? There it is, that it learns the End of its

Proper Being; the Knowledge of God. And, What is God? *An Immenſe, and an Almighty Power; Great, without Limits; and he does whatſoever pleaſes him.* He that applies Himſelf to This Study, Tranſcends the very Lot, and Condition of his Mortality. That Almighty Power is all that we Do ſee, and all that we do Not ſee. What is the Difference betwixt the Divine Nature, and Ours? Man is compounded; and his beſt Part is his Mind: But, the Almighty is all Mind, and All Reaſon; and yet Mortals are ſo Blind, that the Actions of this Incomprehenſible Power, ſo Excellent for Beauty, Conſtancy, and Diſpoſition, are look'd upon by many Men, only as Fortuitous, and the Work of Chance: and ſubject to all the Tumults of Thunder, Clouds and Tempeſts, that affect poor Mortals. And this is not only the Folly, and Madneſs of the Common People: But the Weakneſs alſo of the Wiſe Men. There are, that Arrogate to Themſelves, the Faculties of Providence, and Reaſon; and the Skill of Diſpoſing; as well other Peoples Affairs, as their own: And yet theſe very Men are ſo beſotted, as to Imagine, the World only to be Govern'd by an Unadviſed Raſhneſs: As if Nature knew not what ſhe did. How Profitable would it be for Us, to know the Truth of Things, and to allow them their due Terms, and Meaſures? To enquire into the Power of the Almighty, and the Method of his Workings; Whether he made the *Matter* itſelf, or found it ready to his Hand; and whether was Firſt, the *Matter* itſelf, or the *Idea* of it? Whether or no he does what he pleaſes; and what may be the Reaſon of ſo many ſeeming Imperfections in his Operations? It is well ſaid of *Ariſtotle*, that we ſhould handle Divine Matters with Modeſty, and Reverence. When we enter into a Temple, or approach the Altar, we compoſe our Looks, and our Actions to all the Decencies of Humility and Reſpect: How much more then does it concern us, when we treat of Heavenly Things, to deal candidly; and not to let one Syllable paſs our Lips that may ſavour of Confidence, Raſhneſs, or Ignorance? Truth lies deep, and muſt be fetch'd up at Leiſure. How many Myſteries

are

are there, which God has plac'd out of our Sight; and which are only to be reach'd by Thought, and Contemplation! The Notions of the Divinity are profound, and Obſcure; or elſe perhaps we *ſee* them, without *underſtanding* them. But, the Divine Majeſty is only Acceſſible to the Mind. What This is (without which nothing is) we are not able to Determine: And when we have gueſs'd at ſome Sparks of it, the greater part lies yet conceal'd from us. How many Creatures have we now in this Age, that never were known to us before! And how many more will the next Age know, more than we do! And many yet will be ſtill reſerv'd for After-times. The very Rites of Religion are at this Day a Secret, and Unknown to many People. Nay, the very thing that we moſt eagerly purſue, we are not yet arriv'd at: That is to ſay, A Perfection in Wickedneſs. Vice is ſtill upon the Improvement: Luxury, Immodeſty, and a Proſtitute Diſſolution of Manners will find ſtill new Matter to work upon. Our Men are grown Effeminate in their Habits, in their Motions, and in their Ornaments, even to the Degree of Whoriſhneſs. There's no body minds Philoſophy, but for want of a Comedy perhaps, or in foul Weather, when there is nothing elſe to be done.

POSTSCRIPT.

BEFORE I take my laſt Leave of Seneca, *I will here diſcharge my Conſcience, as if I were upon my Laſt Leave with the whole World. I have been ſo Juſt, both to the* Reader, *and to the* Author, *that I have neither* Left out *any thing in the* Original, *which I thought the* One *might be the* Better *for; nor* Added *any thing of my* Own, *to make the* Other *fare the* Worſe. *I have done in this Volume of* Epiſtles, *as a good Husband does with his* Cold Meat; *they are only* Haſh, *made up of the Fragments that remain'd of the* Two Former Parts: *which I could not well diſpoſe of into any Other Form; or ſo properly publiſh under any other Title. Let me not yet be underſtood to Impoſe* This Piece *upon the Publick, as an* Abſtract *of* Seneca's Epiſtles; *any more than I did the* Other, *for the* Abſtracts *of his* Benefits, *and* Happy Life. *It is in Works of This Nature, as it is in* Cordial Waters, we Taſte all the Ingredients, *without being able to Separate* This *from* That; *but ſtill we find the Virtue of every Plant in every Drop. To return to my* Allegory; Books *and* Diſhes have *This Common Fate; there was never* any One *of* Either *of them that pleas'd* All Palates. *And, in Truth, it is a* Thing *as little to be* Wiſh'd for, *as* Expected: *For, an Univerſal Applauſe is at leaſt Two Thirds of a Scandal. So that though I deliver up theſe Papers to the*

the Preſs, I invite no Man to the Reading of them: And whoſoever Reads and Repents, it is his own Fault. To Conclude: As I made this Compoſition Principally for myſelf; ſo it agrees Exceedingly Well with my Conſtitution; and yet, if any Man has a Mind to take part with me, he has Free Leave, and Welcome. But let him carry This Conſideration along with him, That He's a very Unmannerly Gueſt, that preſſes upon another Body's Table, and then Quarrels with his Dinner.

THE END.

AN

AN

AFTER-THOUGHT.

THIS Abſtract has now paſt the Fifth Impreſſion, but the World has not been altogether ſo kind of late, to my Politicks as to my Morals. And what's the Meaning on't, but that we live in an Age that will better bear the Image of what People ought to do, than the Hiſtory of what they do; and that's the difference they put betwixt the one and the other. We are not yet to take an Eſtimate of the Intrinſick Value of Truth, Honeſty and Reaſon, by Fancy or Imagination; as if the Standard of Virtue were to be accommodated to the various Changes, and Viciſſitudes of Times, Intereſts, and Contending Parties: But ſo it falls out, that ſome Verities, and ſome good Offices, will take a falſe Colour better than others, and ſet off an Impoſture with more Credit, and Countenance to the Common People. Daily Experience tells us, that our Affections are as liable to be Vitiated as our Palates; Inſomuch, that the moſt profitable of Meats, Drinks, or Remedies, loſe not only their Effect, but their very Savour, and give us a loathing at one time, for that we long'd for, and took Delight in at another. But then we are to conſider, that the Humour may come about again; and that

Writings

Writings and Opinions have their Seaſons too, and take their Turns, as well as all other changeable things, under the Sun. So that let Error, Corruption, or Iniquity, be never ſo ſtrong, never ſo popular; let the Ignorance of things, neceſſary to be known, be never ſo dark and palpable, we may yet aſſure ourſelves, that however Truth and Juſtice may ſuffer a Temporal Eclipſe, they will yet, at the long run, as certainly vindicate themſelves, and recover their Original Glory, as the Setting Sun ſhall Riſe again.

When I ſpeak of *My Morals*, let me not be underſtood to play the Plagiary, and to aſſume the Subject Matter of this Work to myſelf; for it is *Seneca*'s, every Thought and Line on't; though it would be as hard to refer each Sentence, Text, and Precept, to the very Place whence it was drawn, as to bring every diſtinct drop in a Cask of Wine, to the particular Grape from whence it was Preſs'd. So that I have no other Claim to the Merit of this Compoſition, than the putting of things in Order, that I found in Confuſion; and digeſting the looſe Minutes, and the broken Meditations of that Divine Heathen, into a kind of Syſtem of good Counſels, and of good Manners. But how faithfully ſoever I have dealt with my Author, in a Juſt, and Genuine Repreſentation of his Senſe and Meaning, ſo have I, on the other hand, with no leſs Conſcience and Affection, conſulted the Benefit, the Eaſe, and the Satisfaction of the Engliſh Reader, in the Plainneſs and Simplicity of the Stile, and in the Perſpicuity of the Method. And yet after all this, there is ſomewhat ſtill wanting, methinks, toward the doing of a full Right to *Seneca*, to the World, and to Myſelf, and to the thorough-finiſhing of this Piece: a thing that I have had in my Head, long and often, and which I have as good a Will to proſecute, even at this Inſtant, as ever; if I could but flatter myſelf with Day enough before me to go through with it. But before I come to the point under deliberation, it will do well, firſt to take a view of the true ſtate of the matter in hand, upon what Ground we ſtand at preſent. Secondly, To conſider from

from whence it is that we are to take our Riſe to't; and ſo to open, Briefly, and by Degrees, into the Thing itſelf.

This Abſtract, I ſay, is entirely *Seneca*'s; and though little more in the Bulk than the Third part of the Original; it is, in Effect, a Summary of the whole Body of his Philoſophy concerning Manners, contracted into this Epitome, without either overcharging it with things Idle and Superfluous, or leaving out any thing, which I thought might contribute to the Order and Dignity of the Work. As to his School-Queſtions, and Philoſophical Diſquiſitions upon the Natural Reaſon of things; I have almoſt totally caſt them out, as Curioſities that hold little or no Intelligence with the Government of our Paſſions, and the Forming of our Lives, and as Matters, conſequently, that are altogether Foreign to my Province. I have taken the Liberty alſo in many Caſes, where our Author Inculcates and Enforces the ſame Conceptions over and over again in variety of Phraſe, to Extract the Spirit of them; and inſtead of dreſſing up the ſame Thought in ſeveral Shapes, to make ſome one adequate Word or Sentence ſerve for all. But when all is ſaid that can be ſaid; nay, and when all is done too that can be done, within the compaſs of an Eſſay of this Quality; though never ſo Correct in the kind, 'tis at the beſt, but an Abſtract ſtill; and a bare Abſtract will never do the buſineſs as it ought to be done.

It is not one jot Derogatory to *Seneca*'s Character, to obſerve upon him, that he made it his Profeſſion, rather to give Lights, and Hints to the World, than to write *Corpus's* of Morality, and Preſcribe Rules and Meaſures in a ſet Courſe of Philoſophy for the Common Inſtruction of Mankind: So that many of his Thoughts ſeem to Spring only like Sparks, upon a kind of Colliſion, or a ſtriking of Fire, within himſelf, and with a very little Dependence ſometimes one upon another. What if thoſe Incomparable Starts, and Strictures of His, that no Tranſlator can lay hold of, ſhall be yet allow'd by the common voice of Mankind, to be as much Superior to thoſe parts of him that will bear the Turning,

as

as the Faculties and Operations of the Soul are to the Functions of the Body? And no way of conveying the Benignity of thoſe Influences to the World, but by a Speculation upon them in Paraphraſe? In few words; *Seneca* was a Man made for Meditation. He was undoubtedly a Maſter of Choice Thoughts; and he employed the vigour of them upon a moſt Illuſtrious Subject. Beſide that, that this ranging humour of his, (as Mr. *Hobbs* expreſſes it) is accompany'd with ſo wonderful a Felicity of Lively and Pertinent Reflexions, even in the moſt ordinary Occurrences of Life; and his Applications ſo happy alſo, that every Man reads him over again within himſelf, and feels, and confeſſes in his own Heart, the Truth of his Doctrine. What can be done more than this now in the whole World, toward Eſtabliſhing of a Right Principle? for there's no Teſt of the Truth, and Reaſon of Things, like that which has along with it the Aſſent of Univerſal Nature. As he was much given to Thinking, ſo he wrote principally for Thinking Men; the Periods that he lays moſt ſtreſs upon, are only ſo many Detachments of one ſelect Thought from another, and every freſh Hint furniſhes a new Text to work upon. So that the reading of *Seneca* without reading upon him, does but the one half of our buſineſs; for his Innuendos are infinitely more Inſtructive than his Words at length, and there's no coming at him in thoſe Heights without a Paraphraſe.

It will be here objected, that a Paraphraſe is but the Reading upon a Text, or an Arbitrary Deſcant upon the Original, at the Will and Pleaſure of the Interpreter: If we have all of *Seneca*'s that's good already, there's no place left for a Supplement; and the Animadverſion will be no more *Seneca*'s at laſt, than our Comments upon the Word of God are holy Writ.

A Paraphraſe, 'tis true, may be Looſe, Arbitrary, and Extravagant. And ſo may any thing elſe that ever was committed to Writing; nay, the beſt, and the moſt neceſſary of Duties, Faculties, and Things, may degenerate by the abuſe of them, into Acts of Sin, Shame, and Folly. Men may Blaſpheme in their Prayers; they may poiſon one another in their Cups,

or

or in their Porridge. They may Talk Treaſon; and, in ſhort, they may do a Million of extravagant things in all Caſes and Offices that any Man can imagine under the Sun. And what's the Objector's Inference now, from the Poſſibility of this Abuſe, but that we are neither to Pray, not to Eat, nor to Drink, nor to open our Mouths, nor in fine, to do any thing elſe, for fear of more *Poſſibilities* as dangerous as the other? 'Tis ſuggeſted again, that the Paraphraſe is Foreign to the Text, and that the Animadvertor may make the Author ſpeak what he pleaſes. Now the Queſtion is not the Poſſibility of a Vain, an Empty, a Flat, or an Unedifying Expoſition; but the Need, the Uſe, the Means, the Poſſibility, nay, and the Eaſineſs of furniſhing a good one: Beſide that, there's no hurt at all, on the one hand, to countervail a very conſiderable Advantage to all Men of Letters, and of common Honeſty, on the other. A ſhort, or an Idle Comment, does only Diſgrace the Writer of it, while the Reputation of the Author ſtands nevertheleſs as Firm as ever it did; but he that finiſhes *Seneca*'s Minutes, with proper and reaſonable Supplements, where he does not ſpeak his own Thoughts out at large, does a Neceſſary Right both to the Dead, and to the Living, and a Common Service to Mankind.

He does a Right to the Dead, I ſay, more ways than one: for over and above the Juſtice and Reſpect that is due to his Memory; it is, in a fair Equity of Conſtruction, a Performance of the very Will of the Dead. For all his Fragments of Hint, and Eſſay, were manifeſtly deſign'd for other People to Meditate, Read, and Speculate upon: and a great part of the end of them is loſt, without ſuch an Emprovement: ſo that the very manner of his Writings calls for a Paraphraſe; a Paraphraſe he expected; and a Paraphraſe is due to him; and, in ſhort, we owe a Paraphraſe to ourſelves too: for the meaning of his Hints and Minutes, does as well deſerve to be Expounded, as the Senſe and Energy of his Words. Nay, and when all is done, whoever conſiders how he Diverſifies the ſame thing over and over in a change of Phraſe; how many ſeveral ways he Winds, and Moulds his own Thoughts; and how he labours under

under the Difficulty of clearing, even his own Meaning: Whoever conſiders this, I ſay, will find *Seneca*, upon the whole Matter, to be in a great meaſure a Paraphraſt upon himſelf. He gives you his firſt Senſe of Things, and then he Enlarges upon it, Improves it, Diſtinguiſhes, Expounds, Dilates, *&c.* and when he finds at laſt that he cannot bring up the Force of his Words to the Purity and Vigour of his Conception, ſo as to Extricate himſelf in all reſpects to his own Satisfaction, 'tis his Courſe commonly, to draw the Streſs of the Queſtion to a Point, and there to let it reſt; as a Theme of Light that ſtands effectually Recommended to farther Conſideration. This muſt not be taken as if *Senecæ* could not ſpeak his own Mind, as Full and as Home as any Man; or as if he left any thing Imperfect becauſe he could not finiſh it Himſelf: But it was a Turn of Art in him, by breaking off with an *&c.* to Create an *Appetite* in the Reader of purſuing the Hint; over and above the flowing of Matter ſo faſt upon him, that it was impoſſible for his Words to keep pace with his Thoughts.

Be this now ſpoken with all Reverence to his Divine Eſſays upon Providence, *Happy* Life, Benefits, Anger, Clemency, Human Frailty, *&c.* where he ſhews as much of Skill in the Diſtribution of his Matter, the Congruity and Proportion of the Parts, and the Harmony of the whole in the Context, as he does of a Natural Felicity in Adapting the Tendency and the Virtue of all his Sententious Raptures to the Uſe of Human Life. So that he was evidently in Poſſeſſion of both Faculties, (of *Springing Game*, that is, and of flying it Home) though he made Choice of Exerciſing the one oftner than the other. There's a Vein in this mixture that runs through all his Diſcourſes, whether Broken, or Continued; albeit that there is no touching any Piece of his to Advantage, after he has finiſhed it; there's Room abundantly yet for Explication, and for Supplement in other Caſes, where he Snaps off ſhort with a kind of *Cetera deſiderantur*; and ſo leaves a Foundation for thoſe to build upon, that ſhall come after him. Now

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theſe Independent Thoughts are the Touches that I would offer to a farther Improvement; and only here and there one of the moſt Elevated, even of them too; which will amount to no more in the Concluſion, than a Diſcourſe upon this or that Theme, or Text, under what Name or Title the Expoſitor pleaſes. I would not however have the Comment break in upon the Context; and I would ſo ſcrupulouſly confine it to the Bounds of Modeſty and Conſcience, as not to depart upon any Terms, either from the Intent of the Original, or from the Reaſon of the Matter in Queſtion: This Office perform'd, would raiſe another *SENECA* out of the Aſhes of the Former; and make, perhaps, a Manual of Salutary Precepts, for the ordering of our Paſſions, and for the Regulation of our Lives, not Inferior to any other whatſoever, the Divine Oracles of Holy Inſpiration only Excepted. For it would reach All States of Men, All Conditions of Fortune, All Diſtreſſes of Body, All Perturbations of Mind; And, in fine, it would Anſwer all the Ends that are worthy of an Honeſt Man's Care. It was once in my Head to Digeſt the Whole into ſuch an Abſtract, as might at the ſame time do the Office alſo of a Paraphraſe, both under one; but what with the Scruple, of either Aſſuming any of *SENECA*'s Excellencies to myſelf, or of imputing any of my Weakneſſes to *SENECA*, I compounded the Matter thus within myſelf: that though Both would do well, the doing of them ſeparate and apart would be beſt. Not but that the Undertaker, I fear, will find well nigh as much Difficulty to preſerve his own Reputation in his Attempt, as to do Right to the Author; eſpecially when he is ſure to have every Coffee-Houſe ſit upon him like a Court of Juſtice, and if he ſhall but happen to ſtumble upon any of the ſame Figures or Illuſtrations over again; if the *Supplement* ſhall but have ſo much as the leaſt Tincture, of any thing that's done already; a common Criminal, for the Baſeſt ſort of Waſhing, Clipping, and Coining, ſhall find better Quarter. Here's the Old Abſtract they'll cry Juggled into a New Paraphraſe, and the ſame Thing Fobb'd upon the World over

over again, only under another Name: It will be hard to get clear of ſuch a Cavil when it ſhall be ſtarted, and it will be a very eaſy thing to find out a Plauſible Colour for the ſetting of it afoot.

As to the ſuppoſal of Diſparaging an Excellent Author by a Lewd Paraphraſe, it is as Idle, as to imagine that a Canonical Text ſhould ſuffer for an Heretical Interpretation. And ſo for the Fancy of Robbing him of his Due by a Good one, in a Caſe where the ſingle point is only a Virtuous Emulation betwixt them which ſhall do Beſt upon the ſame Topick. Now where the Comment has a kindneſs for the Text, there can be no Interfering upon a Pique of Honour, though they ſhould both happen to agree in the very ſelf-ſame Thoughts. For what's all the Writing, Reading, Diſcourſing, Conſulting, Diſputing, Meditating, Compounding, and Dividing, from the firſt Quick'ning Breath of the Almighty into Reaſonable Nature, to this very Moment; what is all this, I ſay, but the Lighting of one Candle at another? Make it the caſe that by the Benefit of that Light, I find a Treaſure. Here's no Robbing of *Peter* to pay *Paul:* Nor any particular Obligation for an Act of Common Humanity. Reaſon works by Communication, and one Thought kindles another from Generation to Generation, as Naturally, as one Spark begets another, where the Matter is diſpos'd for the Impreſſion.

This is no more than to ſay, that Providence, for the Good of Mankind, has made all Men Neceſſary to one another. He that puts a good Hint into my Head, puts a good Word into my Mouth, unleſs a Blockhead has it in keeping: So that there's an Obligation on both ſides. The Text is beholden to him that Reads upon't, for improving it; and the Latter had never thought of the Subject perhaps, if the Former had not Bolted it. What is all this now, but Reaſoning upon Firſt Motions; and a Joining of thoſe two Powers or Faculties both in one, for a Publick Good? Reaſon is Uniform; and where Two Men are in the Right, they muſt of Neceſſity agree upon the ſame Point; and the Thoughts of

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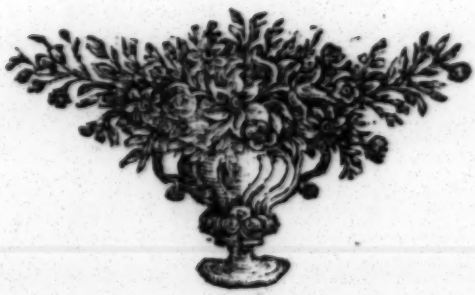
ſeveral Men in ſuch a Caſe, are as much One, as a Conflagration is one Fire, by how many ſeveral Hands ſoever it was kindled: So that there's no ſaying which was one's Thought, or which T'other's, but they are incorporated into one Common Stock. The great Nicety will lie in a Judicious Choice what to Take, and what to Leave; where to Begin, and where to End, and in hitting the Preciſe Medium betwixt too much and too little: without forcing the Deſign of the Author, or intermixing any Tawdry Flouriſhes by the By, to Diſgrace the Dignity of the Matter. I would not have ſo much as one Word Inſerted that might not become *SENECA* Himſelf if he were now Living, either to Speak, or to Approve. Once for all, ſuch a Reading upon *SENECA* as I have here propounded upon theſe Terms, and under theſe Conditions: And in ſuch a Manner too, as to take the Genuine Air and Figure of his Mind, in its Native Simplicity and Beauty: Such a Paraphraſe, I ſay, ſuperadded by way of Supplement, where the Abſtract falls ſhort, would furniſh us with that which of all things in the World we want the moſt: That is to ſay, A Perfect and a Lively Image of HUMAN NATURE.

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